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THE POETRY REVIEW

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THE FIRES

MEN make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smoke to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is wellnigh broke
For thinking on old memories
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
The homesick memories come,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again!

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
That went to build my own!

[This Prelude to "Collected Verse" (Hodder and Stoughton) is published by the special permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a contribution to this issue of THE POETRY REVIEW which covers the twenty-first anniversary of the Poetry Society's foundation.]

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
And know that this is true,
Stoop for a little and carry my song
To all the men I knew!

Where there are fires against the cold,
Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
Take them my songs again!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

YOU flung a beam to bridge the world's abyss,
And drove a spindle through an arc of air;
You put the moon in chains, and shackles on the sun
And caught the roving stars within your snare.

You searched the slipways of the silent moon
To find the ether's wandering minstrelsy,
Their muted harps, played by four-fingered winds,
Plucked from the portals of infinity.

You sailed your dreams across uncharted seas,
You steered your glittering argosy through space,
You stole the secrets of the singing stars,
And navigated sound to its predestined place.

Now nations meet. America's clear voice
Joins dawn with dusk beneath Rome's leafy bough,
And the cool dewy lips of English lanes
Touch India's burning plains and fevered brow.

EDITH M. WALKER.

POWER

THE worlds lie folded in the arms of Power:
The live seed lifts its earth-load and is free:
The filmy moon lifts the eternal sea.
Armed with this might, the insect builds its tower
And lives its little epoch of an hour.
Man's giant thought, in ever-daring flight,
Explores the universe, the Ancient Night;
Yet thought may be ethereal as a flower.

But there is something that is greater still,
The strength that slumbers in Heroic Will,
Yes, there is something greater than them all:
It is the high translunar strength that streams
Downward on man at some imperious call:
And gives him power to perish for his dreams.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

A MEADOW AND A POPLAR

FROM my high window I can see
A sweep of meadow and a tree,
A lonely laughing poplar tree
And, gracious silver lady, she
Nods from her green hill up to me.

The sleepy meadow greenly swings
Itself to where the river sings
Its wandering song, and careless flings
A frond of irises and brings
The water cowslips' flowerings.

The poplar rustles, never still.
She sways and restless waits until
The spring shall come again to spill
Pale daisies all across her hill.

From my high window I can see
A meadow and a poplar tree.

ELIZABETH R. BINNINGTON.

PEACE IN THE MOUNTAINS

SUCH peace is here, it scarcely seems
That in the valley roads are run
Beneath the self-same floods of sun
As drench these pastures and their streams;
Drench them in baths of fluid rays
Poured open from a heavenly sluice
To filter through the hands of Zeus,
Brooking no veil but their own haze.
So falls the light of heaven straight
Upon the green and naked breast
Of pastures by the sun caressed
In smooth serenity elate.
Here moves no life but cropping sheep;
The shepherd to the scythe betaken
Leaves flocks and nibbled turf forsaken
To midday sun and midnight sleep.

So, on these flanks of morning, I
Turn loose my flocks and let them stray;
Send shepherd off to make his hay,
Provision for an angry sky;
My deputy for sterner age,
The winter of my heart and years,
When the first storm wakes mortal fears,
And yelling winds prophetic rage.

VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST.

WINTER'S YOUTH AND AGE

RUSSET and green are the fields in the young winter sun-rays,
Gaily the children laugh and shout as they glide down the hill,
Frost is a bridal touch on tree, on wall and on roadways,
Only in the shadow cold age has its will;
Only in the shadow grey-haired grasses dream,
And Winter harshly chides the singing stream.

DULCIE EDEN GREVILLE.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN POEM

"Love and The Virgins" By C. R. Jury

WHEN The Poetry Society's Secretary told me that it was about to come of age my memory fled back to the time when I had first known it. It was a little later than its birth year, in August, 1911, that I first met the Hon. Director, Mr. Galloway Kyle, at the Tennyson Memorial Celebrations at Somersby in which I was taking part side by side with Mr. Willingham Rawnsley, to whom the Society owes so much and whose memory is so justly cherished by it, and his brother, Canon Rawnsley.

Three and a half years later, in February, 1915, the Society did me the honour to elect me President in succession to Sir J. Forbes-Robertson.

It was a strange time, the first winter of the war, strange and sad. But we remember the happy things and in some measure forget the unhappy. I have pleasant recollections of meetings in London, public and private, of presiding over readings by Mr. Alfred Noyes at the Savoy Theatre and by Sir Ronald Ross at Lord Leverhulme's house at Hampstead, of a gathering at what had once been Byron's house but was now that of Baron d'Erlanger, of lunching to meet Mrs. Meynell, now, alas! lost to us and not least of the cheery optimism, under all circumstances, of Mr. Oscar Gridley.

I myself at that time had become much interested in the poetry of the Empire. At the outbreak of the war I thought that after the transcendent clarion call of that great Imperialist poet, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, some of the most significant poems I could find came from Canada and Australia, poems like Canon F. G. Scott's "Hymn of Empire," and Mr. John Sandes' "Australians to the Front."

I read all the poetry I could come upon of Canada and Australia, of New Zealand and South Africa. I found that each of the Dominions had already a body of poetry which, if some of it was young, imitative, immature, was full of living vigour, and that this, while there were striking exceptions on the part of early pioneer immigrants like Drummond, and Adam Lindsay Gordon, and Alfred Domett, and Pringle, was markedly true of the work of the "native-born."

Poetry, far more than is generally understood, demands for its development education in the individual and tradition in the nation. For these purposes the Dominions were still young, though growing up with remarkable swiftness. The war accelerated and accentuated their growth. To-day these tall, fair, "daughter" States, "daughters in their mother's house, mistresses in their own," are arriving or have arrived in many ways and fields.

Australia and New Zealand—they should be taken together—have for some time past contributed to scholarship and science and the arts, personalities of first-rate quality equal to those of the old countries, though they may have still to come to the old countries to find their full development.

The poem about which I propose to write is, I think, interesting it inself and still more interesting as marking a new step in Australian poetry. Australia, has, I believe, art in her virile blood, and I am inclined to think that it is the most artistic poem that Australia has yet produced.

Charles Rischbieth Jury, its author, came to Oxford from St. Peter's College, Adelaide, just a year before the war. He had while still a schoolboy produced a volume of poems of more than schoolboy promise. At Oxford he had already shown that he was likely to take high Classical Honours when the war came and he at once joined up. He was severely wounded, and had a long time in hospital first in London and then in Oxford. I used to go and sit with him as he lay in a long chair in the garden of Somerville College. When he got better he tried to take up his Greek again and to grapple with Plato who attracted him much. But the task was too laborious. After a period of convalescence he returned to college, and gave himself to the study of English Language and Literature, in which he graduated with a brilliant First Class. Since then he has travelled, living sometimes in England, sometimes in Italy and Greece, reading, studying, practising slowly and silently the difficult art of poetry, experimenting, writing and re-writing. He has followed, and more than followed the precept of Horace, " Adviser of the nine-years-pondered lay," keeping poems on the stocks till the ninth year or beyond. Last summer he published with the Oxford University Press the piece of which I propose to speak—" Love and the Virgins."

As a friend who is himself a scholar, a poet, and a critic, writes of it, " It has been revised again and again and always for the better." " Its precious phrase," as the youthful Shakespeare wrote, himself following Horace, has been " by all the Muses filed."

It is an English poem on the classical model, but as even the classical models in truth are for those who read them aright, romantic too.

It reminds us of Shakespeare, of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but more of Milton, of *Arcades* and *Comus*—Was not the youthful Milton himself Elizabethan and Shakespearian?—more still of that *doyen* of English poetry who to-day fills our thoughts and artistic senses, the Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, of his " exquisite " artistic, classical Plays, *Prometheus*, *Achilles in Scyros*, *Demeter*.

The best and most indicative criticism of all such poems is that which the old Eton Provost, Sir Henry Wotton, himself a scholar-poet, tendered, when he wrote to Milton about *Comus*—" A dainty piece of entertainment, wherein I should much commend the tragical part if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes." For this piece is, as Mr. Jury himself puts forward, at once " tragical, comical, historical, pastoral." It is notably full of songs and odes of Doric, or to be strictly accurate, Attic delicacy.

The scene is first Arcadia and then Aulis where as we remember, " Iphigeneia heard her doom " for the time is the time of that doom, the eve of the expedition against Troy.

The volume opens with an Encomium of Adelaide and her Anzac sons. South Australia, like Attica, is a land of the horse and the ship, the olive and the vine, and Mr. Jury writes of Adelaide, as her own poets and Milton following them wrote of Athens :

> "City,
> Who makest the violet thy merchandise,
> Whose land is dry and dry the air,
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Whom warriors bred on the sunburned soil
> Have throned in living glory, and thy head
> Have crowned with ancient bays."

Then follows an Ode in Asclepiads invoking the deities of Greece, Dionysus and Pallas, Aphrodite and Apollo, and the Muses of dance and song, Terpsichore and "subtle Polymnia," and Zeus himself, Father and Lord of all.

The metrification and diction of both these lyric pieces, as indeed of many that follow, less ambitious but not less perfected, are strikingly fine and choice, such as Mr. Bridges has taught us long and sedulously and our generation has at last begun to learn and love.

Then come the Prologue and the Play.

The story of Endymion, of the Moon-Deity, Goddess of Chastity, who falls in unearthly love with mortals and with whom mortals fall in love, and who descends at night to earth to watch her slumbering lover, is, of course, not new to English poesy. It was familiar to the Elizabethans, to Shakespeare among them. Many of them handled it; Keats, as all know, revived it a little more than a century ago. But Mr. Jury's treatment is entirely original and his own.

A delightful youthful pair, his hero and heroine, Agapenor and Helena, have just discovered their love for each other, when the "loosing word of War" breaks upon them. Agapenor is summoned to proceed at once to join the expedition against Troy. He accepts the summons, and Helena sadly approves. He proposes that they should be married before he starts. She hesitates. He goes out into the forest to take, and to give her, time.

At this juncture the Moon's priestess enters and claims Helena for her service: she is to take the veil and become a consecrated ministrant in her temple, and when Helena refuses, threatens her with death. Helena's father wishes to temporize and consult oracles. She is desperate, puts on boy's clothes and runs to the forest to find Agapenor.

In the forest and under the night the stage is set. The youthful God of Love, Eros himself, enters, while the Chorus of Nymphs chant. The Moon descends. She is smitten with Agapenor's beauty as he lies slumbering, and fills him with dreams. She is minded to carry him up to her heaven, but lends a pitying ear to the boy Helena. The conflict between Earth and Heaven proceeds. Eros resolves it aided by Silenus, a very Shakesperian character gross and "deboshed" with an earthy, brutal frankness, and Musaeus, a very attractive character, a friendly poetic philosopher.

The long night draws to its end. Artemis returns to her immortal chastity and her heaven. The lovers are carried sleeping to the temple. The chorus chants

" The Pontic bird less wild doth sing :
And drowsy Night her wakened wing
Lifts upon the zenith star.
Now the darkness dreams of light ;
Softly Cynthia's gate unbar,
Ere Night depart, and we with Night
Sanctify this slumber bright."

In the next scene all is happiness. Heaviness has endured for the night but joy cometh in the morning. The Priestess at the hest of her Heavenly Queen ordains that the lovers be wedded forthwith. Helena's father and Agapenor's grandfather have to accept the order. This is indeed " comedy " in Dante's definition, a happy ending. But there is still a tragic note, an Epilogue.

We are in Agapenor's tent at the base in Aulis. He must go to the front, to that " Hell of the Hellespont " as the Greek poets called it, where 3,000 years later so many of Mr. Jury's Anzac brethren were to do deeds worthy of Achilles and Diomedes and Odysseus, and to find Achilles' early death.

Helena, heart-broken, must send him :

" Go. Victory be with thy sword," she cries, and then, as he answers " Farewell. Farewell."

" O gods ! Break not my heart ! O heaven, heaven,
I am forsaken ! "

A few words should be added about Mr. Jury's theory and a specimen or two more of his practice given.

He himself defines poetry thus :

"What a thing's a phrase
That tells me what I think! That's poetry."

He has many of these illuminating phrases, and of passages that "tell us what we think."

"Our country's health is honour, most of all."

"Let now no voice
Be heard amongst the people that this war
Is base nobility; their bitter tongues
Still murmur at the means of empire."

"Life so perfect
Is sacreder than marble memories
And tombs of love ; it is the thing itself
That those beshadow."

The most complete example is to be found in the long *tirade* of Musaeus, Act II, v.

"Beauty is not eternal ;
To love with knowledge, that alone is power,
To hold remembrance of sweet changing forms,
And then to build the nature of delight
Upon the eternity of things remembered,
Beyond that scope of change : and if such love
Be to thy faculties a clouded heaven,
And still thou lovest, watch then lest thy desire
Be tyrant to thy thought. In this dark sphere
Of glories mutable, the pure excess
Of hope fathers despair : for if he adores
The shapes of time, the eternal-mounting spirit
By nature's motion falls as Phaethon
Undone by what enskyed him.

* * * * * *

And yet I know not : looks of eternity
Haunt time.

The poem will not, very probably, be popular. But it is significant, and will "speak to those that understand." And Mr. Jury may be assured that he has no need to repeat the unnecessary apologia of Keats :

"I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness."

HERBERT WARREN.

SOME ASPECTS OF MYSTICISM IN VERSE

AT the time when my earliest poems were published, I had the privilege of belonging to a small coterie of poets which included Aldous Huxley and Robert Nichols, much given to the discussion and dissection of their art, from whom I received many recommendations to study the works of the Elizabethans. Even Rupert Brooke, admittedly a Romantic in instinct and temper, urged the merits of Webster and Donne ; but scepticism regarding codified religion withheld me from a sympathetic understanding of the spiritual significance of these poets or their contemporaries.

I have now passed the state of Swinburne worship. The romanticism of Keats ; the philosophy of Shelley ; the clangorous ways of Byronic harmonies ; the resounding symphonies of Browning ; the organ tones of Tennyson ; the majesty of Milton ; the grimness of Bunyan, have lost their power to influence me. Three years' absence from my native country, spent in meditation and preparation for the priesthood, revealed to me the supreme outstanding beauty of the Masters of our Renaissance, and I returned to Donne, to Marvell, to Marlowe, Ben Johnson, and those who are called Lesser Elizabethans, Thomas Traherne, George Herbert, Thomas Carew, Philip Sidney, Richard Crashaw, Harry Vaughan, Henry King, to find rest, pleasure and intoxication amongst them.

The reason is not far to seek. If there is one passion in the cosmos of the human being which is avid for nutriment, greedy for satisfaction, imperative in its demands, it is the metaphysical motion of the mind. There is no hypocrisy in being both a mystic and of the world ; this combination will be found in every one of the Elizabethan poets, especially in Donne, even in his most intense love songs and sonnets ; there is no hypocrisy since mysticism refuses to die in any nature, there once planted. Within such natures the desire for metaphysical expression will at times rise up irrepressibly as the flaming lava of a volcano and swamp all other passions ; at other times there will be no more than a thundering from its crater, mounting up thence to the empyrean a thick spiral of smoke to mingle with the wind redolent of the brine of the sea or the scent of flowers. But the volcano is always a volcano ; the mysticism is ever boiling within ; and although one may dwell tranquilly beneath or upon the side of the crater, enjoying the lyricism of life, natural or amorous, at some time the throbbing and distant rumbling of a mystical power makes itself manifest beneath. It is harder for a born mystic to escape from his thrall than for an opium-eater from his opium, or a bee from honey.

Professor Santayana of Oxford defines " Metaphysical Poetry " as normal madness. In view of this phrase, I think it is incumbent, before giving the quotations which I have in mind, to put before you the meanings which I take the words " Metaphysics " and " Mysticism " to mean. The sense which I make of these words, and the use to which I put them, are derived from various standard dictionaries. The word " Metaphysics " is derived from three Greek words—meta—ta—phusika—meaning that subject which was discussed by Aristotle in his great treatises after pure Physics. It is then a science seeking to know the ultimate grounds of being ; or what *it is* that really exists, and can be divided up, for purposes of argument, into three headings :—*Meta-physical Materialism*, i.e., everything known is body or mind ; *Meta-physical Idealism*, i.e., everything known is mind or some mental state ; *Meta-physical Realism*, i.e., everything known is body or soul, neither of which exhausts the universal being.

This third division of metaphysics contains psychology in its sense of a science dealing with the human soul—the knowledge of the mind derived from examination of the facts of consciousness ; and ontology, in its sense that it is a science partaking of metaphysics, in that it treats of whatever does or can exist, investigating and explaining the nature of all existence.

Of Mysticism, let us accept the definition that it is a " dream contemplation on ideas," through which the mind seeks to solve the mysteries of existence. Let us now combine the metaphysics with mysticism, and describe it as a scientific seeking by the mind, through the medium of "the dream contemplation on ideas" to solve and explain the nature of all existence, after examining the effects of consciousness.

In respect of metapsycho-mystic poetry, I venture to suggest that it should be in mode of expression anagogic and anaphoric; more subject to litotes and meiosis than to pleonastic hyperbole and tautologic synonym employing anastrophe and apostrophe, the climax being an aposiopes or an apophthegm but never containing amphigoric or amphi-biological equivocation.

The student perhaps, when he first hears this somewhat laborious description of the aims of a mystical poet, and the rules which must guide their operations, may be apt to beat a hasty retreat under the misguided conception that he has to face a science both useless and irrelevant to either the physical or the ethical comprehension of the universe and its intricate technical machinery. Inevitably he will ask himself the question, of what use or of what advantage is it to indulge in such a subject; and possibly he will make up his mind to cut the mystical muse dead in the street if he should meet her, but she is not so easy to ignore, and, like others of her sex, has an extremely winning way with her. She may crop up unexpectedly at the cinema, the theatres, and even at supper parties; nor does she disdain to sip a glass of champagne or picnic on the river. She usually is and indeed should be plainly and simply dressed; nothing garish or blatant about her apparel, never showing to greater advantage than when arrayed in classic simplicity, for she should be Truth's younger sister. Let us regard her apparel in the "Pillar of the Cloud."

> Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead Thou me on!
> The night is dark, and I am far from home—
> Lead Thou me on!
> Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I should like to make it clear that when I say *some aspects* in the title of my article that this "some" refers to Christian mysticism in poetry only, nor will I attempt in so short a paper even to touch upon the mysticism of other creeds or other nations.

The way of a mystic is essentially the way of patience; the way of suffering sometimes both of mind and of body; the way of quiet interior endurances, and with eyes closed in a rapt ecstasy is the word of inspiration received. Peace, interior and exterior, would seem the essential stimulus to mystic thought: albeit, the calm oft-times after a storm. Quiet and solitude raise the patient to transcendental comprehension of the secret message:

"In a dark night.
With anxious love inflamed,
O happy lot!
Forth unobserved I went,
My house being now at rest."[1]

"What would you do within, O soul my brother?
What would you do within?
Bar door and window that none may see;
That alone we may be,
(Alone, face to face,
In that flame-lit place)."[2]

Vital to the mystic are seclusion and dependence on naught terrestrial save such earthly object as may be used for an outward symbol bestirring the inward inclination and appetite withdrawn into secrecy unobserved, there to become the servant of meditation the fruits of which are the poem. Thus is obtained the preliminary detachment in which the seed is planted:

"My soul is detached
From everything created
And raised above itself
Into a life delicious
Of God alone supported.
And therefore I will say
That what I most esteem
Is that my soul is now
Without support, without support."[3]

Detachment in order that the soul may be raised up and sustained by inspiration is vital to all poets, but to the mystic poet obviously much more so; he, if anyone, has to be peculiarly thoughtful of his symbolism and mode of expression. He cannot afford to gamble with phrases or exaggerate his symbols. Is he not a being for whom all sensations or apprehensions of the senses, all emotional experiences refer, via the medium of symbolism to the written word; and of his hearers and listeners is not the reverse equally true: for they, hearing or seeing his words, refer them back through symbols to those scenes, sights, sounds, and emotions which the poet, with or without the medium of symbolism, wishes to evince or assemble? —"Yet so thin a veil divides" (Edward Carpenter).

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[1] St. John of the Cross, "That Dark Night."

[2] Evelyn Underhill.

[3] "St. John of the Cross."

As a contra-distinction between a highly symbolical poem and a symbolically mystical one, we might compare felicitously "Kubla Kahn" or "The Phœnix and the Turtle," with "The Hound of Heaven" or with "The Dark Night." The symbolism of mystical verse differs from the symbolism of lay verse in the same ratio as mysticism differs from pragmatism. In the former the symbols used usually refer to persons or creeds and their potentialities:

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
And terrible as an army with banners?"[1]

Here the Church Militant on earth is the prototype, both a creed and metaphorical personage.

"Think, then, my fool, that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight."[2]

Death is here spoken of as a creed, or portion of a creed (as is the creed of the Church Militant), and at the same time a metaphorical personage. In what I term lay verse, the symbols more frequently refer to a sensation, an incident, and their concomitant effects on the sensual understanding, without any direct appeal to the spiritual proclivities of

[1] "Songs of Solomon."

[2] John Donne.

complete realization. They are often ethereal but in nowise mystical.

> "Ah, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
> Alone and palely loitering;
> The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing."

From solitude, patience, suffering, and detachment the mystic draws his thread for the loom, and symbolism is his bodkin. It is drawn "Under the breath of laughter, deep in the tide of tears" (Alfred Noyes). Patience toward the attainment of a soul-felt desire is the hall of the greater part of mystic literature, a longing for an ideal distantly viewed already upon the horizon. Mine own fuel of longing is brought to flame in the EEL—an unusual symbol typifying the mysterious make-up of the soul, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl,[1] and in "Up through the Sea":

> "I have floated far too long on the surface of the wave,
> Far too long upon the surface of the wave.
> Better had I died and been buried in my grave
> Than have floated on the surface of the wave.
> Let me sink then as a stone, as a rock into the sea.
> Let me hide me from myself, let me hide myself from Thee,
> I have floated far too long, far too long and wantonly.
> I have lain among the seaweeds, the dim flowers of the deep,
> Half asleep amongst the flowers of the deep,
> What sort of count I wonder of those hours did I keep
> While I drowsed among the flowers of the deep?
> Let me drop then as a stone, as a rock into the sea,
> Let me tumble to destruction in a stricken misery,
> Be frozen as my heart is, my heart to His Heart's plea.
> From the deeps there let me cry and when smothered by the wave,
> Entirely hid and smothered by the wave,
> Let me cry, and hear my cry, my cry to Thee to save,
> When my bones are knocked together by the wave
> Let me rise then as an eel, as an eel up through the sea,
> Let me creep unto His feet to lie there patiently
> Until His eyes of mercy are turned with love on me."

The echo to this Fourth Dimensional sentiment is now expressed in my second poem, "Up Through the Sea":

> "If I could lose Thine Image for a while
> I would be glad;

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[1] See letter from Mr. Morgan in THE POETRY REVIEW, March, 1928.

If I could hide from Thee, then would I smile
With eyes less sad.
If I could fly Thine Image for a while.
If from my thoughts I could but drive Thee out,
Then might I rest;
If for one moment could completely doubt
What I know best,
And let allegiance wither in the drought!

"Such can I never do, so haunted groan
Begging Thee go!
Remorseful, tortured cringe beneath Thy throne
Condemned to know
Thou, Thou art there and I am not alone!

"My conscience like an ever-raging sea
Beats my heart's shore,
Each breaking wave spreads laden misery,
Until no more
Hard rocks remain unbattered by Thy plea.

"Through the long night cascading torrents fall
Thud upon thud!
Up through my dreams I hear the sea-winds call—
Thy dripping Blood
Plashes upon my heart and turns to gall!

"Give me the strength to fly Thee, or to keep
Thine Image clear,
Unclouded in the crystal where thoughts sleep
Immune from fear:
Nor, as have sown, in mercy let me reap!

"Give me the strength to shun Thee or to love;
Give me the strength!
Divorce me from Earth's force, let roam Thy Dove
Throughout the length,
The breadth of my poor spirit, God above."

Mrs. Alice Meynell has spoken even more undisguisedly, and far less symbolically of patience and final victory:

"You never attained to Him? If to attain
'Be to abide, then that may be'
Endless the way followed with how much pain
'The Way was He!'"

Another ingredient must be present (the most necessary) if the rare dish is to be well served to the delectation of the eclectic palates of such readers as are inclined to pass by the *apparently* more stimulating and enlivening smoothness of a banquet of love lyrics and sonnets or a feast of poetic drama, and hungrily hasten to the more frugal but more sublime repast of the mystics—FAITH. A mystic cannot be a cynic: faith, a burning, quickening vibrant faith in some supreme mysterious power, having its being without the ordinary physical phenomena of mortal life, must ebb and flow unintermittently through the ocean of the poet's soul ordered by the translucent moon of inspiration, until that soul itself leaves its mortal cerements to be transported to the shores of untrammelled mystery—faith in a power whose processes are to succour, soothe, terrify, punish, inspire, possess, destroy or cause-to-live both those of this globe and those of other worlds. Conceived differently by each individual intellect, Heaven and Hell must be realities: regarded only, if you will, as separate seats of mercy or of pain, but both eternally enduring, or again, if you will, merely enduring for a while until Nirvana is achieved. God and the Malevolent One *must exist* as living Persons for the mystic—no matter his nation or his creed; no matter what rite or race. Milton and Dante have by no means the monopoly of Apollyon and his premises. Not that I would maintain all who write poems on Heaven or Hell are mystics, but I do submit that a lively belief in two Beings, one supreme Good, the other utter Evil, and in their separate and established entities, habitations and functions is the reason-of-being for the mystic.

Faith in Ineffable Good, manifesting itself to the mortal (hermit-like in seclusion after the spiritual tests of patiently-endured suffering and ardent spiritual longing), is the rock upon which real mysticism is built; a rock, each of whose molecules—often the experiences of other mystics gone before—are germinated at their inception by the breath of the Divine Essence. As Faith is the rock from which all mystic thought and its expression emanates, the reason is obvious why the expression of all its devotees so resemble the one the other; to such extent that without their contexts it is well-nigh impossible to assert whence individual stanzas have been selected—whether from St. Francis of Assisi or a devout Buddhist monk.

Some might perhaps anticipate that any result produced by such a combination as solitude, patience, suffering, detachment, symbolism and faith, might either evaporate altogether or tend to mystification rather than to mysticism, or again even gush into intricate hyperbole difficult of elucidation; or merely into a gibberish comparable to a cabalistic spell or incantation of some Renaissance necromancer given to frequenting witches-sabbaths or the mysteries of Hermes. In fact, we might be faced with the same results as those who attend spiritualistic séances.

But the poems of the mystics are couched in the simplest language, written in purest diction, free from extravagant symbolism and appealing frequently even to children.

> " Not where I breathe, but where I love, I live,
> Not where I love, but where I am, I die,
> The life I wish must future glory give,
> The death I feel in present dangers lie." [1]

> " Anima Christi, sanctifica me.
> Corpus Christi, salve me.
> Sanguis Christi, inebria me.
> Aqua, latereris Christi, lava me.
> Passio Christi, conforta me.
> O bone Jesu, exaudi me.
> Intra tua vulnera absconde me.
> Ne permittas me separari a te.
> Ab hoste maligno defende me.
> In hora mortis meae voca me.
> Et jube me venire ad te,
> Et cum Sanctis tuis laudem te
> In saecula saeculorum." [2]

Even more expressive is this stanza from " The Anticipation " of Thomas Traherne.

> " From everlasting this felicity
> Complete and perfect was,

---

[1] " I die, alive " (Southwell).

[2] " St. Ignatius."

Whose bosom is the glass,
Wherein we all things everlasting see."

And Walt Whitman:

" Grand is the sun, the light, to me— . . .
But grander far the unseen soul of me,
. . . comprehending endowing all those . . . "

In these poems are exhibited the suffering, the patience and the faith and the hope for final blessed communion with Divine Love. In the last, the solitude *motive*, is predominant, and the full realization of the existence of the inner " unseen soul, more evolutionary, vast and puzzling "—more lasting than light, sky, stars, time, or space.

For my dish then, for this Mystical Supper, as spices, I would add resignation and simplicity:

" But I am only a simple man
In a white tower by the sea;
There comes a liturgy.
Even for a little span,
Great voices Christian,
Songs of my Lord to me
To me a simple man." [1]

Richard Crashaw, in his " Recommendation," uses the simplest possible language in which to render himself absolutely into the hands of the Supreme Being:

" That as I dedicate my devoutest Breath
To make a kind of Life for my Lord's Death
So from his living, and life-giving Death
My dying life may draw a new, and never fleeting breath."

Again reiterated in that wonderful poem of Bliss Carman's, " Veni Creator ":

" Lord of the grass and hill,
Lord of the rain,
White Overlord of will,
Master of pain,

" I who am dust and air
Blown through the halls of death,
Like a pale ghost of prayer—
I am thy breath.

" Lord of the harvest dew,
Lord of the dawn,
Star of the paling blue
Darkling and gone,

" Lost on the mountain height
Where the first winds are stirred,
Out of the wells of night
I am thy word.

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[1] " Turris Eburnea " (Wilfred Childe).

" Lord of the blade and leaf,
Lord of the bloom,
Sheer Overlord of grief,
Master of doom,

" Lonely as wind or snow,
Through the vague world and
dim,
Vagrant and glad I go ;
I am Thy whim.

" Lord of the storm and lull,
Lord of the sea,
I am Thy broken gull,
Blown far alee.

" Lord of the haunted hush,
Where raptures throng,
I am thy hermit thrush,
Ending no song.

" Lord of the frost and cold,
Lord of the North,
When the red sun grows old
And day goes forth.

" I shall put off this girth—
Go glad and free,
Earth to my mother earth,
Spirit to Thee."

In the first stanza he alludes, as do all mystics, to God as the Master of pain, " White Overlord of will, Master of pain."

But the mystic, despite the known fact that he must be patient and suffer, never refuses the chalice, thereby following in the footsteps of one of the most Triumphant Mystics of the world, crying out :

" As for myself, I am not afraid
To suffer constantly,
For why ? due debts must need be paid
Unto sweet God on high."

This spirit of sacrifice still in the simplest language is given to us by Thomas Bancroft in the lines :

" Why, favoured of heaven most fair,
Does thought bring fowls for sacrifice ?
Will not the armful thou dost bear,
That lovely Lamb of thine, suffice ? "

Again sacrifice, again simplicity, again symbolism, in the " Innocents " of Charles Fitz-Geffrey :

" Your journey's end at setting forth you met
Your whole day's task in the morning finished ;
Your sun no sooner did arise, but set,
Yet was your day increased, your night diminished."

Richard Gales, in an almost childish way, refers to that mystic light of the world and in " The Play of Words ';

shows the infant Jesus as doubly the staff of Life, the staff on which to lean and the bread of the Eucharist:

" Cockadoodledoo!
Our Lady's lost her shoe,
Saint Joseph's lost his lantern,
What will they do?
The child will be both shoes and staff
And a lantern too,
In the dark night He'll be their light
And their Guide so true."

Here it is interesting also to notice his mention of the dark night in which Christ alone is the light. Francis Thompson's " Little Jesus " is in the same category:

" And did'st thou play in heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles?

In an old carol, " The Holy Well," the childish simplicity of the mystic playing with stars as marbles is even more noticeable. Here is combined the naïveté of childhood with suffering of the child, whilst the whole poem is one scintillating symbol.

" Sweet Jesus turned Him around
And neither laughed nor smiled,
But tears came trickling from His eyes
To be but a maiden's child.

" And on His return home He told Mary
How the snobbish children of the town ' They were
lords and ladies all ' had refused to play with him
for he was only a maiden's child. Mary made answer
' Though you are but a maiden's child
Born in an ox's stall,
Thou art Christ, the King of Heaven,
And the Saviour of them all.

" ' Sweet Jesus, go down to yonder town
As far as the Holy Well,
And take away those sinful souls,
And dip them deep in hell.'

" ' Nay, nay,' sweet Jesus said,
' Nay, nay, that may not be;
For there are too many sinful souls
Crying out for the help of me.' "

One neither has to be cultivated to be a mystic, nor esoteric in speech, nor mysterious in habits ; but straightforward, fearless in expression, simple in diction, and endowed with deep appreciation of the innate beauty of high conception betokening a complete union with a total dissolution into the very essence of Divine Love itself.

This union has invariably been expressed in verse rather than in prose—the Psalms of David and the Songs of Solomon, the poetical outpourings of the Saints, the simple hymns of pious men, as, for instance, Cardinal Newman's " The Pillar of the Cloud "—" I do not ask to see the distant scene, one step enough for me." *So that one finds on investigation that the only really mysterious thing about the mystic is the joy to be derived from physical and mental discomfort.* This into-thy-hands attitude of the mystic which springs up in wonderfully flowing rhythmic phrases, calm, lucid, enthralling—*in that lies the true mystery of the mystic poet.* " The common way to heaven's by hell."

> " Love came, and said ' Reach hither, Grief,
> Thy hand into my side ;
> O, slow of heart to win belief,
> Seeing that for grief I died.
> Lo, all the griefs for which I died
> Rise with me from the dead ! ' "[1]

And then again :

> " I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
> My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
> But swear by thyself, that at my death thy $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text{Son}\\ \text{Sun}\end{array}\right.$
> Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore
> And having done that Thou has done,
> I fear no more."[2]

Now in respect of this dream-quality which is so universally attributed to the mystic, and with which the ignorant would stigmatize mystic verse, I would counsel them that if they studied a little more it would not be for long that they would continue to imagine that from dreams only can mystic verse arise. But as the word dream appears in so many mystical poems so as to give some casual readers the impression that mystical poets live entirely on dreams—" My bread is dreams "—let us briefly take one or two examples from their works in which this damning word appears. What do we find? That more usually the word dream is symbolic for that stage of communion with the Infinite, engendered by meditation; is descriptive of those particular moments when inspiration " hath them in thrall." Or again it is merely a synonym for a mode of thought or belief:

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[1] Francis Quarles.

[2] John Donne.

> " Thus through these long years it would seem
> While working trusty wood, He planned
> To build the semblance of His dream—
> Build it of human sliding sand." [1]

In Keats it is a description of a speech:

> " Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
> Save from one gradual solitary gust
> Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
> As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
> So came these words and went." [2]

" The dream of Gerontius " is but an excuse to describe to us the imagined activities of the soul after death: " When the Soul fell into sleep, and Archangels round it weep," and A.E. in " Everywhere ":

> " I saw the mystic vision flow
> And live in men and woods and streams
> Until I could no longer know
> The stream of life from my own dreams."

Swinburne is fearful of dreaming, and cries:

> " I dare not sleep for delight of the perfect hour,
> Lest God be wroth that his gift be scorned of man."

And if the mystic does dream it is in a sleep full " of dreams that last," last long after the dreamer is dead:

> " Only we feel him; and in aching dreams,
> Swift intuitions, pangs of keen delight,

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[1] " The Carpenter of Nazareth " (Anonymous).

[2] " Hyperion " (Keats).

The sudden vision of His glory seems
To sear our souls, dividing the dull night ;" [1]

The dreams of the mystic are not the wool-gathering of a lazy poetaster, inert, flabby, vague and fruitless, but the "amorous languishments, luminous trances" of the quickened spirit in the living poet, nor does the mystic even fear that *final sleep* nor yet his latest dreams. "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come" is answered boldly in the tenth sonnet of John Donne :

" Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me,
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than they stroke ; why swell'st thou then ?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally.
And death shall be no more ; death thou shalt die.

These extracts given, may I dare to draw a few timid conclusions, based as much upon the work of others as upon personal experience. The mystic poet is in the truest sense a poet, for poetry should ever continue to be used before all else as at its inception for mystical purposes. It is certainly undeniable that mysticism is inbred in every poet or he is no poet at all, but though it may never come to outward expression it may lie latent in him throughout the whole of his life. It is equally true that the greatest mystical enunciations in the Christian world have been given to us either in pure metrical mode, or in pronounced rhythmical form, and even before the Christian faith the early hymns of Druids, Greeks, Romans, Persians, and Chinese, the Sagas of Scandinavia and Germany were recited in sonorous phrases, smoothly flowing. The true mystical poem, therefore, is concrete in form and expression, never nebulous, nor soaked in confused verbosity. Being born of suffering and patience, it grows up simple and honest in thought and diction; tried in the fire of endurance and in overwhelming desire of sublimation into spiritual union, it achieves through truth and not subterfuge! It springs the most uplifting and exalting of all forms of prosody, the most encouraging, the most inspiring; teaching courage in trial, brave endurance and final victory of spirit over matter and a definite antidote to the poisons imbibed from the trials and temptations of the flesh. It bears, augments, and fosters peace in the individual soul and through that soul in the community at large. It carries the torch of hope into Earth's darkest corners, discovers anew the candent beauty in a babe's eyes and the simple line of the soul-bereft body lying at rest upon the bier. It loves nature and all natural things in which it sees the love, beauty and power of the Creator and through them lifts the human heart on to the celestial altar. It is robust, pure, and fearless; *sans peur et sans reproche;* the Knight of the Sangrael and in a world of hideous selfishness continues to preach the gospel of infinite charity, pity, and love.

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[1] John Addington Symonds.

EVAN MORGAN.

ANTIGREEN

WHY do you go dressed all in green,
And add a quite redundant touch
Of verdure to this rustic scene?
Why do you go dressed all in green,
When patently there is too much
Greenness in coppice, wood and hedge,
When brooks abound with reeds and sedge,
And all around a glut of grass
Rolls lush and emerald and crass?
If you have any love for me,
Go change your gown and don a coat
Of scarlet cloth to sound a note
Of challenge and revolt in the
Ubiquitous viridity!

E. F. A. GEACH.

ON TRANSLATING VIRGIL

THE second millenium of the birth of Virgil falling in the New Year, it may be opportune to consider briefly existing translations of Virgil and also that ideal standard to which the translator of the Mantuan should aspire.

In the first place, it is well to leave out of account all prose translations of the poet. There is an adequate translation by Lee and Lonsdale for school purposes ; and there is a version, felicitous especially for the "Georgics," by Professor Mackail. But prose can never take the place of verse to the lover of verse rhythms ; and, with this comment, we may pass on.

The perfect translation of the rhythm of Virgil would unquestionably require an English hexameter. Despite the authority and example of Matthew Arnold, however, in his *Lectures on Translating Homer*, it would scarcely be too rash to state that the consensus of critical opinion has not accepted the laws laid down by him from his professorial chair. It is plain, by this period in the history of English verse, that the hexameter is not native to the English language and has not been naturalized. The cause is sufficiently clear. Latin, as a quantitative language, employs words which, under certain conditions, are all stereotyped in quantity. But in English the quantity of the word almost always is susceptible of variation. Thus "and," were it a Latin word, would invariably be long. In English it is almost always short. It is impossible, therefore, to compress the more fluid English language into the rigid moulds of quantity ; and a version in English hexameters by no means gives the effect of the Latin original. The language has suffered violence ; but, in this case, the kingdom of heaven has not been entered.

We pass, therefore, to those poets or scholars who have employed for translation the standard metres of English poetry. First, of course, comes Dryden ; and it will possibly be said at once that, where we have a poet so illustrious, it is unnecessary to look for a better version, and idle to suppose that future poets can evolve it. I do not think, however, that this is the case. The translation of Dryden has great merits. It is exceedingly spirited; and, read apart from the original, the story as told by that master of narrative appears to gain in clearness and force. But in the essentially Virgilian qualities Dryden is lacking. If it be too much to say that the "poetry" is lost in his alembic, it yet remains true that the English master substitutes for the Virgilian verse a hard dry light, a pragmatic assertion, which are alien to the Latin. Nowhere do we find in Dryden that character which Wordsworth has assigned to Spenser, and which might equally well be ascribed to Virgil:

> "Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
> With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace."

Dryden has sacrificed the sweetness and the cloudiness of Virgil.

The great scholar, Conington, translated Virgil into octosyllabic metre, in the manner of Scott. But I cannot think that Scott, any more than Dryden, has the essential qualities of Virgil. Scott is too swift and fiery; and whatever, therefore, the merits of Professor Conington, his version cannot be accepted as adequate.

Of late, a version has been published by Mr. H. S. Salt, which attempts to render Virgil in the irregular metre of "Lycidas." This translation has been acclaimed as of high excellence. But, whatever its incidental felicity, which appears to be considerable, it is plain that a metre of irregular line-length and rhyme cannot effectively reproduce the order of the hexameter, that wave-like succession thundering on the ear.

It remains, therefore, to suggest the perfect and final translation of Virgil. Such a suggestion might indeed appear hazardous, had not the most lovely of English lyric poets left a specimen of Virgilian translation—alas! too brief. I allude, of course, to Shelley's fragment in rendering the "Fourth Georgic."

Before quoting this poem, a word may be said in defence of the metre. This is the *terza rima* of Dante, which many critics have found almost as completely an exotic in English as the hexameter. That criticism, however, appears to be unsupported by sound theory. The *terza rima* is not ruled out of court by questions of quantity and accent. In fact, in Shelley's "Triumph of Life" there exists a magnificent vindication of its suitability to English verse. It is, indeed, the metre whose glory Dante himself has stated that he owed to Virgil:

> "My master, thou, and guide!
> Thou he from whom alone I have derived
> That style, which for its beauty into fame
> Exalts me."

I venture to think, therefore, that in this metre we have the norm which, in default of the hexameter, the English verse translator of Virgil should adopt. I append Shelley's fragment, and suggest that the final version of Virgil in English should take the form of his most ethereal translator:

> "And the cloven waters like a chasm of mountains
> Stood, and received him in its mighty portal
> And led him through the deep's untrampled fountains
>
> "He went in wonder through the path immortal
> Of his great Mother and her humid reign
> And groves profaned not by the step of mortal
>
> "Which sounded as he passed, and lakes which rain
> Replenished not girt round by marble caves
> 'Wildered by the watery motion of the main
>
> "Half 'wildered he beheld the bursting waves
> Of every stream beneath the mighty earth
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "And rock-resounding Hypanis, and thou,
> Eridanus: who bearest like empire's sign
> Two golden horns upon thy taurine brow
>
> "Thou than whom none of the streams divine
> Through garden-fields and meads with fiercer power,
> Burst in their tumult on the purple brine."

This is indeed poetry.

T. E. CASSON.

SYMBOLISM AND ROMANCE

IF we attack a generation for being what its ancestry, environment, and random vital spark made it, we must remember that those things we most approve in one age may condition all which we condemn in its successors, and that the traditional relationship of toxin and antitoxin may be fact as well as cliché. Attack must be a spur to action, not the outcome of selfrighteousness. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in a pamphlet on the censorship[1] attempts to trace the ultimate effect of puritanical hypocrisy: "The outstanding feature of such consciousness is that there is no real object, there is only subject. This is just the same whether it be a novel or a work of science. The author never escapes from himself, he pads along within the vicious circle of himself. There is hardly a writer living who gets out of the vicious circle of himself— " That may be true, though the phenomenon is not as English or as novel as he would have us think—Dostoïevski's characters are all projections of Dostoïevski—but Mr. Lawrence's dreary reiteration of his emotional convictions is mere self-flattery; it has not the power to change, even temporarily, our own emotional beliefs (that power which is possessed, for example, by Mr. Lawrence's poetry) nor does it rigorously demonstrate some necessary outcome of our existing convictions. Like Lord Brentford,[2] he never for a moment enters that world of thought in which his opponents, equally dimension-bound, exist. He is boxing with a phantom.

Now this is unhistorical, but, as the philosopher of Coilla Doraca (who also knew about the antitoxin) stated when taking his stirabout off the hob: "Finality is death. Perfection is finality. Nothing is perfect. There are lumps in it." Imperfection, we may deduce, is life; and even in carping and quibbling about the work of previous generations we may come to see what things we think worth doing are left for us to do. Our younger critics are, perhaps, more willing to apply the historical method to nineteenth-century Romanticism than to the earlier classicism;

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[1] *Criterian Miscellany*, No. 5, Faber & Faber, 1s.

[2] *Criterian Miscellany*, No. 6, Faber & Faber, 1s.

but certainly, in both these attitudes there must have been some inadaptability, some inadequacy, which led to their abandonment and if Mr. Quennell[1] in his admirable and admirably written study thrusts harder and more often at the Romantics than at their predecessors or successors, it is natural and necessary in a word elucidatory of symbolism.

With the Parnassians, says Mr. Arthur Symons in *The Symbolist Movement* (now unfortunately out of print), "form aims above all things at being precise, at saying rather than suggesting, at saying what they had to say so completely that nothing remained over which it might be the business of the reader to divine. And so they have expressed, finally, a certain aspect of the world; and some of them have carried style to a point beyond which the style that says, rather than suggests, cannot go. The whole of that movement comes to a splendid funeral in Mr. de Heredia's sonnets, in which the literature of form says its last word, and dies."

In a Symbol, however, there is as Carlyle says, "concealment and yet revelation: hence therefore, by Silence and Speech acting together, comes a double significance." But in literature there are no clear-cut schools of thought: Baudelaire, with whom Mr. Quennell begins his study, lies outside the movement; and Mallarmé, with whom he ends, owes something to the Parnassians, but if, in general, *Baudelaire and the Symbolists* diverts attention from those qualities which make its chosen authors members of a school, it shows more clearly than *The Symbolist Movement* those qualities which made them poets of a lasting value. Baudelaire, for example, appears in these pages a character of more significance for us than the diabolist of Mr. Symon's *Baudelaire* can be and far more comprehensible than Mr. Eliot's classic and catholic machine. Baudelaire's life, our author shows, was dominated by his love for his mother, a passion conceived and nourished in those two short years that passed before her second marriage turned it in wild revulsion to a disgust and bitterness, a sense of shame destined to prevent the child from ever feeling simple love for any other creature. The very fierceness of that early passion wrecked the poet's life: divorced from earthly things love became a wild, unearthly, glory, and all human relationships, all contacts of the physical world, became loathsome, filthy. Tilted one way, the poet might have been one of our cruel, self-tormenting, Christian saints; but he became instead a cruel, self-tormented debauchee binding himself to nauseous embraces; choosing, since every contact was detestable, those most detested; lacerating body and spirit until every sense was deadened and vice was only a dull round of habitual and inefficient stimuli, strictly analogous to a modern life of cocktail-bars and cabarets, a faded and savourless " good time."

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[1] *Baudelaire and the Symbolists*, Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.

But when we have accounted for Baudelaire's life, and if and when biography has accounted for his poetry, the poetry remains. The significance of Baudelaire's poetry is not in the emotion which inspired it, but in the emotion in the poetry. And Baudelaire's poetry is doubly significant; there is some verse which induces in our passive selves a perception of its beauty—luxury poetry we might say—*historical* literature M. Paul Bourget calls it—and some which orders, releases, directs our own pent-up feelings—*actual* literature; and what is actual for A may seem historical to B. For this matter of the function of poetry is not simple, a thing to be dismissed in one book or ten. In poetry we find expression; half our thoughts and feelings cannot be communicated in words yet; we cannot talk, and have a need of poets such as Laforgue to teach us. But poems can control our thoughts and feelings, too. Beauty, Truth, and Virtue are neither synonymous nor independent. They may be all subjective values, contributory to the indefinable commonweal of psyche as well as body; but Beauty and Virtue differ perhaps in this: Beauty is that which contributes to the well-being of an individual but Virtue benefits a whole community; Truth itself is essentially the common denominator of the experience of a whole community. There is some poetry, written out of its time perhaps, which is as true, as actual, for us, as it was false for others. Such poetry is Baudelaire's. Circumstance has thrust upon a generation that experience of worthless desolation which private misfortune brought to Baudelaire. To-day his wickedness is silly, boring; the common round of gin and vermouth. Yet Baudelaire lived to see the value of a sterner discipline.

> To make each morning my prayer to God, fount of all strength and justice, to my father, to Mariette and to Poe, as intercessors; to beseech them to lend me the strength necessary for the accomplishment of all my tasks, and to grant to my mother a life long enough for her to rejoice in my transformation; to work all through the day, or at least in so far as my strength shall permit; to put my trust in God, that is to say in justice itself, for the success of all my projects; to make, each evening, a new prayer, to ask of God life and strength for my mother and for myself; to make, of all I gain, four parts—one for my daily life, one for my creditors, one for my friends, and one for my mother;—to follow the principles of the most vigorous sobriety, the first of which shall be abstention from all stimulants, whatever they may be.[1]

When Mr. Symons and his contemporaries translated Baudelaire they had not passed his earlier experience. They could enjoy the *Luxe, calme et volupté* of his music, but his more classical qualities—*ordre et beauté*—meant nothing to them; and praise of immobility becomes nostalgia:

Their aspect to the wise man teaches
All that he needs, all he beseeches,
Tumult and change and discontent;
The man drank of a shadow that passes
Keeps always the imperishable scent
That makes the wind change and the grasses.
(*Arthur Symons.*)

is a direct negation of:

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement;
L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujour le chatiment
D'avoir voulu changer de place.
(*Baudelaire.*)

To write:

Guided by thine odour towards the heat of veils,

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[1] Translated from Baudelaire: *Mon Cœur Mis à Nu.*

I see a harbour filled with marks and sails,
Wearied by the sea wind that wearies me,

as a translation of:

Guidé par ton odeur vers de charmant climats,
Je vois un port rempli de voiles et de mâts
Encore tout fatigués par la vague marine,

is a more subtle betrayal; the poet's characteristic detachment is most skilfully withdrawn: for it is not merely the discipline of repentance and self-disgust which is valuable to us, but the discipline inherent in his art. Things shown can be accepted even when conscious moralizing fails. If to-day certain of our intellectual poets, Monro, Eliot, Macliesh, are writing poems entitled "End of the World" it is because the world-view that they knew, beliefs and values that have served for three centuries, seem to have crumbled in a night and they find themselves looking into a void. But imperfection is life. So long as we can symbolize our feelings and experience in patterned words we have evidence of pattern, and while one thing is hateful to us, be it a bad performance of the Grosse Fugue, sweated labour, or sham-patriotic speeches, there is scope for action, room to move towards the completion of that pattern. To Baudelaire and some of his successors poetry was the only thing of value in the world, for unlike the humanitarian Romantics, Baudelaire held one shred of Christian faith: he believed in man's original sinfulness. Virtue and beauty, he declared, were highly artificial products, adornments transmuting and transfiguring a native criminality and ugliness.

> He notes the fundamental disinterestedness of such strivings after perfection, and sees evinced in them the nobility of a creature which, though still deeply sunk in the animalism of its natural state, is always ready to assume fresh burdens, new and thankless tasks. "Je suis ainsi conduit à regarder la parure," he remarks, "comme un des signes de la noblesse primitive de l'âme humaine."[1]

This belief in a nobility within, the principle of art warring against innate sinfulness, is decidedly not Catholic. Always he praises the work of men's hands: "The pedantic beauty of great sailing-ships, . . . every shroud and spar tightly threaded against some known, calculated danger," and always this pedantic beauty shapes his polished verses, giving them harmony, proportion, and efficiency to some known end. It is in this, as we shall see, that Baudelaire approaches Mallarmé, Laforgue and M. Paul Valéry; but we must move warily, not labelling as a quality of a school something characteristic of all good poetry.

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[1] *Baudelaire and the Symbolists*, p. 19.

Professor Saito in a recent volume[1] has judiciously examined John Keats' correspondence to prove him not " a versifying pet lamb."[2] but a hard and regular worker, eager for every kind of knowledge yet well aware that " Axioms in philosophy are not axioms till they are proved upon our pulses."[3] (How Shakespearean it is in tone and sentiment!)

> " Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of *cold* philosophy."

Thus would Professor Saito read the lines in *Lamia* (II, 229-30), endeavouring to free the poet's notes and casual references from a contradiction probably ineradicably, for Keats was a young man whose ideas were developing rapidly and his letters probably express, not aspects of a coherent theory of poetry, but the successive steps by which he was moving, as Coleridge did, towards philosophy. Theories of poetry are most often middle-aged rationalizations of youthful enthusiasms, and Keats was never middle-aged. Professor Saito is on surer ground when he talks of Keats' humanitarianism and insistence on " reality." The man who wrote,

> " for them alone did seethe
> A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
> Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel
> That set sharp racks to work, to pinch and peel."

was aiming at something besides the sensuous beauty so readily acclaimed. Keats, like Byron, Shelley, and, indeed, all the Romantics, certainly considered poetry to be a moral, and therefore a political, instrument; but often they are so preoccupied with the intensity of their feelings that they arouse, not similar feelings, but only recognition and detached admiration of the greatness of the poet's feelings.

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[1] *Keat's View of Poetry*, Cobden-Sanderson, 6s. net.

[2] Letter to Miss Jeffrey, June 9th, 1819.

[3] Letter to Reynolds, May 3rd, 1818.

For good or ill, the Symbolists made no parade of moral earnestness; they were too busy giving precise expression to their feelings to pose as miracles of sensitiveness. For this reason they do in part communicate those feelings and succeed, where the romantics failed, in sharpening our perception and increasing our range of possible expression.

> "A Romantic," says Mr. Quennell, "exploits the status of being a poet: 'There is a position readily fortified, which shall guarantee my sensitiveness. I shall suffer, I shall suffer never doubt, yet the mode of suffering is consecrated'.., A poet is no less dishonest who denies and would obliterate the character of his obsessions, than absurd if he credits them with superlative importance. Laforgue . . . did not presumptuously throw away one illusion against a second (an illusory disillusionment) but treasured both, since both are relatively of equal significance and value. . . . And so Laforgue's verse was gradually charged, as it were, by transfigured films of commonplace, by illusions of his own adolescence, by illusions of foreign growths and by the cadences and refrains of popular songs. A crystalline, impersonal beauty he sought to give his adolescent phantasms and prepossessions."

Argue that this is not poetry; call it psychology or an ingenious mosaic of chips and orts; it remains none the less valuable, and good critics such as Mr. Quennell or Mr. Herbert Read[2] can deepen our appreciation of such work. Mr. Read restricts the field of criticism more closely than does Mr. Quennell, but neither of them would think of setting final limits to the domain of the poet any more than a physicist would dream of tracing out a limit to the field of gravitation of the Milky Way.

Nevertheless, as we examine poetry we recognize as valuable, certain qualities emerge. Keats himself was struggling to escape his own romanticism and to attain the complete impersonality of Shakespeare or Laforgue, of whom Mr. Quennell says:

> "Quiet application, a long process of self-discipline, had made it possible for him to stand apart and appreciate the harrowing spectacle of ambitions and defeated youth, both in the capacities of actor and of reflective, impersonal spectator. He mingled the bitterness of defeat and the pleasure that comes from another sort of victory; he was detached. . . ."

[1] *Bauldelaire and the Symbolists*, p. 189.

[2] *The Sense of Glory*, Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.

His is one method of approaching classic discipline: Mr. Read, in his essay on Hawthorne, outlines another:

> " Hawthorne was a ' pure ' artist in the modern sense—as ' pure ' as Poe or Landor, Flaubert or Mallarmé. And yet he was preoccupied with moral problems. . . . The extraordinary thing, above all in *The Scarlet Letter*, is the degree of intensity with which the theme is invested. Indeed, that is the extraordinary thing about Hawthorne altogether, and the one factor which more than any other inclines us to rank him as a major artist—the capacity that is, which he has for putting an emotional emphasis on subjects so dispassionately conceived. The resulting art is ' classical,' but it is reached by the reverse of the normal classical procedure of putting a rational curb on to subjects emotional conceived. The subjects are indeed ' grim,' but the imagination has thrown over them its own peculiar radiance and glory."

One more quotation from Mr. Quennell will show this sense of glory and this detachment as aspects of each other:

> Beyond a certain point, you cannot charge your canvas with " expression " ; there comes a moment at which the saint's glassy orb cannot roll more glassily. . . . Then a poet think, regretfully of the beauty of inanimate and inexpressible things. . . . Thus, Mallarmé's world and the movement world of his successor and disciple, M. Paul Valéry, is a world in which silence and immobility have recovered their original sway ; the narrow rivulet of verse is designed to accentuate the unwritten potentialities of the margin.

In a new *Anthologie de la Poesie Francaise*[1] we find a well-balanced selection of the easier French poems of the nineteenth century. M. Paul Vatery is well represented, but his *Cantique des Colonnes* is missing:

De nos lits de cristal
Nous fûmes éveillées
Des griffes de métal
Nous ont appareillées

* * *

Servant sans genoux
Sourires sans figures,
La belle devant nous
Se sent les jambes pures,

Pieusement pareilles,
Le nez sous le bandeau
Et nous riches oreilles
Sourdes au blanc fardeau. . . .

---

[1] Librairie Hachette, 6s.

There is no rush of passion, only line after line built up in sculptural integrity. There is detachment, the extreme of inhumanity, and yet it radiates its glory : it is more, not less, than human ; and to such perfection we must needs return after each attempt to meliorate a world of imperfection, even as we return to the clear geometry of Bach after adventuring in Beethoven's last precipitous dark world of four dimensions.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

LES PLANCHES-EN-MONTAGNES[1]

WHERE I go flowers blooming
And the foaming waters fuming
Where in defiles stubborn boulders
Set in rubble hunch their shoulders.

At each crevice root and branches
Grip the gully's weathered haunches,
Though I go where bluebells ringing
Swell cicadas' ceaseless singing.

Far above, the insulators,
Hiss and spark like commutators,
For I go where bees are humming
And dynamic turbines drumming.

Rocks and boulders are abolished
Under engines brightly polished ;
Angular detritus is
Crushed to concrete terraces.

Roses bloom in pillared gardens ;
Spindrift blown to rainbow hardens
Cool cement in fashioned fountains ;
Sunlit pools reflect the mountains.

Here untended roar machines
In mastery of black ravines.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

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[1] Our reviewer has the temerity to contribute a sequence of poems distinctly related to his article.—Ed.

PERSPECTIVE

THE music of no temporal ear
Is Euclid's world invisible,
In calm, pellucid, liquid air
The mental mode is sculptural.

When spring is bursting bud and bole
Osmotic climbs delightful sap,
But we have impulse uncontrolled
And joy not marked on causal map.

And vision is a torment. Love
Can scourge and blacken as the sun,
See nothing, laugh and slowly laugh
In withered dark to silence grown.

But mind in action is machine
Quarrying stern and stubborn fact ;
In rhythmic pulse and discipline
It shapes the firm and final act.

Perspective through the Gothic dark
The range of arch and column moves ;
And vistas multiply and march
Unchanging to infinitude.

And music of no temporal ear
Is all that world invisible ;
In bright and frigid crystal air
The mental mode is sculptural.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

TIME AND THE CRYSTAL IMAGE

ABOVE the drift of cloud the blue
Shines clear, and near a thousand wings
Are heard where some far chorus sings
Elusive words that I pursue.

For wide beyond the windy skies
My hawk of understanding sweeps
And swerves aloft in sudden leaps
And lovely curves, cathedral-wise.

O swift! The bloom will soon be gone
Afar, and broken echo's sound
Will hover where the song has found
The waters of oblivion.

Below the moving waters now
The bones of Agamemnon drift,
And unsubstantial breezes sift
The dust that once was Helen's brow.

Across our withered sky, the half
Olympus stands untenanted;
The last heroic gods are dead,
The crystal past their cenotaph.

Beyond our mourning and regret
Calm-eyed the living Helen stands,
Apart, though slim unquiet hands
Betray the heart that trembles yet.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

HOW SHALL I PRAISE HER?

HOW shall I praise her,
My dear one?
Like a silver lute
In unskilful hands
Is my love.
The sweet sounds elude me!
Could I borrow three mad golden notes
From the god with the honey-sweet voice
She would hear me, and tremble.
I would kiss the red flower of her mouth.
The heart in her bosom,
Should answer my heart like a bird!

LEE HARPER.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES

WHILE much ink is used in discussing the merits or otherwise of the ultra-moderns, whose only object appears to be originality at any cost, a great poet like Mr. Bridges is comparatively neglected. Need this be ? The ultra-moderns can take care of themselves until such time as they have " found their feet " and begun to see clearly, until such time as they have proved to us that theirs is a new form of poetry worthy of serious consideration. They may cast form to the winds, and decide that music is unessential, that rhythm has no part in poetry and that words are no longer to be valued for their associations. But if they do this, they must give us something instead, and what do they offer us ?—colour. Colour is a lovely thing, and we admit that they give us this in abundance ; but we have this already in the work of most of our great living poets, and not colour alone, but colour intensified by simplicity, moulded by form, enriched by music and rhythm, heightened by emotion and intellectualized by philosophical truth.

Mr. Robert Bridges is a master in all these. His work is æsthetic, simple, emotional, musical. He is in addition, one of the greatest living masters of form and the possessor of the most exquisite taste. I have sought and sought in vain for a word that jars in his poetry ; it does not exist.

His work can be read again and again, and each time with greater enjoyment. It grows on one, as all true poetry should. The poem which seems striking at first reading I instinctively mistrust. There are exceptions, of course, but, invariably, the pleasure it gives is not lasting. It is like " catchy " music which makes an instant appeal, but will not bear constant repetition.

Mr. Bridges is a master of every form of poetry, but his lyrics are perhaps the most delightful things he has written :—

" Spring goeth all in white
Crowned with milk-white may ;
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray.

"White butterflies in the air;
White daisies prank the ground!
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around."

And another:—

"When June is come then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay
And watch the sunshot palaces high
That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.

"She singeth and I do make her a song
And read sweet poems the whole day long
Unseen as we lie in our hay-built home.
O, life is delight when June is come.".

How exquisitely simple and sincere are these two lyrics. They breathe forth the very scent of Spring and Summer. One can see the light on the clustered may, the fleecy clouds, the butterflies, the daisies, the cherry and pear blossom, the fairy whiteness of it all.

And through Mr. Bridges' eyes these things gain a new beauty. Even with our own eyes they have never seemed more lovely. The scent of hay is as sweet as if we lay there ourselves hidden in the yellow stalks. And high in the blue arch above we see the "sunshot palaces," shining with a thousand thin spires, white and desirable.

Few modern poets sing of love, the principal theme of the Elizabethans, but Mr. Bridges has written one of the most beautiful love poems ever conceived—"Awake, my heart, to be loved." It is too well known to quote in full, but some of the lines are almost incomparable:—

"Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break;
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, oh, heart, awake!"

This is a very beautiful and triumphant beginning, especially "The darkness silvers away" (a marvel of description), but better is to come:—

"Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree,

And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!"

This is the climax of the poem, where the words are dancing, flying and whirling in ecstasy. Then they sink down to a calmer, though still joyous mood, and the last line but one is most lovely of all in its intensity of emotion:

"Come, more adored, O adored for his comings sake,
And awake, O heart," etc.

This poem is indeed a delightful and magnificent piece of work. In twenty-four lines it creates in the mind a succession of ecstatic emotions, and never once does it "come to earth." We are borne as on the wings of a bird into high radiant light, the heaven of his imagining, pausing only now and then to listen, to wonder, to expect the loveliness that is to come.

Mr. Bridges is a joyous poet, who has given us very few sad songs. His outlook and his philosophy is a cheerful one. But he has written some very moving and beautiful lines "On a dead child," which show yet another aspect of his work:—

"Perfect little body, without fault to strain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou; alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
Thy father's pride,—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it;
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff;
Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—

Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death, whither hath he
taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone, we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of,
fail us."

Here he has shown his very heart in all its desolation. We, though we know not the child, are with him, lamenting the passing of one who once lived and breathed in beauty, but is now cold and still. We share his sad bewilderment, his mournful retrospection, his overwhelming sense of loss at the mystery of death.

This is indeed a poem the theme of which only the most delicate fingers could handle with success, but Mr. Bridges with his magic choice of words, his sure and perfect touch, has lamented over the child as I venture to think no other living poet could. Nothing is overstressed; nothing is insincere; we see his mind as a clear crystal stream through which the thoughts pass and repass as shadows of clouds above. He has no need to wonder how he can move us. The power and the art is within him in perfect proportion.

BEATRICE EVE.

Post Tenebras Lux by Eglantyne Jebb (Weardale Press, 1s. 3d.) is a beautifully produced collection of poems by the late Eglantyne Jebb, who is widely known as the founder—with her sister, Mrs. C. R. Buxton, who has edited these posthumous verses—of the Save the Children Movement. The booklet will prove especially suitable as a gift to those burdened by ill-health or depression or suffering the pangs of bereavement, for the verses are the work of one who suffered much herself, but rose above her circumstances, and her writing shows peculiar spiritual insight and sympathy, because through it she had found release as well as the expression of a rebuilt faith.

NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE

Act I

SPRING holds the world with new delight,
The cherry blooms in bridal white,
But in John Hallock's house grim care
Walks in her dark cloak everywhere.
John Hallock does not see the spring,
His soul is deaf to everything
Except the humdrum farmhouse round—
Spring is for him just new-ploughed ground.
John is an elder in the church;
It is a safe, a sheltered perch—
A guarantee to every soul
That he will reach the heavenly goal.
His sister Delia is as dull
As last year's berry on its hull;
So long a captive on care's wheel,
She has forgotten how to feel.
But Hallock's daughter Minta shines
Like partridge berries on the vines;
The farmhouse kitchen fairly glows
With Minta's blossoming—youth's red rose.
Her father and her aunt sit there,
Each in their own especial chair,
And Minta, as she enters, smiles—
She has a child's endearing wiles.
" O father, may I go to town?
Young Abner says he'll drive me down.
There is a dance above the store—
He's never asked me out before."
" A dance!" John lifts a warning hand,
" You cannot go. Now understand—
I'll not have that young fool around—
Go to your room—don't make a sound."
She turns and softly shuts the door—
Rebellion in her heart—what more?

Act II

Now winter has swung back again,
The deep snow covers hill and plain,
The steady, cruel, biting cold
Close huddles sheep within the fold.
John and his sister hug the fire—
" Where's Minta?" questions John with ire.
" I'll find her." Delia meekly goes.
The north wind howls, the north wind blows.

Now Minta enters, bleak and wild—
A woman now and not a child.
Her aunt steps, softly meek, behind—
Her wrinkled face tear-dimmed, tear-lined.
" You called me, sir, and I am here,"
And Minta smiles to see cold fear
Leap in her father's eyes and glare,
As if a wild beast watched her there.
" You—Minta—" and a vile word slips
Out of the elder's ashen lips.
" I loved him—and I'm not a whore."
Her father opens wide the door—
" Go find him then "—and strikes her down—
" There's many like him in the town."
He shuts the door and bolts it fast ;
The north wind blows a mighty blast
And Delia shivers with the cold—
" O John ! "—but—" Do as you are told,"
He shouts, and sends her off to bed.
She totters off with shaking head—
A little woman, withered, weak,
Always subservient and meek ;
While John builds up the roaring blaze,
And broods there on all women's ways.

Act III

Cold dawn creeps up the leaden sky
And Delia enters with a sigh.
John stirs and groans, " At last it's dawn—
Where's Minta ? Why of course she's gone
Down to the town——" " How could she go ? "
Says Delia, " Through the wind and snow—
You locked her out, now let her in ! "
He turns the key with creaking din
And opens wide the heavy door—
" I told you—she's down at the store."
And then he pauses, stoops and turns,
Draws back his hand as if it burns.
Old Delia screams, " Is Minta there ? "
And drops down fainting in her chair.
John shuts the door against the cold,
And stands there shaking, weak and old—
" Her sin is expiated so—
None but the Lord need ever know."

EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES.

“A-HUNTING . . .”

I shall not die in vain,
If there should even be
But one who sees my calvary
And says, “ This shall not be again.”

UNBROKEN Silence, that has laid its spell
Upon the sleeping Earth in these last hours
Of Night’s dominion, cowers
Before the Sun’s advancing ray,
Revokes its dark enchantment over moor and fell,
And yields its gloomy magic to the charm of Day.

Swift as Eros’ aim, the Sun shoots forth
His glancing shafts, and the glad Earth,
With laughter in her eyes, wakens her children.
Hears the little busy noises
Made by furred and feathered folk,
And the hum of countless voices
In the insect world, the croak
Of frogs in scattered pools.
Hears cracking twig and light footfall,
Sees you, a royal son, in whom is all
Her loveliness personified.
With head held high and every sense alert,
You leave your realm, desert
Your well-known haunts to seek fresh pasturage.
Frail cobwebs weighed down with silver dew
Are brushed aside ;
The patient work of hours undone by you,
Destroyed, as you slip through
With easy, careless stride,
Caressing undergrowth and wet cool leaves.

Hark ! Hurrying after you through whispering fern
And overhanging bough,
The wind comes, bearing harsh discordancies
Into a world of Faerie. How
You prick your ears, and gaze with curious eyes
Far into the distance wherein lies
The cause of this commotion. Turn, turn !
Race for your life ! You will need
All your strength, endurance, speed.
Turn ! They are on your trail *now.*

Mile after mile. Your stride is free,
And you lead the field across stream and hill,
Over fence, road, farm, you hold your own ; still
The Hunt creeps up relentlessly

Mile after mile. You show signs of distress,
And the distance between you is less
By far than an hour ago. Speed on, O speed!
Mad hope in your heart, nor heed
Sore-aching limbs, the anguish of fear;
They are nearer, nearer; can you not hear
They are hard at your heels? Speed! Speed!
'Tis a race with Death you are destined to lose.
Earth may not shelter you, nor may the sea
Wrest you from tireless foes that choose
Your destruction; for you is no sanctuary.
Hour after hour (will it never end) and you're torn
With barbed wire, lashed by the thorn,
Tortured by thirst, stumbling on rough stony ground.
Speed! Speed! They are nearer, near; and the sound
Of thundering hoofs dins in your ears,
Of hounds giving tongue, eager cheers;
O speed! Speed! They are close, close behind.

There are tears in your eyes, on your cheeks; let them fall
For yourself and your kind.
There are sobs; is that you, gasping for breath as you crawl
To the foot of an oak to make your last stand?
So the game is played.
                    They surround you,
They are wild with joy, leaping around you,
Deaf to the shouts of command.
They have done well, but *you*, you are fallen.
Down, down on your knees, bow your head,
Take—
    Ah . . .
          Thank God! At last you are dead.

Slowly the moon crept through the cloud-strewn sky.
To the distant hoot of an owl that called its mate plaintively,
Ever the bats replied
With faint shrill cries, circling, circling restlessly.
Swiftly a phantom herd swept up a hill;
And the wind sighed
As it drifted over the moors.
And a low, long cry—
A prayer unspoken—
Rose as the antlered heads slowly lifted.
Motionless stayed the shadowy host until
The wind grew still . . .
Then faded. Over the death-haunted moors
Fell silence—unbroken.

PETER WILLIAMS

DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY: XXVI.

THE literary autumn of 1929 opened brilliantly with Mr. Auslander's *Letters to Women* (Harper & Bros.). His group includes star performers—and—most attractive players. With temperamental and calculated authority Mr. Auslander lucidly reveals them in their quintessence. As he himself has said in his " Apology " —" I have written these letters, such as they are, to women. And if a living woman is a tyrant, a dead woman is a despot. For the dead ride harder than ever—none harder, indeed, than these eight, hand-picked from a brilliant procession, because, taken together, they defined, for me, the full and various woman."

He writes to Elinor Wylie, to Amy Lowell, to Eleonora Duse, to Emily Dickinson, to Virginia Clemm (Mrs. Edgar Allan Poe), to Fanny Brawne, to Sappho, to Lot's Wife. In the colloquialism of the elegancia the tales move on in haunting verse, vivid and varied and veritable with the cynicism of Voltaire and the wit of Wilde, with the fire of life and the chill thoughts of death. . . . Mr. Auslander has " done it " this time. A good many will strive to imitate him and will definitely indicate how capital has been his work. . . . The book is poetry intellectualized, . . . poetry coming through a mind at home in the classics—familiar with the unfamiliar things—with overtones and undertones and undertow and overthrow of life. The book clearly places itself in this year of grace 1929, and should it be buried, God forbid, and exhumed years hence, it would require no historical acumen to place a date upon it. This is a strength in any work of literature—ageless and dated.

His letter to Amy Lowell is " too good to be true" but is it not futile to attempt to describe the elements in this glowing letter ? One must read it to gather the reflection of the light in which he conceived it and so meaningfully achieved it. . . . Perhaps because he knew her personally . . . perhaps because she struck some special chord of sympathy in his make-up . . . perhaps because it touches some special chord of understanding in the writer. . . . It is a complete and splendid piece of work. Mr. Drinkwater says of this book : " The poems have unquestionable vitality from beginning to end, and seem to me to be full of insight and invention. The letter to Amy Lowell in particular is admirable in its understanding and in the sympathy with which it realizes the habit and environment of that remarkable poet and woman."

Each reader will choose from this galaxy his favourite. . . . It will be interesting to note in the coming appreciations of this book where many of our reviewers stand in relation to this procession.

Quoting from the Lowell letter midway :

> For in your cosmos, perfect, unprecarious,
> Your loneliness could somehow celebrate
> That hectic victory which the actual terms

Of life refused. This was your Genesis :
Here you might brood over a dim desire
And watch the word fulfilling it begin
To stir and spread and palpitate like some
Slow glow-worm staining the darkness in your garden
A smoky emerald. Yes, you could hold it
Luminous, alive, cup it in the hollow
Of your quick hand. This was your universe—
The palpable projection of your will ;
Resounding with your fiats ; filled with you ;
Perfumed with your cigars and spiced with perils
Spun like some painted fictions to confront
And spend your vigour upon in fantasy.
Therefore, at Sevenels, no act or phrase
Dared cast a casual shadow. All was keyed
To your vitality, pitched up to accord
With the shrill trumpets of your mind and thus
Italicized and underlined and made
Significant like exclamation points
To cue the daily drama with as many climaxes as possible.

. . . . .

I cannot think of you and death together—
The terms are not synonymous. Four years
Of stubborn absence from felicity
Are four years, more or less, of marking time
By clocks and calendars and little cults
Incubated into the world to cheep
On Easter Sundays. Many a false Jesus
Buzzes abroad in the land, relieving ladies
Of inhibitions in Miami, calling,
Upon the name of poetry in parlours—
The swamis and the jogis and the what-nots
Issuing papal nuncios for lyrists
Whose husbands trespass heavily in Delphi,
Stumbling like bewildered ghosts through rooms
Devoted to the asphodel, and searching
For a lone, mutilated sandwich left
Miraculously from the locust swarm,
Or straining somewhere in the fringe for one
Familiar accent—only to wander feebly
(Consoled somewhat by Jenkins and the siphon)
Up into bed without Eurydice.

. . . . .

The most unposthumous person that ever lived
Is hardly cancelled by an epitaph ;
    . . . You were such a force

That none since Whitman boomed our Jerichos
Into oblivion, had moved among us.
What should I tell you now? The state of song
In Denmark—or New York? Deaths? Dissolutions?
Alarums, menaces and maledictions?
The satraps and the scandals and the schisms
That split our amities? Who's in? Who's out?
Who wins the Pulitzer this year?
. . . Well, we have poets,
A few, who walk through lonely twilights telling
Hard truths in parables to a small clan.
And every new apartment on Parnassus
Is leased or sub-leased to the multitude
Still harping upon hollyhocks; or else
Ransacking sex and feeling little glows
Of naughty wisdom glide along their spines;
. . . How shall we endure
Egypt? . . .
What have they for our bedlam? What full word
For our bewilderment to eat? "The hungry sheep
Look up and are not fed." Our prose-men pander
To quick-lunch appetites or precious whims;
Our pulpits ruminate an ancient cud—
There is no milk in them. And the old business
Of making god goes profitably on
In one way or another, and every way
As like, at bottom, as one goose is like
Another cackling home to Camelot
Or Bethlehem or Mecca or Chicago.

In his letter to La Duse he expresses desire to repay her "for a certain moment without which I should have walked the poorer in spirit these many years."

Together with the enthusiasm of the poet in the true sense of the word, Joseph Auslander brings to the music and radiant sagacity of these letters that classical underpinning without which we moderns tremble upon a flimsy scaffolding.

Recently, in the glow of conversation, I asked the poet why he wrote these letters—and how he happened to walk so comfortably among the ancient ardours of the Greco-Roman world. He replied instantly that it was first because he felt the relationship of men and women to be vital and paramount; that it was because women were the moral barometers of every age; and, with regard to the classical colour in these letters, he was doing neither more nor less than discharging, in some measure, his debt to the spirits who had shaped our way of thinking and living.

We have had the privilege of publishing in earlier issues of The

Poetry Review his letters to Elinor Wylie and he pictures Virginia Clemm in the following:

O little cousin fugitive
As snow, as snowdrops, lovelier
Than one star in a silver sieve
Of lake water, more wan you were
Than Death's own chorister—
And whiter still against that dark,
Decisive hair whose heavy blacks
And purples curved a startling arc
Over the oval's delicate wax
Where the lines of the throat relax.

The following are his first lines drawing the picture of Lot's wife:

That wild look back! That curious, lovely fault
Frozen into elegiac salt!
That glittering epitaph! That dazzling death
Wistful and impudent and out of breath!
That lift of throat! That challenge of the chin!
That gaze dilated, fierce and feminine,
  Drinking the sulphur, mouth and nostrils wide,
Eyes flashing—the flash fixed as it defied!

A letter, if it is worth the keeping, in the reading pictures both the writer and the recipient. Reading this book we learn to know Mr. Auslander and to know better these shining women. The book is perfectly done—in black and silver and illustrated with woodcut and decorations by Clare Leighton.

* * *

Among the new voices in American poetry is John Allan Wyeth's *This Man's Army* (Longmans Green & Co.). In these fifty-odd poems Mr. Wyeth has captured and epitomized the World War as seen by the American soldier. In the use of the traditional sonnet form Mr. Wyeth has achieved a colloquial ease which is as original as it is technically interesting. "The Transport" takes us overseas with all the drama of the War compressed in most poetic lines:

I know the coast of Brittany will rise
for me to-morrow with the break of day—
but this dark windy hour is full of fear.
A subtle panic leaves the night aghast.
Death must be passing somewhere, and my eyes
stare at the stars fixed in their bleak dismay,
search all along the fumbling clouds, and peer
through the black cordage of the dizzy mast
into the haunted moon. And all this lies
beyond me, where the grim destroyers play.
Here is a thing in which I have no part—

it drives me down, below, where men are near.
I stumble on them—fiercely glad, at last,
to hear " For Christ's sake, Buddy, have a heart ! "

Two vivid bombing scenes follow :

HUPPY.

So many shadows that the air is green . . .
Light catches in the upper leaves and dies
along the slim white belfry by the park.
Ducks waddle home, self-conscious on the ground.
Some trim young Red Tabs in a limousine
scatter a drifting dust cloud in our eyes.
A soldier blithely whistles Joan of Arc.
Gates shut and jangle. . . . Bugles thinly sound . . .
Twilight, and after mess a round of " fine."
They're bombing Abbeville ! Lights crack, searchlights rise—
a woman runs and screams " Jules-Jean—où êtes-vous ? "
They fill the road . . . one hails me in the dark,
her five grandchildren pressing close around—
" Qu'allons-nous faire ?—Nous avons peur chez nous ! "

MOLLIENS-AU-BOIS : AIR RAID.

Reading, at night, the shutters closed and barred,
a candle by my mattress on the floor,
my Virgil open to the mellow flame,
I heard what seemed a racking change of gear—
like some truck mired outside the stable yard . . .
The stricken pages shook—A vast smash tore
at the room, and through the blackness came
a bestial angry grinding drone, and fear.
Arms crossed, fists clenched against my throat gone hard,
my body straining at the engine's roar,
at every blast a thing like joy . . . and soon
a lifted spell, and life somehow the same,
dragging me out to join the others near
the pond—a mud pit gaping at the moon !

The thought of home to the distant soldier is beautifully given in " The Seashore " :

Letters from home—and this first one from you
which I have kept with me all day unread
and now and then forgotten, called to mind,
and here brought with me, down to the edge of the sea.
A fragile new moon glitters where the blue
thins into gold beyond a sea of lead,
and little waves break down and leave behind
a sift of singing foam unceasingly.

> Still light enough to read—and as I do,
> the rhythmic cliffs go pale, and overhead
> stars come and tremble, delicate and green.
> And something in my heart leaps high to find
> that you are somehow all the more with me
> because of this great reach of sea between.

The poet rises to a fine height in " La Voie Sacrée "—

> These houses died too long ago to care
> who comes and echoes in their empty shells.
> Our broken rooms stay blank and vacant still
> although we laughed and talked an hour or two.
> Rats squeak and scrabble brusquely everywhere.
> The night is almost blind. . . . Something dispels
> my stupor, waked me with a squeamish thrill
> to find my raincoat pocket eaten through . . .
> How can I sleep with Verdun over there !
> Once out of doors, what is it breaks and wells
> to tears—just to be marching along the grey
> of the road, with Verdun back of any hill.
> Verdun, in touch and sentient—there to view
> my lonely crisis on her sacred way.

* * *

The Book of Sonnet Sequences, by Houston Peterson (Longmans Green & Co.), supplies the want for a collection of sonnet sequences by the world's great singers. The four hundred pages of the book contain the following :

Sir Philip Sidney : " Astrophel and Stella " (abridged) ; William Shakespeare : " Sonnets " ; John Donne : " Holy Sonnets " ; William Wordsworth : " The River Duddon " ; John Keats : " Sonnets " (selected) ; Elizabeth Barrett Browning : " Sonnets from the Portuguese " ; David Gray : " In the Shadows " ; George Meredith : " Modern Love " ; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow : " Divina Commedia " ; Thomas Hardy : " She, to Him " ; Dante Gabriel Rosetti : " Monna Innominata " ; Wilfrid Scawen Blunt : " Esther " ; George Santayana : " Sonnets (1883-1893) " ; Eugene Lee-Hamilton : " Mimma Bella " ; William Ellery Leonard : " Two Lives " (abridged) ; Rupert Brooke : " 1914 " ; Alan Seeger : " Last Sonnets " ; Edna St. Vincent Millay : " Twenty Sonnets " ; Thomas S. Jones, Jr. : " Christ in Britain " ; Conrad Aiken : " Sonnets."

* * *

The glories of California are celebrated in poetry and prose by Winifred Davidson, the well-known California poet, in *Where California Began* (McIntyre Publishing Co., San Diego, Cal.). The title sonnet follows :

Although for years naught but dimmed memory
Of Loma Indians, resting weary shanks,
Held record of the leathern-armoured ranks
Who on this sheltered beach bent pious knee,
We know 'twas here, safe from a storming sea,
Where echoed from these red eroded banks
On white, untrodden sands Cabrillo's thanks
That California first began to be.

The sea itself has known no change; the same
Sun smites high Table Mountain, San Miguel,
Globed Cuyamac, as when Cabrillo came.
Cabrillo! Our young larks of Loma tell
How other young larks trilled his magic name
Who here broke California's age-held spell.

* * *

Dark Summer (Scribner's) is a collection of poems by one of the younger voices in American poetry, Louise Bogan (Mrs. Raymond Holden). Many of the poems have been printed in periodicals and some in her first book *Body of This Death.* The first poem, " Winter Swan " follows:

It is a hollow garden, under the cloud;
Beneath the heel a hollow earth is turned;
Within the mind the live blood shouts aloud;
Under the breast the willing blood is burned,
Shut with the fire passed and the fire returned.
But speak, you proud!
Where lies the leaf-caught world once thought abiding,
Now but a dry disarray and artifice?
Here, to the ripple cut by the cold, drifts this
Bird, the long throat bent back, and the eyes in hiding.

* * *

O City Cities, by R. Ellsworth Larson (Payson & Clarke, Ltd.), belongs to the class of versification that expresses itself in free verse, minus capitals or punctuation.

* * *

The King With Three Faces and Other Poems, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert, author of *Ballads of the Singing Bowl*, etc. (Scribner's), takes its title from the opening poem, a narrative in rhymed verse. The latter half of the book is given over to briefer lyrical poems of characteristic force and brilliance, and includes also the poignant and whimsical drama, " Noah's Ark, a Play for Toys."

" The King With Three Faces " reminds one of the ever-interesting old ballads. The opening verses bring the heroine:

Queen Kaela came riding a white mule
Across the whispering sand
Where there was neither bush nor tree
On either hand;
She rode to the city where young men rule,
Her back was turned to her own land.

Her gown shone greener than the sea,
Her eyes were greener than her gown,
Greener than any leaves could be;
She came wearing an iron crown
Upon her head,
Against its thin black iron band
Her hair gleamed coppery red.

She had ridden all alone
And she had ridden far
When from the shadow of a stone
An old man rose, wrinkled and grey.

A note of mysticism follows:

Stone pavements echoed to the clap
Of her mule's unshod hoofs that in the sand
Had stepped so softly. Like a trap
Rose huge smooth-shining walls on either hand.
From streets, from windows, people stared,
Pointing and calling out that they had seen
A woman enter the eastern gate and ride
Into the city, wearing the crown of a queen.

A woman jeered: "That band upon her head,
Is that the crown you mean?"
An old man answered: "Are you so blind!
She rides as though gold carpets were outspread
Before her, and a retinue rode behind!"
A youth cried: "There is something about her eyes . . .
My blood stirs looking at her!" Another spoke:
"It's in her body that the magic lies,
Though she has wrapped herself in that woollen cloak."
"Ask her whence she comes!" "I do not dare!"
The young men followed her afar.

She arrives at the palace and meets the three kings:

They brought her to a tall dark room;
Far overhead the lofty ceiling arched,
The walls were polished stone.
The sun through western windows pierced the gloom

With narrow beams of light that marched
Like spears, and rang against the opposing wall.
The guards had gone. Queen Kaela moved alone
Down through those alternating strips of dusk and light
Toward the tall throne.

Each beam of sunlight, like an accolade
Ennobling her beauty, struck its bright
Sword on her coppery hair;
After each intervening strip of shade
Her beauty seemed more than the eye could bear,
She paused in sunlight. On her breast
A heart-shaped emerald shone like living flame.
Around her beauty flowed her sea-green gown
Cool as a wave. Three figures came
Down from the throne to meet the approaching queen.
Each one was darkly dressed,
Each wore a crown.

Queen Kaela, dazzled by the sun,
Looked at them standing side by side,
And each face wore the same metallic pride.
She stood silent, her questions all unasked.
They said, " Welcome to Agadon ! "
And then she saw that all of them were masked.

Queen Kaela said : " Which of you three
Is king ? My words are only for his ear."

One of them answered : " We all are he,
And what one hears, we all must hear ! "

" Which then is Barabelgath of Agadon ? "
She asked. " To him alone
I bring a secret gift." She bowed her head,
The heart-shaped emerald shone.

The first one answered : " Bel am I ! "
The next one cried : " Barab is my name ! "
" And I am Gath ! " the third one said,
" We are all one, and all the same,
And this is why
We three have shared one name."

And thus the adventures of Queen Kaela continue for forty-three pages.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

EYES

TWO little windows in this house of clay
Make for my prison'd soul perpetual day.
For even in sleep bright dreams do still rehearse
The gorgeous pageant of the Universe.

Colour and motion, symmetry and grace,
Brightness and beauty filling every place,
The gay Kaleidoscope of Things that Are
(Now God be praised Who placed me on this Star !)

Precious and sweet beyond all price to me
This royal gift, my privilege to see
The daily miracle of blue and green,
With all that moves and scintillates between.

Glory to golden light, or soothing shade,
Strength of a man, and softness of a maid,
Grey clouds that drift where restless waters flow,
Or, crimson-dyed, athwart the sunset glow.

Majestic mountains, white cascades that leap,
(Fleeing, like truants, from heights too dark and steep),
Lightning's blue zigzag in an inky sky,
A blaze of maples when October's nigh.

Pastoral peace of valley, hill and stream,
Each in its turn more lovely than a dream ;
Nor to the town its meed of praise refuse,
Arches and spires and stately avenues

Wide parks, and little gardens, sweet because
Of roses, lilacs, and petunias.
Shimmer of opals, sheen of jade and pearls
A scarlet shawl, a baby's glacen curls.

Firelight and leaping shadows on the wall,
The love that smiles in dearer eyes than all—
Two little windows in my house of clay,—
O take the rest, but leave me this, I pray !

LILY E. F. BARRY.

Entries for the RAWNSLEY MEDAL will be received up to February 1st.—See page 453.

Some readers—we hope very few—will have a personal interest in an article concerning "Fowler Wright, Ltd.," in *John Bull* for December 28th.

ACHIEVEMENTS IN POETRY:

New Poems by Edmund Blunden

There appears to be a delicate deliberation in the arrangement of the words in the title of Edmund Blunden's new book of poems *Near and Far* (Cobden Sanderson, 6s.), for, as well as the essentially English pieces written during the last two years, the book contains poems written in Japan during the author's sojourn at Tokyo University, and that country is seen with such English eyes that a sense of comparison, often a wistful one, is always present. To him the Near is ever more animating and cherished than the Far. This is admitted unhesitatingly :—

Uplands and groves that from the West
  Have the last word for me,
Think not your image in my breast
Was darkened when I sang my best
  Beside an Eastern sea.

The very first moment of arrival savours of home-coming :—

We moved within the wings of some ten words
Into a most familiar country air,
And like spring showers received it from the hills
That stood from our old hills ten thousand miles—
Or none ;

and the mushroom-hatted field labourer is conspicuously a prototype— "the Oriental Giles." As with the soldier-poets, England is never very far away. (This is said not in reproach but in appreciation.) Among the weird fantasies of "ornamentations" :—

Heavily hangs this haunted air,
  Drum, knell and drone commingling slow ;
Claw-tendrils reach, man-monsters glare ;
  The victim heart prepares to know
Art's terror, dragon genius—till
Thought spies one rose or daffodil.

The sensitive restraint that made *Undertones of War* bearable and beautiful is here also. So is the marked freedom from egoism. Many of these poems are strongly personal—the *Undertones* were necessarily so—yet no writer is more tentative of unduly imposing himself upon the landscape he paints or the thoughts he holds. Nor is Mr. Blunden boastful of his considerable achievements. He asks his Tokyo students to . . .

Forgive what I, adventuring highest themes,
  Have spoiled and darkened, and the awkward hand
That longed to point the moral of man's dreams
  And shut the wicket-gates of fairyland :
      So by too harsh intrusion
      Left colourless confusion.

and later :—

I spoke of peace, I made a solitude,
Herding with deathless graces
My hobbling commonplaces.

This poem ends on a note of assured friendship, a typical quality endorsed elsewhere

But his most cherished ideal is that of the power of early associations, bound up as they are with him with all the lovable things of the English countryside whose "dearness answers all desire." The theme is strangely affecting :—

Return ; how stands that man enchanted
Who, after seas and mountains crossed,
Finds his own threshold, so long scanted,
With not a rose or robin lost !

and again :—

I would go, once more, through the sunless autumn in trouble ;
Thin and cold rain dripping down through branches black,
Streams hoarse-hurrying and pools spreading over the stubble,
And the waggoner leaving his hovel under his sack

Would guide me along by the gate and deserted siding,
The inn with the tattered arbour, the choking weir ;
And yet, security there would need small guiding.
I know one hearth, one love that shine without fear.

In this book Mr. Blunden has achieved a poise of outlook and technique that is both stimulating and satisfying. The sometimes harsh gesture of the poignant war poems has given place, with one exception, to a confident and masterful movement. Each word is laid lovingly in its place, and the fabrication he builds bears a similarity to the first Temple, reared without a sound of axe or hammer within its walls yet the fruit of years of industry and inspiration.

The sonnet "Values" is placed, fittingly, on the final page of the book :

Till darkness lays a hand on these grey eyes
And out of man my ghost is sent alone,
It is my chance to know that force and size
Are nothing but by answered undertone.
No beauty even of absolute perfection
Dominates here—the glance, the pause, the guess
Must be my amulets of resurrection ;
Raindrops may murder, lightnings may caress.

There I was tortured, but I cannot grieve ;
There crowned and palaced—visibles deceive.
That storm of belfried cities in my mind
Leaves me my vespers cool and eglantined.

From love's wide-flowering mountain-side I chose
This sprig of green, in which an angel shows.

Hogarth Essays and Poets

In *Notes on English Verse Satire* (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Wolfe gives us a work which, as criticism is immeasurably more valuable than *Monologues and Dialogues*. In his first chapter (reprinted from the *Criterion*) he marks convenient distinctions between satire, which seeks to destroy by exposure and emphasis; the lampoon, which inflicts "injury for the sake of mischief"; the parody, which is only satire, destroys the fustian which it imitates; the burlesque, for which no one is a whit the worse or better; and allegory, whose domain overlaps that of satire. Subsequently he outlines the history of English verse satire: no heads are broken and no dusty reputations polished. Skelton is duly praised (but surely his importance is now generally recognized), Gilbert is rapped over the knuckles for brutality, and Burns is praised as a satirist but threatened as a poet. The book is not startling—why should it be?—but it quietly directs attention to some of the less obvious qualities of English satire and hints discreetly at realms of humbug and pretentiousness still open to attack.

In another of these brisk and admirable Hogarth Lectures (*Politics and Literature* by G. D. H. Cole, Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.) we are appropriately told:—"If a man has something to say—something that has in it greatness of idea or emotion, or of both—and can find expressive language to say it, there are the ingredients of good literature. Whether his purpose be merely to express his idea or his emotion to others, or by so expressing it to persuade or move them to action as well, matters not a pin." To-day (as always) there are those who claim that literature must be polite and not political; but poets were shot in Dublin not so long ago; Chesterton, Belloc and Sassoon are still untamed; and looking back beyond the Tennysonian calm we see Byron, Keats and Shelley all rebellious, Dryden and Pope anatomizing their opponents, Marlowe and a dozen others hurling good Ram Alley at authority. Mr. Cole's dictum needs reservation and elaboration, but he has the heart of the matter. One other remark of his deserves more space than we can give it:—"Most of the great English poets have left a high proportion of unmistakably bad verse; but none I know of has left so high a proportion as Coleridge." Most of us will agree: yet Coleridge was presumably no less discriminating than we. What was it which he found to enjoy and which we miss in those wide arid stretches?

Cawdor (Hogarth Press, 6s. net), a long and memorable poem of the Californian Canyon country, is the work of a poet who has no use for prettiness: his glory is a dark fire burrowing slowly inward to irradiate his pessimistic thought:

Oh, Michal that's the reason I so much want you to listen to me.
The inflamed and dark season
And bitterness will come, and then I dread your saying to yourself:
" Fera she hated life; Fera
Preferred death; Fera was wise." I wasn't; at least you mustn't
think so. I welched on my fate.

This poem, although over a hundred pages long, possesses unity and structure: it is no mere collection of lyrical gems set in putty, but works to an orderly conclusion. It owes more to the technique of novel-writing than to poetry, and therefore, demanding less concentration at a first reading than a good lyric might do, it is immediately readable. Among the shorter poems, all philosophic in their tendency, there is nothing strictly comparable with *Night;* but *To a Young Artist*, *The Bird with Dark Plumes*, and *The Dead Man's Child* are notable. Mr. Robinson Jeffers thinks in symbols, and does not need to spend his time shuffling simile and metaphor till steel strikes fire off flint: that is why he may be called philosophical but is not " metaphysical " in the sense in which Donne or Crashaw was metaphysical.

Mr. Plomer's new volume, *The Family Tree* (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d. net) is distinctly disappointing. It seems that he now regards wit as a casual, rarely-to-be-exercised accomplishment of " the last leaf of the Tree," and, having therefore lost all taste for epigram, he can no longer discriminate between the puerile conceits of "Disappointment" and the neatness of the imitative lines which end the title-poem. Except in a few vigorous sketches like " The Death of a Snake " and " Two Hotels " he has abandoned that descriptive art for which his volume of stories *Paper Houses* was remarkable; he has turned amateur philosopher and his thought, naïve but mildly interesting, has been poured into the nearest mould, however unsuited it may be. Admirers of the forceful rhythms which distinguished *Notes for Poems* will be surprised to find in this latest volume, words, phrases and cadences filched from Edgell Rickword, Edith Sitwell, Sherard Vines and other genuine experimental poets and used uncomprehendingly.

Transitional Poem (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d.) is the first volume which Mr. C. Day Lewis has published, though a number of skilful De la Mare-ish poems which appeared in the *Cambridge Review* a few years ago over the initials " C.D.L." might well form a point of departure leading to:—

> Now I have come to reason
> And cast my schoolboy clout,
>
> . . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> It is certain we shall attain
> No life till we stamp on all

Life the tetragonal
Pure symmetry of brain.

Clearly too, this geometrical imagery must fail to describe organic life, and so the poet returns :—

. . . Could I be child again
And grip those skirts of cloud the matriarch sky
Draggled on mere and hillside ? . . . (" So the dog
Returns to his vomit," you protest. Well only
The dog can tell what virtue lies in his vomit.)

That is fair enough : return is not necessarily retreat, nor does an ugly simile prove it unjustifiable. *Transitional Poem* is the history of one part of a poet's education.

Charabancs shout along the lane
And summer gales bay in the wood
No less superbly because I can't explain
What I have understood.

Let logic analyse the hive,
Wisdom's content to have the honey :
So I'll go bite the crust of things and thrive
While hedgerows still are sunny.

All good poets recognize these differences of kind and cease to gibe at logic. Few have bothered to record the steps by which they reached their final attitude (if it be final) and there must be many for whom *Transitional Poem* will give articulate expression to something they have obscurely felt.

Miss Sackville-West's quiet, traditional poetry needs neither advertisement nor elucidation. Her earlier poem, *The Land*, was awarded the Hawthornden Prize and gained for her a reputation which will be upheld by *King's Daughter* (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.). Its quality is easily illustrated by quotation :—

When swans come to the steps
She gives them bread ;
But with the dusk they fly
Free, overhead.

When love comes to her heart
She greets her lover ;
But love at dusk takes wing,
And passes over.

She lets her heart go free
With the wild swans,
Towards the western sky's
Foundry of bronze.

Section II opens with a notable poem :—

The greater cats with golden eyes
Stare out between the bars.
Deserts are there, and different skies,
And night with different stars.
They prowl the aromatic hill,
And mate as fiercely as they kill,
And hold the freedom of their will
To roam, to live, to drink their fill ;

. . . . . .

Three sonnets sound a pleasant echo to old songs, and indeed the Envoi is the only weak poem in the book. A much more vigorous version of it is to be found in Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Road to Avrillé.*

* * *

The Best Poems of 1594, selected by William Shakespeare. Exactly ! And Mr. Moult's personality also appears through his selection. The only really bad thing about this volume, *The Best Poems of* 1929 (Cape, 6s.) is its arrogant title. There is a finality about the word " best " and an up-to-the-minute precision about that " 1929 " (which stretches from July 1928 to last June) which should be irresistible in the Christmas rush. Also, Mr. Moult's reviewers spend so much time grumbling about the title that they seldom have time to examine the contents critically. Original English and American verse appears in hundreds of volumes each year, and in thousands of journals, parish magazines, publishers' lists, evening papers, reviews, quarterlies, Christmas cards and brewers' circulars. No man can hope to read them all, and no man can hope to pronounce an absolute verdict on all the reactions, movements, experiments and tendencies. Any selection must be largely an assertion of the chooser's personality, but there is much in this anthology that will please any reader with moderately seasoned judgment. The inclusion of Dorothy Wellesley's " Lenin " and Edna St. Vincent Millay's " Dirge without Music " is as notable as the omission of all mention of Mr. Eberhart ; and Mr. Moult achieves sufficient catholicity to titilate all but the most refined and the most debased palate. His modernism alone is suspect, for he seems not to understand what modernist poets are trying to do and therefore be selects noise and the worship of power and clattering machinery. That is not modern ; it is the most primitive of tastes : " Inter-connection " shows a crude worship of size which would have shamed a Viking. Of course, it may be a good poem despite all that, but it takes a really great poem (like Vachel Lindsay's " Virginians are Coming Again ") to make the reader accept even for a moment something he normally believes to be a lie. James Daly's poem (reprinted from the *Dial*) shows, among other things, the modern effort to employ spacing to denote pauses and emphasis which older poets left to their reader's intelligence (with what success only an examiner in untutored verse-speaking could say) :—

Marine

intricate slow shuddering lights conquer
the fog lo they are stars and there far out
see that phantasmal glimmer called a ship emerge
with the moon
bravely
O on such a night
pilgrimage ends
in quiet brief as the sea's
brief as the blood's quiet by the quiet sea.

Certainly it is difficult to read this poem wrongly, but might not the same effect be achieved by a non-grammatical use of stops and capitals, as in Harold Vinal's "Flight" (reprinted from The Poetry Review) ? But every poem in this volume could provoke some discussion and, subject to the reservation made above, the selection does give some notion of the life in English poetry to-day.

* * *

A New Approach to Poetry by Elsa Chapin and Russell Thomas is a book for people who like to get things down on paper. If a poem appeals in various ways to sight, sound, smell, taste or touch, the authors suggest that the whole matter could be charted. Rhythm can, as is shown in the book, be put down on paper easily enough, and there is always the instructive experiment of examining the intricacies of alliteration and assonance. The authors of this new method have worked upon their understanding of " The itch of youth to be doing something," and their ideas will be interesting to teachers and students, and all who profess and call themselves " keen on poetry." Apart from the chapters which deal with imagery, rhythm and sound, there is a section showing how poets in every age have realized the effects to be gained from short lines, long lines, dots and dashes ; and in *Adventures in Discovery*, a collection of verse suggested as a " field for exploration in various phases of poetic art " there are nearly a hundred poems from Chaucer to Edith Sitwell, some well known and some little known, which though they are not included as an anthology, make an unusually readable collection. The book, which concludes with an investigation of *The Problem of Taste* and *What is Poetry ?* is published in England by the Cambridge University Press, for the University of Chicago Press, at the price of nine shillings.

* * *

Though it is difficult, if not impossible, to compare all the poems of any given year, the comparison of those of one particular poet is often easy, for his achievements are likely to remain the same in kind. The Hon. Evan Morgan (*The City of Canals and Other Poems*, Kegan Paul, 6s.) retains the lyric impulse and the sense of verbal music manifest in his earlier volumes, but unfortunately he retains also his weakness for translating a perfectly clear statement into rhymed and ingeniously melodious metaphor and calling the result mystical poetry. Nevertheless "Had I Forgotten You" and "You are not Here" show how this poet is moving towards an intensity of vision characteristic of English Catholic poets from Crashaw to Chesterton, notable in Francis Thompson, and terrifying in Gerard Hopkins' great posthumous sonnets. In *The City of Canals* the latest poems are the best: "The Song of Horror" employs magnificent material, and "In the Shadow of the Calf" shows us emotion strong enough at last to master a metaphor less far-fetched that this poet commonly rejoices to employ.

A New Volume by Commander Bellairs

When a master of the sea who has achieved statesmanship and served a long period in Parliament turns to poetry, the world may expect an uncommon combination of romance, the sea, the quarterdeck and variegated philosophic expressions that are the outcome of the conflict of politics. Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., member of the Council of the Poetry Society, whose poetry has delighted his readers because of its substance, is represented in the season's galaxy by a new book entitled *Poems* (The Invicta Press). In a dedication to Mrs. Bellairs we read—

These products of an autumn age—
These archives of my muse—
That enter late upon your stage
O men who make reviews.

If songs denied we may chant psalms,
Of if we've not the roses,
Remember deserts can grow palms
And poetry sometimes proses.

Commander Bellairs holds the distinction of having been born at Gibraltar, which adds drama to his poem "The Sunset Gun":

I feel the sands of time so surely falling
While in the west I watch the setting sun.
And like a voice from heaven there is calling—
The sunset gun.

Here on Gibraltar Rock i claimed my birth,
On Afric's Cape I heard it as a child,
As boy and man it spoke me round the earth,
And reconciled

My thoughts to thee, O England, and thy ways,
Thy powers that reach across the trackless sea—
I dreamt that in the ev'ning of my days
I'd home with thee.

Who letteth man declare his thoughts in peace
To give and take without suspicious fear
That this may end, by action of police,
His free career.

But now I think beyond the setting sun,
The reck'ning of the many days mis-spent
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun—
Is God content ?

Shall I be held an outcast over there,
To do the rough work of the spirit sphere,
Who to their culture am a sophister
And sonneteer ?

The sunset gun is asking for fulfilment
Of all the aspirations of the day,
My gains are small but still the soul's resilient
While weak the clay.

For where I'm going is a vaster sea,
Where never yet has boomed a British gun—
Eternal time and space to company
The soul I spun.

In " Poetry and Mythology " he reviews that aspect, from which we quote three stanzas :

To weave the gods in one great ode
'Twas said is sowing with the sack,
And if by hand they all were sowed
Both space and time would lack.

For who would harness gods and stars
Along his reckless road of rhyme,
He'd find the method somehow mars
The rhythm and the time.

In Shakespeare's time the farmer wrote
In Latin as a learned man ;
But zounds ! he could not trill a note
Nor pipe to Pan. . . .

" Science and Poetry " takes us into the realm that is dear to this age. We quote the first of the five fine sonnets of the sequence :

Those who serve love with beauty as a toast
In soaring song irradiate the skies,
Endowing Hesperus with fairest dyes,
Then see the vision vanish like a ghost—

'Tis this they need, deep thought to break their boast,
And bring the splendour of philosophies
To serve their song with truth that glorifies
And spoil of secrets from the sable coast.

If truth's not sought with faith by him who sings,
Heaven is robbed of what is heaven's due—
Courage and foresight dower him with wings
If he from science all her truths should sue:
Then through the vista of the unrevealed years
He sees the roses dance, nor needs our tears.

Altogether the poems are the thoughtful expressions of a vigorous man of action and ideas who writes because he has something to say and can say it now with a greater regard for and command of technique than he showed us in his earlier forcible provocative, "Ghosts of Parliament."

AN ENGLISH POET-CRITIC AND AN ITALIAN REVIEWER.

Mr. T. S. ELIOT, in his little volume on *Dante* (London, Faber, 1929) lays stress on the universality of Dante's genius and art, and on his supreme greatness; he rightly sets his poem as the archetype of all lofty and true poetry in all times and places. "My purpose," says Mr. Eliot in his *Preface*, "has been to persuade the reader first of the importance of Dante as a master—I may even say, *the* master—for a poet writing to-day in any language." Speaking of Dante's use of allegory, he subtly observes that the allegorical method, instead of causing obscurity and complexity, makes for simplicity and intelligibility, and lays stress on the simplicity of Dante's portraiture, since, for a competent poet, allegory means clear visual images, which are given much more intensity by having a meaning. In his valuable essay he further points out with clever discrimination the *poetic* lucidity of Dante's style as distinct from an *intellectual* lucidity; our mind is enticed by the splendour and enjoyment of the images to fathom their signification and to appreciate them in their full *clarity* (I use the word according to its sense in St. Thomas' theory of art, *claritas* implying the direct and immediate perception of the poet's or artist's inward vision). We admire and love the beautiful figures; their magnificence of lines and colours and their richness of thought beget love in our heart; and, feeling by an unavoidable intuition that their glory comes from the grace and depth of the ideas enclosed in them, we wish to descry their inward living light under the loveliness of the exterior shape. We dissent, however, from the author's statement that Dante employs very few metaphors in his language, since, as the whole poem is one vast metaphor there is hardly a place for metaphors in the detail of it. Dante's language is indeed a tissue of metaphors, which, as all great poets, he employs as a necessity—and not for ornamentation—as the only means afforded to the singer to approach the inexpressible beauty of his creation. Quotations are hardly required; yet let us select as an instance of the variety in the use of the same trope, *smalto* (enamel), employed for the glowing greenness of grass in

> Colà diritto, supra il verde smalto, (*Inf.*, IV, 118.)

and for hardness in

> Venga Medura! Sí 'l farem di smalto. (*Inf.*, IX, 52.)

We see the metaphor included in verbs, as when Vergil says to Dante (*Purg.*, XXVII, 142):

> Per ch'io te supra te corono e mitrio,

that is " I declare thee entirely master of thyself," the verbs conveying the image of the mitred crowns of the emperors. To take an instance from a passage quoted by the author:

> Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna,
> Legato con amore in un volume,
> Ció che per l'universo si squaderna,
> (*Par.*, XXXIII, 85)

the verb *si squaderna* develops the metaphor of *volume*. (The translation wrongly renders *volume* with *mass*, thus missing the coherence of the continued figure). Even proper names are used metaphorically:

> O madre sua veramente Giovanna, (*Par.*, XII, 80),

that is, according to the interpretation of the Hebrew name, " the woman to whom God is gracious." Mr. Eliot justly notices that a straightforward philosophical statement can be great poetry. We might quote the intense poetical grandeur produced by the single epithet *vera* (true), applied to " earth " in *Purg.*, XXXII, 94:

> Sola Sedeasi in su la terra vera,

alluding to the fact that the Earthly Paradise remained faithful to its Creator while man fell away from Him.

Comparing Tennyson's *Ulysses* with Dante's episode the author points out how infinitely superior our poet is to the English singer through his phrase: " as pleased another." The reason why Dante is so great in all his conceptions is to be found in the continuous presence of God throughout his poem. Everywhere he is alive to God, while Tennyson is but now and then in relation to the Infinite, and mere verbal beauty cannot achieve any inward grandeur. In Dante's poem, art is closely bound to faith; and we may here note that when Mr. Eliot says that Goethe always arouses a sentiment of disbelief in what he believes, and Dante does not, the reason is not far to seek; the German poet was wandering through a misty, pseudo-religious conception of life and world; he cannot convey any certainty simply because he had none.

FEDERICO OLIVERO.

TWO ETCHINGS

WINTER DUSK

A GOBLIN beauty closes like a spell
To hold the wood within a crystal sty,
Where the enchanted trees with hands upraised
Support the shattered silver of the sky.

Out of the green wave that engulfed the sun
Dark birds from darker branches fly ; and fold
On fold day draweth bestarred with lamps,
A purple land enlapped in tamarind gold.

JANUARY ACOLYTE

LIKE curdled honey moves the slow soft-litten sky ;
The purple distances are quick with mystery.

What charm is this that flies across the land ?
Touching the heart with madd'ning thewless hand
And sudden shrilling of a host of horns,
What radiance shakes above the rubied thorns ?

A fleeting acolyte who swings his incense-pot
Like the sweet drift of apple-smoke—and lingers not.

DOROTHY BERNARD.

ALBERT EINSTEIN—GENIUS OF NUMBERS

HE scanned the web that holds the worlds in place
And plucked apart the threads, and made a new
End to infinity, limiting space
To a vast curve ; linked with sun to sun, and drew
All matter closer in a tight-meshed net
Of Time. He took ten symbols from the maze
And built a stair to reach the stars, and set
His seal upon the sun, and in its blaze
Exposed the exquisite machinery
Of mathematics. Now in what he sought
He sees the Universal Soul unfurled
At last, and he exclaims in ecstasy :
" Here is your lever, Archimedes, wrought
Of ten small shining figures. Lift up your world ! "

DOROTHY ROSE.

THE POETS' FELLOWSHIP

THE PREMIUM EDITORS' REPORTS AND AWARDS

NEW POEMS ON " WORDS " AND " POETS " BY R. DE BUNSEN, R. A. HARVEY, D. KERSEY, D. BERNARD, J. B. GREEN, AND V. GILLESPIE.

We wish that some of our regular contributors could join in the periodical search through the accumulated MSS. for the poems of the month. They would experience a thrill unknown to the solitary writer, one that becomes intenser rather than weakens as issue by issue we come upon new expressions in verse, a fresh gloss on an old idea, an individual twist to an old experience. On each occasion we are given a new delight, and the pleasure of expectancy and realisation is not staled by the regular reputation of a score of years. This month we have a group of poems in each of which there is the glad surprise of the jewelled phrase, apt, unhackneyed, scintillating, balanced, as in DOROTHY BERNARD's etchings and the culminating last line of VIRGINIA MOORE's " Scents of Night," which we place first on our list. In this group we specially commend ELIZABETH ALDEN's " October Sunset," and DULCIE EDEN GREVILLE's " Winter's Youth and Age," and L. V. TOMLINSON's " Serpentine by Night." In another group of poems, the subjective and introspective, we place NANCY POLLOK's " The Greatest of These," M. NEWTON's " Solitude," and SYLVIA DOBSON's " When Winter to the Glad Heart Cometh " at the head, with many runners-up, of which " Ingratitude" by WALTER K. LEWIS is a notable example.

Another group which we would like to deal with here by way of quotation treat of the poet's art and ambition, beginning with ROSALIND DE BUNSEN's admission for all of us—how else could we take delight in verse and repudiate the ineffectual poetaster's stale demand for a new vocabulary ?

I am in love with words—
The network of absurd articulations
That make man's life a speaking, sounding thing :
They can be soft as wool and sharp as swords,
They can decide and change the fate of nations,
And they can make a beggarman a king.

Thousands there are, all ready for the taking,
Noble, and gay, and quiet as song of birds :
Jewels of sound they are, of man's own making ;
I am in love with words.

Yet R. A. HARVEY reminds us, from Hankow, China, in his quatrain, " Action and Reaction," that the exact word is elusive :

I rose in the night and I wrote down a word
To describe, very aptly, the song of a bird :
I heard in the morning the song of a bird,
So I went, very humbly, and crossed out the word.

Dolores Kersey writes from Marion, Indiana, "About Words":

Strange signs of thought from dawn of long gone days,
Shaped by the real needs of the sons of men,
First were words free from slaves' bonds of the pen,
And like swift gleams that from the sun's hot rays
Light up with force of deeds the world's dark ways,
They came, as by God's Grace; not now as then!
A wreath of dark mists clouds the weird, close fen
Of earth, where folk seek paths clear of the maze,
The swish and swirl, the rush and beat that flays
Strong heart and mind of calm, within whose ken
Are views of fair, far plains of peace lost when
Strife comes too close and grips with stress; pain sways
The wants, the acts, the needs of dire, rent man,
And words fail, where they once knew naught of ban.

To this we are able to add **Dorothy Bernard**'s "Magic Elusive":

Poetry, in glorious flight
From thy gleaming altitudes,
Often near me wilt alight,
But thy beauty just eludes
My weak grasp—and's gone from sight

Over plain, and flowering hill,
Teaching other men to sing;
Canst not, robed with richness, spill
One least feather from thy wing
To carve me an enchanted quill?

To this accidental symposium our Los Angeles contributor, **Julia Boynton Greene**, sends two sonnets on the Poet's Mission and his Estate, to which we find **Violet Gillespie**, a Canadian now in London, adds one on "Poet's Love":

I

He sees his fellows calm, efficient, wise;
He envies them, aware of difference,
The while he pities that their slower sense
Misses his joys, his soaring ecstasies.
He knows that areas lovely to his eyes
To them are pure mirage, and his defence
Is that he may afford intelligence
Of hidden wealth, interpret mysteries.
The more his nature shares the common gifts
The less is he the poet. Others plod.
His is the winged energy that lifts
All life, all living, sunward from the sod.

He feels should he deny the urge of song
The spheric scheme would falter and go wrong.

II

Why should he buy and sell when each new day
Loads him with treasure where no coin is passed?
What are possessions painfully amassed
To one free of Golconda and Cathay—
Who has charted Edens lost and blazed the way?
What use to delve and sweat when unguessed good
Accrues to those who idle, dream, and brood,
Fools wise enough to squander and to play?

The lovely loot of a Sierra glen
Outshines the charm of Biskra, Nile, Aden.
The pearly towers of wind-wrought cloud make small
And mean the Alhambra and the Taj Mahal.
Last—best—this airy wealth entails no grief
Of dwindling values and the midnight thief.

III

When that grim pirate ship that men call Age
Bears my last treasure, youth, away from me,
Which you in vain will seek, then pityingly
Praise my white hair, scanning the furrowed page
Of years with gentle, courteous persiflage;
I shall not grieve if there you still may see
(Though lips once red two withered leaves may be
And eyes dimmed, like blind birds within a cage
Of netted wrinkles) that same soul aflame
That lit your own with fire in our lost years.
For I shall know how merciful is Time
Who keeps for us, all else dissolved, the same
Sweet power to hold love fast, spite of wan fears,
Enshrined within our sanctuary of rhyme.

These associated poems, from widely scattered contributors, will be significant and illuminating, and will be read with interest by all members of our Fellowship.

We place G. W. Eustace *hors concours* because his name is included in a cable from our American editor.

We are advised to highly commend, for delicate, balanced work in addition to the above-mentioned:

Noel Allport, Tamworth;
B. Drummond, Winchester;
T. E. Casson, Newton-le-Willows;
M. Pollard, Worthing;
M. Posegate, Cincinnati;
M. A. Woodward, Portland;
G. E. Merrick, Warminster;

H. Holland, Hampstead;
H. Moorhouse, Leek;
E. Macleod, Washington;
E. Houldsworth, Luddenfoot;
Morwyth Rees, Pembroke;
D. Whyl, London, W.;
I. Ormsby, Addiscombe;
E. Nolan, Rome;
John Willwyn, Oswestry.

We must, in addition to these stars, commend: E. Alcock, Lampton; J. W. Anderson, Skegness; J. B. Badcock, Bures; George Barker, London, W.; G. Binney, Cambridge; S. Eric Borley, London, S.E.; John Cannings, Melksham; P. R. Casey, Longmont, Col.; P. Cooke-Collis, Colchester; A. H. Cooper, Paignton; I. Doxford, Bromley; E. M. Fison, Felixstowe; J. W. K. Heaven, Ealing; D. M. Hill, Wolverhampton; F. E. Hodder, Brompton-on-Swale; F. Jacquet, Surbiton; E. M. Johnes, Newton; F. Kemp, Catford; G. M. Lacey, Oswestry; L. D. Mills, Northampton; E. Melbourne; Belvedere; M. E. Munzer, Woodmill, L.I.; K. Mundy, Salisbury, Redcliffe McKie, Brighton; A. Marryner, Ramsgate; Felicity Ray, Bedford; A. T. Riddell, Seattle; Nan Riddell, Victoria, B.C.; M. A. Rowland, Eastbourne; Sydney Snell, London, N.W.; K. F. Solloway, Bedford; E. Samms, Luton; B. M. Skeat, Sedbergh; C. S. Stephenson, Cambridge; L. C. Thomas, Croyke; M. K. Toovey, Amersham; E. Walker, Bournemouth; D. Waller, Oxford; M. Waters, Chepstow.

The reference in a recent issue to the essential service rendered over many years by the chief of our personal critics (whose critical acumen, by the way, is displayed in the review of Mr. Blunden's new book and other notices in this number), has led to an increase in the number of contributors who seek an expert's opinion on their work, and as the fees go towards the Premium Fund this addition enables 50 per cent. to be added to the small sum at the Premium Editor's disposal. The result may encourage us to make an appeal to the Executive for a further allowance for general purposes. We are grateful to the donors of special premiums but contend that their benefactions would be more useful if not hedged about by limitations. A peculiar disparity in the financial value of the awards will be noticeable in this issue. Apropos this further reference to our sympathetic and experienced P.R.P.S. colleague, we may draw attention, with advantage to some readers, to the personal course in prosody and verse-writing, designed to meet individual requirements and based on individual work.

THE NOTT PREMIUM AWARDS

The adjudicators were disappointed with the poems submitted. They had few lyric qualities; the greater number were either verbosely indignant or wordily sententious, the writers' feelings running away with their sense of artistry. Nothing to equal the Ralph Hodgson lyric or fit to gain a place in an English hymnal by the side of James Stephens's " Animals " was received. We take the liberty of quoting the latter from the catholic " Songs of Praise " recently compiled by Messrs. Percy Dearmer, R. Vaughan Williams and Martin Shaw (Oxford University Press) :

Little things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair :

Little things that fight and fail
And fall on sea and earth and air :

All trapped and frightened little things ;
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer ;

As we forgive those done to us,
The lamb, the linnet and the hare.

Forgive us all our trespasses,
Little creatures everywhere.

In their several ways the poems received from Peter Williams, Doris Major and Isabel Fiske Conant—the former the most powerful, the latter the most imaginative and poetical—were the best received and they divide the premium. Almost all forms of alleged sports came under fierce criticism, together with commercial cruelty from osprey slaughter to the killing of butterflies for jewellery adornment. We are asked to commend the following competitors : Lord Burgh, K. O'Neill-Bailey, Michael Flint, Lettie Cole, E. F. Alden, Dudley Stow, Petronella O'Donnell (whose previous P.T. poem on Stag Hunting has been widely quoted), Cyrille Wright, H. Violet Monkhous, Lucy C. Thomas, Edith M. Walker, J. W. Anderson, Noel Allport, Una Cheverton, Agnes MacCarthy Hickey, Elizabeth Wild, A. E. Collinge, and Alice Wallwork.

THE PAUL " CONSCIENCE " PREMIUM

Mr. Arthur Paul, the donor of the premium, to whom the MSS. were submitted, reports :—" Of the numerous pieces received, I can only find two authors, Mrs. Edith Lombard Squires and the Hon. Eleanour Norton, who have adhered more or less to the conditions governing the competition, and who can in my opinion only qualify for the prize.

" It should have been plain enough what was wanted, since the wording ' poetical narrative drama ' must exclude plays written in verse with dramatis personæ and directions as is usually done, the poems painting ' Conscience ' in its true colours.

"Here is a new medium for prosody, which undoubtedly affords large scope for experiment and establishment. The seeds of Mrs. Squires and the Hon. Eleanour Norton's planting, though bearing small fruit, fortunately show there can be better blossoming.

"What I really expected, in this particular instance, were plays in 'poetical narrative form' with powerful plots, each act developing as a play develops, with good curtains and a certain amount of stagecraft."

We hope to publish an article from Mr. Paul on this subject, introducing something fresh into versification and worth persevering with.

Among the contributions that were not in strict conformity with the conditions is an admirable dramatic episode by Miss Vera Arlett, which readers will appreciate for its own sake.

THE POWER PREMIUM AWARDS

The awards in the "Power" Premium Contest show that the $250.00 offered by Mrs. Bartlett, have been won by two English and two American competitors who submitted the best out of close to six hundred poems.

Edwin Markham, the doyen of American poets, has been awarded the first $150.00 for a sonnet entitled "Power"; Edith M. Walker, of Bournemouth, $50.00 for her poem "Guglielmo Marconi"; Dorothy Rose, of Pikesville, Maryland, $25.00 for her sonnet "Albert Einstein"; and G. W. Eustace, of Arundel, Sussex, $25.00 for his sonnet "Power."

The judges in the contest were the Lady Maud Warrender, president of The Poetry Society (Incorporated); Alfred Noyes, Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U.S.N.; Henry Woodhouse, president of the Aerial League of America; Dr. Wm. Seaver Woods, Editor of the Literary Digest; and Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, American Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

The following receive honourable mention: Comm. Carlyon Bellairs, Member of Parliament, London; Clement Wood, New York; E. Hall-Hains, London; Winifred Davidson, Point Loma, Cal.; Florence M. Bradford, London; Glenn Ward Dresbach, Chicago; Leander Leitner, New York; Mary Pitman Welsh, Swampscott, Mass.; Washington Van Dusen, Philadelphia; Earl D. Van Deman, Delaware, Ohio; V. E. Dillon, Mexico City, Mexico; Isabel Fiske Conant, New York; M. L. E. Campbell, Marshall, Mo.; Dr. Mary Brent Whiteside, Atlanta, Ga.; P. O. Redston, New York; Edith Foster Chase, St. Clair, Blue Earth County, Minn.; C. V. Waterman, Tiger, Colo.; Mabel H. Andrews, New York; Alice M. Brooks, Newton Center, Mass.; Sarah Wilson Middleton, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Ethel Bree, London; Cora Phebe Mullin, Omaha, Nebr.; Eric Muncaster, Ontario, Canada; Julia Boynton Green, Los Angeles, Cal.; Vera Tomlinson, Howden, Yorkshire; Agnes M. Boyan, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Elizabeth Wild, Berkeley, Cal.; Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, Newport, R.I.; and Mrs. Henry Major Stephenson, Cambridge.

ANOTHER LEWIS PREMIUM

Mr. W. K. Lewis does not weary in well-doing but stimulated by the appreciation of other members of the Poet's Fellowship within The Poetry Society and by the lively response to his previous encouragement, has provided another three guineas, the subject this time being "The Power of Touch," which Mr. Lewis elaborates suggestively: "We are touched not merely by people's bodies, but by their thoughts, emotions, and purposes; we are touched by the written word and the spoken word; we are touched through our eyes by light, beauty and their opposites; we are touched through our ears by sound, music, discord; we are also touched through smell and taste. In fact the whole universe and all conscious existence, human and otherwise, are dominated by the wonderful mystery of Touch. We must not forget also the touch of faith, and the possibility that the Almighty is continually touching us." MSS. should reach "The Lewis Premium Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5" by March 27th. We associate ourselves with the wish expressed by Mr. Lewis that other readers should follow his example and provide premiums for poems of a specific type or on a definite subject. The opinion expressed above does not relate to these supplementary premium offers, which we welcome. Like the Paul and the Nott premiums they serve a useful stimulating purpose.

The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is increased to £3. MSS. should be addressed to "The Premium Editor, the Poet's Fellowship, THE POETRY REVIEW Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5," before Feb. 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.)

Mr. Charles Alva Lane repeats his challenging offer for the most "profound" poem, dealing with the hidden walls of fact and feeling, and their strange inter-relation in the lives of men. Mr. Lane's prize is $100. The contest is open to all, and will close May 15th. Manuscripts should be typed, and the name and address of the authors written on the upper left corner, and addressed to Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, Convener, 299 Park Avenue, New York. All poems must be original. No poems will be returned, but the unplaced MSS. are the property of the authors after the contest is closed and prizes awarded.

ON THE HOOF

PAN tripped, light-foot, down perilous places,
Yet, over ledge and crag,
His hoof destroyed no flower-laces,
Nor broke turf, nor weed-rag;
His racing was for rapture, not for harm,
A space above the ground he sometimes went,
His flute's far silver echo spread its charm
To the horizon round his sky-roofed tent.

Pan had dependents nearer to the natures
Of flowers and trees. Their homes were fertile sods,
They were four-footed, dumb and great-eyed creatures
To serve man they were destined by the gods.

Theirs was a separate county, an extension
Of acres, whose calm people, glossy-flanked,
Lived in their square of peace. A wide dimension
Of pasture. Browsing there, their gods they thanked.
Their great eyes gathered rest. Each hoof and all
Went quieter than Pan's upon the grass,
Their days went by; on prairie, in corral,
As hours of paradise for creatures pass. . . .
Then all was changed. They had been on the verge,
Those seeming-peaceful years, of tragedy.
He who has power to hear, might hear a dirge;
Pan's silver flute, in mourning elegy,
But jangled out of tune into discord:
"*These that were happy once,
What have you done to them. O city Lord,
Yes, darkly done, to my unerring sons?*"

These cities declare a kinder god
Than Pan was supposed to be,
But they learn not from sky or sod
His creed of charity.

Pan has covered up his eyes
And hid his pointed ears,
Not to hear their rending cries,
Nor to shed a faun's tears.

There was a sighing from the reeds
That knew the short-horns' tread:
"*Gone is the guardian of their needs,
Great Pan in dead.*"

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S " MAJORITY "

DURING the period covered by this issue of THE POETRY REVIEW, The Poetry Society completes its 21st year—a notable and significant achievement.

The Society was formed as the result of a newspaper discussion of the reading and speaking of poetry. It was designed to promote a more general recognition and appreciation of poetry by encouraging the public and private reading of it and developing the art of speaking verse, and although its intentions and scope were considerably enlarged after the first year, the Society has adhered to the policy enunciated by the Lady Margaret Sackville in her presidential address at the inaugural meeting and to the application of its motto adopted from Matthew Arnold who may be considered the original founder and forerunner of the Society, just as the Society may claim to be the spiritual father and pioneer of the numerous localised associations dealing with poetry in Great Britain and the United States and of the various poetry " movements " and the greater attention paid to poetry throughout the English speaking world. It has done what Mr. Arnold Bennett said would amply justify its existence—killed the foolish idea that it was ridiculous to be interested in poetry.

The Society has concerned itself primarily with the appreciation of poetry, its concern being poetry not poets. It might have gained a temporary popularity in certain circles if it had become identified with evanescent " schools " and " isms " at one time fashionable among quasi-literary and social groups, but it has gained strength and solidarity and permanence by resisting these influences and continuing to represent a healthy, balanced, catholic interest in poetry.

Some of the Society's more public functions are referred to elsewhere in this issue by its one-time president and all-time friend, Sir Herbert Warren, until lately President of Magdalen, than whom in his deep appreciation of poetry and wide culture permeating his life and words the Society could have had no finer representative of its ideals and policy. But those pleasant gatherings alone would not have justified the Society's existence or kept it alive. Its formative influence has been deep and far-reaching—how extensive and important it is not our present duty to attempt to assess. It has given practical and faithful effect to the "Declaration of Faith and Works" issued above the signatures of representative members in 1911 at the instigation of Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, who remains the honorary treasurer of the Society and to whose supervision of its finances is due the Society's freedom from the complications that beset such organisations and the absence of all questions regarding the receipt and administration of the funds of the Society, which by keeping expenditure within income has been free from financial trouble in spite of difficulties and the restricted appeal of the Society.

This Manifesto justified the Society's concern with elocution and paved the way for its most effective and successful treatment of verse-speaking, on which it has become the one authoritative body, exercising thereby a vast influence on young people and bringing them into possession of the treasures of poetry and an intelligent comprehension of both the letter and the spirit of poetry.

The Society has maintained continuity of policy and administration, its officials having no personal ends to serve, no axes to grind. They have been voluntary recruits, attracted by the ideals of the Society, and not " pressed men " or friends of each other, just as at the beginning of the Society the original organiser was a stranger to his colleagues, and the original members were not a group of prior acquaintances. A large proportion of these original members remain and two members of the Council elected at the inaugural meeting on February 24th, 1909, are still on the Council.

The Society celebrates its majority by entering into possession of new premises, which include a specially equipped library and recital room in addition to administative offices. It is intended that general and sectional meetings shall be held more frequently and regularly and in various ways to develop the Society's resources. Members may assist in furnishing the new offices, especially the library, towards which our American colleague, Mrs. Bartlett, has contributed spontaneously a thousand dollars. The library needs to be considerably augmented. The Society has not enjoyed many bequests. Mr. Watts Dunton and other early members of standing, who took a real interest in the Society's work, did not bequeath to it books and MSS. that would have been a valuable acquisition, partly because it could not house and utilise them adequately. The Society is constituted by its members ; it is their own possession, and it is for them to enrich and extend it and to make its headquarters worthy of The Poetry Society.

We have the privilege of beginning this issue with a poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the most representative poet of the period covered by The Poetry Society's existence and the previous era, whose work will remain a cherished possession in the treasure house of English poetry when that of later men who decry him and think their cackle part of the great song that echoes round the world is forgotten. *Fires* is a splendid prelude to Sir Herbert Warren's article which was intended originally to survey English Over-seas poetry.

Title Page and Index for 1929 (vol. xx) will be published with the next issue.

MISS EDITH EVANS ADVISES VERSE-SPEAKERS

MISS EDITH EVANS, in announcing the awards at the Gold Medal audition held at the Swedenborg Hall, London, on November 26th, said:

It is a difficult task to adjudicate and one has to go into the qualifications of each candidate very carefully indeed before coming to a decision. On this occasion we think a medal should go to Miss Rita Milner, who had, obviously, very definite qualifications. There was a doubt about her first poem because she was not quite lost in it. The speakers do not get absorbed enough in their poems—they will put their own personalities forward. This is still very noticeable. There are others whom I wish to commend: Cyrilla Mills has a very pretty name and a very pretty voice. I really expected more from this candidate because it is a beautiful clear, charming, bubbling voice, but there was too much inflection, up and down, in a way which is not natural. After all, poetry and singing, as Lady Maud Warrender has just said, should spring from the heart. First of all you should want to speak poetry because your heart wants to say something, and then you should want to sing. This lack of naturalness caused us not to be held by the poem.

Miss Emily Walker has another very pretty voice—very clear, but she took her last poem much too slowly; I think that she did not really think enough about its meaning. Behind all the poem is a significant joy, it is not sad and I think some of you would have done very much better if you could have said it all over again quicker and less mournfully. Some of the intonations are really not sensible. The second speaker has a tremendous amount of poetry in her, but it has not come out yet. It is, as it were, all at the bottom, she has got to learn a little more about how to do it; there is a little song deep in her that wants bringing out. Beatrice Leach has not quite enough depth in her work, but her style and poise are excellent, they could not be better. She stood still and let the words come out, but they were not quite as interesting as they will be in a year or two.

Mrs. Lever has a very well developed voice, I think she must be a trained speaker, but if I might suggest it was just a little too orthodox—as an actress I noticed that immediately; this speaker should get a little less technique—a little less of the how to do it.

Esther Samms was a disappointment. She has a beautiful sensitiveness and a real feeling for poetry, but has got to learn the pattern of her poem. The second was a long poem and by the time she got to the end we were just a little tired.

When you plan out your poem you must plan what you are speaking, either the question of altering your voice, or strengthening it a little. You must have a definite pattern. Don't be afraid to speak up; one day all the lovely feeling you have inside will be translated out to us.

Joan Stracey has a very nice voice ; a little bit set in her manner and inclined to adopt the conventional type. There is not better manner than standing quite still, quite straight with your hands either behind your back, or straight at the side, or even in a small pocket, provided it is natural and easy. Action of any sort gets in the way of the poem amd turns it into drama. If you make a dramatic movement I begin to watch it and forget the poem.

The Lady Maud Warrender, in proposing a vote of thanks to Miss Evans, said " I think it is the greatest honour to get a personality and an artist like Miss Evans to help us. All my life I have never enjoyed anything much more than Miss Evan's beautiful work—her diction, and voice and artistry are a joy to all who see her perform. She is indeed ' The Lady with a Lamp ' to us to show us the way to these lovely things."

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S CHALLENGE CUP

FOR THE READING AND SPEAKING OF FOREIGN POETRY

The first recognition of the coming-of-age of The Poetry Society came from Mrs. Minshall, a member of the General Council, and also a Life Member of the Society, whose gift of a Challenge Cup " for verse-reading, and verse-speaking in FOREIGN languages. . . ." was first competed for by twenty-two candidates on June 11th, 1929, at The Tower House, Kensington, W.14, and was awarded to the Rt. Hon. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Bt., for the reading and reciting of two Spanish poems : " Seranilla " by the Marquis of Santillana, and " A Buen Juez Mejor Testigo " by Zorilla. The bronze trophy (or second prize) was won by a Dutch candidate, Miss Grazia Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, and other prizes were awarded to Miss Mary de Bunsen, Mrs. Robert Carr Bosanquet, Miss Mary Wynne Jacob, and the Hon. Mrs. Henniker Heaton. The languages offered were French, Italian, German, and Spanish.

Entries are now invited from the public for the 1930 competition. It is open to both sexes and all ages, from 14 years to 140 ! (But from 1931, inclusive, the youngest age admitted will be 16 years.)

The 1930 tournament is to be held in London at the end of March or early in April, at 4.45 p.m. for those who wish to leave early, and at 5.30 for those who prefer to start later. All enquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, The Poetry Society, 44 Bramham Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.5.

The expression " foreign " is intended to indicate *foreign to the candidate*. For example : a candidate who has two Italian parents would not be allowed to read or recite in Italian, but only in French, English, German, or Spanish. The cases of Swiss, etc. (i.e., bi-lingual nationality) will be considered on their merits.

Each competitor is to offer *two poems*, originally written or published after 1270—the first poem to be *read*, and the second *recited* from memory. Total length for the two should not exceed about 130 lines, nor be less than 28 lines. Both may be in the same language or in two different ones.

The languages admitted are: English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Songs intended by the authors to be set to music are not recommended.

Candidates of one British parent and one foreign, ***not choosing any English poem***, may, by having "1 B.P." printed after their names on the programme, have a 5 per cent. bonus; and those who are under 17 years of age a 10 per cent. bonus if their age be sent in to be printed on the programme. In both these cases the information must be written on the Entrance Form.

To any candidate winning the Challenge Cup two years running, a smaller cup will be awarded to keep as a trophy; but anyone winning the challenge three years in succession would keep the cup outright, and a new one would be provided and placed on the old base, so that the names engraved thereon remain to the Poetry Society in perpetuity.

In order to pay for the expenses: printing of notices and programmes, postages, engraving name on cup-base, light refreshments, etc., an entrance fee of fifteen shillings will be charged, but to Members of The Poetry Society ten shillings, and to those who competed in 1929 only half fees will be charged; that is to say, seven and sixpence for non-members and five shillings for members.

School candidates under 18 will be admitted at members' rates, and names must be sent in writing to the Secretary of The Poetry Society, together with typewritten copies of the two poems, by March 1st.

Entrance fee for listeners will be two shillings and sixpence; with two tickets for the price of one to Members of the Society.

The Programme will be divided into two sections, with a twenty minutes' interval for light refreshments.

Any candidate wishing to leave before the end, should state this on the entrance form, and such entrants will be heard earlier; and those who wish to arrive late, should also state this on the form, so that their names may be put near the end.

Adjudication will be made by marks, 100 for each poem, divided in the following manner: Pronunciation 20, Manner and Deportment 10, Voice Production 10, Sense of Rhythm 20, Interpretation 40. The judges write down their markings quite separately and independently, and will not know who has won the cup until the Secretary has added up all the marks, and the Director has declared the results to them.

There are no regulations as to the dress to be worn by the candidates. No one will be allowed to enter the room during the reading or reciting of a poem. You are cordially invited to bring your friends to the audition.

Kindly note that after 1930 the youngest age for this contest will be 16 years.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

WE think of ourselves as heroes, poets, kings,
With an innate perfection
Bruised for a time by the tyranny of life,
And we believe that, when at last
We die,
The little false flaws of the world will pass away,
Disclosing us to God
In all the beauty of our reality.

We think that God beholds us thus,
Ultimate conquerors;
That His all-seeing eyes
Discern our latent goodness under the cloud
Of error and defect;
That he will pardon our transgressions,
Letting the abundant best in us outweigh
Our pitiful little sins—
This is our one eternal hope of heaven.

We ask of God this charity,
And yet
We deal so harshly with our neighbour still,
We look upon him coldly
And see but little there of the divine;
Rather we count his faults
Cruelly one by one—
Ah! let us give the charity we claim
For our own souls,
Finding the hero in the commonplace,
The poet in the dumb,
Under the beggar's penury the king.

NANCY POLLOK.

AFTER THE BATTLE

IN the chill of the air,
Before dawn was there,
I heard the stars shake
Where the dead were awake.

But the chill on the ground
Wrapped round without sound—
Wrapped round and round—
The dead that we found
When the dawn was there.

Yet the chill of death
Is a passing breath,
And the fields will grow
What the sowers sow.

And be the grain flame
Or be it shame,
In every bread
The leaven's the same.

EVA MUDOCCI.

THE "TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY"

WHETHER or not the "Recluse" which Wordsworth planned and never completed, would have been, as Coleridge prophesied, the "first English philosophic poem," the poem just published by the Laureate is philosophic in a more technical sense than the "Prelude" (Oxford University Press.). It has been compared by a writer in the *Observer* to the "De Rerum Natura"; but, though it has affinities to that poem and indeed refers specifically to it, it is nearer, I venture to think, to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. For such, indeed, it is—a Divine Vision—ascending from the origins of life to the Ring which "in its repose is Unity and Being."

The form which the poem takes is that of the myth of the Charioteer in the "Phœdrus" of Plato. The two horses are Selfhood and Breed; and the charioteer is Reason. In the book on Selfhood we have a vindication of War, as the persistence of the Self or individual. War is right, even as it is popularly said that self-defence is right. But the virtues of the warrior are the virtues of the savage. They are to be outgrown in the development of mankind toward the love of Beauty. Breed is to the race as Selfhood to the individual; and by the sacrament of marriage ascent is made to the divine Theoria:

> "From blind animal passion to the vision of Spirit
> all actual gradations come of natur."

Finally, the end or τέλος of man is found in the contemplation and love of Beauty by the Reason in man—that is, the idea of Order; and thence to the love of God:

> "And Reason—being essentially (as in place 't was found)
> the idea of Order, and thus itself the appurtenance
> of essences, with them passing from physical
> unto spiritual order in a mind endued
> with conscience of the higher spiritual essences—
> Reason (say I) will rise to awareness of its rank
> in the Ring of Existence, where man looketh up
> to the first cause of all; and wil itself decree
> and order discreetly the attitude of the soul
> seeking self-realization in the vision of God,
> becoming at the last that arch-conscience of all,
> to which the Greek sage who possess'd it made appeal."

It is a very noble poem; and passages in the Fourth book which follow Aristotle closely recall the arguments in the "Divine Comedy," wherein Saint Peter enlightens Dante in his theological difficulties. Apart, too, from the eloquence of the argument, there may be found in the *Testament of Beauty* several episodes of marvellous skill and learning. There are: (1) the Vision of Saint Thomas Aquinas (I, 471-500); (2) the life of the bees and the praise of honey (II, 144-447); (3) the two wars of the Essenes against Pagan poetry, viz. of the priests and monks against the bards and skalds of blood; and the Albigensian war against the Troubadours and the society of Provence; (4) the descriptions of excavations at Ur, as narrated to the poet by the excavator in person. In addition, as an instance of Mr. Bridges' verbal ingenuity, may be cited his descriptions of the modern mechanism of ploughing and reaping; and his delight in homely illustration may be mentioned also, as the story of Brasidas and the mouse.

If, therefore, as Wordsworth said, "poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," then the *Testament of Beauty* is indeed poetry—a scale ascending from the insect and the plant to the love of God. It is as if Mr. Bridges, from his watch-tower on Boar's Hill, had come down to the halls and lecture-rooms of Oxford, and carried away with him the prelibations of all knowledge, distilled into the nectar and ambrosia of the Muses; and he who reads may well exclaim with the scholar in "Comus,"

> "How charming is divine philosophy,
> Not harsh and crabbed as some dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute!"

The "Testament" is written in what the poet terms "loose alexandrines"; and admits of quotations from the Greek and Latin authors to a degree not hitherto exampled, perhaps, in English poetry. The archaic spelling transports the reader to the atmosphere of Spenser, who spelled to accommodate his verse; and the absence of capitals from the beginning of the lines, also, recalls that earlier poet.

The poem is dedicated to the King; and, when the record of King George's reign is complete, will, it may be predicted, form not the least glorious monument of that heroic epoch. We admire, too, the format of the book: a great poem is beautifully presented, and the neat small type is a delight, with the practical and desirable result that it accommodates the long lines, and avoids the ugly turns over which break the symmetry of the pages of too many poems set in clamorous, large or unsuitable type. Artist and craftsman have co-operated in the production of the *Testament of Beauty*.

T. E. CASSON.

HARES IN THE SNOW

THE snow had covered
The cattle-cropped ground
And the fires in the spinney
Made no sound.

So out of covert
Two hares came
With coats like saffron
When east clouds flame.

Dancing and leaping
They doubled in chase
And the snow was patterned
Like delicate lace,

Till one crow watching
Flapped his wings
And cawed at the hares'
Canterings,

And startled by
The threat of the sound
There were no hares
On the snowy ground.

DORIS A. WILSON.

FRENCH SYMBOLISM

ITS INFLUENCE ON MODERN POETRY

I

IN this twentieth century of enlightenment we can discard, at least where the world of Art is concerned, the pathetic illusion of progress which implies improvement, substituting in its place evolution, which implies in no way the idea of amelioration, but rather a growth which may be progressive or retrogressive. Granting this much, it is on the face of it self-evident, when considering that particular branch of Art called literature, that a study of past literature will help us to understand its present phases more clearly. Such a study will in the case of modern poetry not only bring into clearer relief its evolution, but will at the same time throw some light both on the manner of its origination and the reason for its existence.

And what, after all, are the characteristics of this modern poetry to which England and America have been contributing in one form or another for close on twenty years? Liberty first and foremost—liberty of thought, liberty of expression, of form, of language, a liberty in fact that through the very intensity of its desire is apt to degenerate into licence. It is because of this liberty that the voice of modern poetry has become so essentially and readily the expression of an individualism whose multiform varieties correspond and adapt themselves to the personal visions and emotions of humanity. To this extent modern poetry bears out Zola's definition of Art as "Nature seen through a temperament"—if we take Nature in its broadest sense to include the breadth and depth of life and the world of thought which life brings into being. Unlike beauty, which needs concentration and restraint, individualism and its expression in literature can survive only under a freedom that is unfettered by the canons of form and the theories of technique.

It is this liberty which has propagated the expression of individualism in modern literature and has made it the more accessible for those who seek it. Perfection of form, sacrificed, is no longer the main objective, if indeed it exists at all as one, and just as the ideal of perfection results invariably in sterility, so another of the characteristics of modern poetry is its fecundity. It is more concerned with passing mood and the recapture of spontaneous emotion than with the presentation of ideas, and this very facility of inspiration which permits modern poetry to be provoked and brought into being by any medium that can inspire emotion is, coupled with the liberty of expression and form that is permitted, another and more dangerous feature of its fecundity. Dispensing with many of the æsthetic privileges of poetry, such as rhyme and metre, it calls for a correspondingly higher degree of skill, and at its best attains its object by conciseness and force. On the other hand, because of the apparent ease with which *vers libre* may be written, there is a very real and imminent danger of its being used by the incompetent as a vehicle for the expression of loose thinking and undisciplined emotion.

Like all great movements, the new poetry originated in a spirit of revolt. Primarily it was a revolt against the self-expression and soulful earnestness of the Victorian era. With Tennyson as their mouthpiece and " meistersinger," the intellectual stalwarts of the nineteenth century had concentrated upon the elimination of all personality and individualism other than that which conformed to their own pre-conceived standards of social convention and philosophy. As Arthur Waugh has put it : " Victorianism bent every energy to the manufacture of a moulded and composite citizenship ; its primary object was the sinking of the individual in the mass."

Deciding that the Victorian gods were only human and their feet of clay, the New School confused their philosophy with the manner in which they expressed it, and concluded that both were bad. But however much we may quarrel with the dogmatic philosophy which pervades Victorian poetry, as craftsmen in verbal workmanship the Victorians have had few equals. Swinburne's mastery of rhythm, and the beauty of Tennyson's many haunting lines, will remain, presumably, long after the ephemeral emotionalism of the moderns has passed away. Breaking with the established poetic canons of the preceding generation, with the good as with the bad, with its beauty and dignity as with its artificiality and sentimentality, the New Poetry, in order to make its voice heard, worked itself into passionate emphaticism, verging on incoherency. The result, under the circumstances not altogether unnatural, is a great sincerity, a great vitality and strength, but not a little banality. Then having obtained what it wanted—recognition—the first fine fire of its enthusiasm somewhat dwindled, and as is usually the case when some passionately desired objective has been attained, just now it seems to be waiting for a new spark to kindle its smouldering embers into a blaze.

II

A brief study of the Symbolist movement which took place in French poetry in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, will show many similar characteristics as regards both the manner of its origination and the spirit behind it. On the theory that the survey of a past literature will help us to understand its present phases more clearly, it is possible that such a survey will show us a very logical reason for the New Poetry, and that it developed as it did and when it did, because it was merely a reproduction of a similar movement that had taken place in France some twenty years earlier.

Poetry, being a living thing, is organic and subject to change and evolution as are all forms of life. In France its evolution in the nineteenth century, culminating in the Symbolist movement, has but few parallels in any age or in any country for either intensity or scope. The opening years of the century, under the influence of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, prepared the ground for the full splendour of the Romantic movement, which, lasting roughly from 1820 to 1840, left its mark long after it had lost its favour. On the heels of the Romantics, with Victor Hugo at their head, came Baudelaire, in style and despite his originality of inspiration and subject, far more Classical than Romantic; came Théodore de Banville, that charming manipulator of rhyme and metre; came the detached impassivity of the Parnassians, with Gauthier, Leconte de Lisle and the Cuban, José-Maria de Hérédia. When finally "the Symbolists," or rather the men who were later known as the Symbolists, arrived on the scene, it was to find the "shibboleths" of the poetic world laid down and prescribed for them by these same Parnassians. As Romanticism was a revolt against the neo-Classicism of the eighteenth century, so the Parnassian movement was a revolt against both the extravagance and the rhetorical exaggeration of the Romantics, as well as against the painful realism of Balzac and Zola. In its turn Symbolism was a revolt against the impersonality and emotional frigidity of the Parnassians.

To understand more clearly why the Symbolists came into existence and what they attempted to do, it will be of some help to see what they definitely were not. The Parnassian movement was a reaction, as natural as it was useful, against the sentimentalism of the Romantics. Its cry—a new cry in those days—was "Art for Art's sake," and in the hands of such masters as Gauthier—himself originally a Romantic—Leconte de Lisle, Albert Samain and Hérédia of the matchless sonnets, its poetry reached a very high degree of technical skill. Its immediate and most practical achievement was the freeing of French verse from the favourite poetic themes of the Romantics, who had sung with so much depth and feeling about desolate lakes with musical waves, young maidens with tragic eyes, and young men who sobbed their lives away over Love's disillusionment. As a movement towards the restraint of undignified emotion and towards the realization of a Spartan beauty—chaste and cold as the snows of Monte Rosa—the movement was wholly in the right direction, but unfortunately it emphasized the form of poetry, and a singularly beautiful form it must be admitted, at the expense of emotion and idea. But man is an emotional animal and at times indignantly philosophical. Lack of emotion was bad enough; lack of ideas was worse, and so the Parnassians, having lived a brief and not inglorious life, met their death at the hands of the once despised Symbolists.

Broadly speaking, the Symbolist movement, at its best, contained many of the virtues of the Parnassians, but few of their defects, and in addition much that was peculiarly its own. It was a school of thought as much as a manner of writing, and though only brought to light by the literary press in 1885, its origin goes back some twenty or more years. *Les Poemes Saturniens* of Verlaine were published in 1866, his *Fête Galantes* three years later. Neither attracted the attention of the reading public or of the critics. In 1867, some poems of Stephane Mallarmé entitled "Pages Oubliées," and written in prose form, appeared in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's publication, *La Revue des Lettres et des Arts*. Their fate was little different from that of Verlaine's two volumes. The war of 1870, followed by the political and social upheaval of the Commune, was no doubt to blame, for in poetry, as in other forms of intellectual activity, there is a certain theory of timeliness to be observed, and those intense years of war followed by a nation's disillusionment were hardly a fertile field for the wistfulness of a Verlaine or Mallarmé's theory of poetry.

A certain chapter, however, of J. K. Huysman's *A Rebours* put the younger generation of poets on the scent of Verlaine and Mallarmé, and in these two they recognized the ideas and ideals for which they had been vainly groping. It was left for Jean Moréas, a young Greek who had come from Athens to Paris with the avowed intention of becoming a French poet (strangely enough he succeeded), to save the movement by giving it a fitting name. Writing in the August 11th, 1885, number of the *XIX^e Siècle*, his subject being the tendencies of modern poetry, Moréas applied the word Symbolism to it. That was the final touch; the name caught, and from that date the fate of Symbolism was in little doubt. Verlaine and Mallarmé, who had been writing their masterpieces for close on a quarter of a century, were acclaimed on all sides, and the new poetry was conceded by the intelligent critics and an equally intelligent public to be what it had always been : *poetry.* Literary reviews were filled with it, and *La Vogue*, in 1886, actually headed its first number, as a sort of Declaration of Independence, with those same poems of Mallarmé, " Pages Oubliées," which had first appeared unnoticed nineteen years earlier in Villier's publication.

Attempts without number have been made to define Symbolism, and most of them have failed for the simplest of reasons—that it defines comprehensive definition. When Remy de Gourmont says : " It means individualism in literature, liberty of art, abandonment of existing forms . . . it may also mean idealism, a tendency to take only the characteristic detail out of life," he comes very near the mark. Stripped of all adornment, that is what Symbolism stood for : individualism, liberty in art, abandonment of existing forms. These were the triple threads running through the fabric, and constituting both its weakness and its strength. For liberty is a dangerous master, and when, as in Symbolism, free rein is given to the expression of individualism, the means do tend at times to obscure the end, even though they succeed in justifying it, which exactly has been the fate of Symbolism.

If the Symbolists were united in striving for liberty in Art and abandonment of existing forms, they were equally united in their determination to give full vent to their individualities. Now individualism means individualism, precisely that and nothing else. To attempt to define comprehensively any school whose creed is individualism is obviously a sheer impossibility, for no two individualities are alike. All that they can have in common is their desire to submit their art to their individualities and not their individualities to their art. But although Symbolism defies a catchword analysis and stands for a great many other things besides literary freedom, it did employ even frequently much the same form, or rather lack of form, to gain its other objectives.

In all its aspects, Symbolism would be a never ending study, for there were as many conceptions of poetry as there were poets. But though still clinging passionately to the expression of their individualities, these Symbolists did acknowledge two men—Verlaine and Mallarmé—as their masters, and were willing, moreover, to effect a partial compromise by moulding their art on that of these two leaders. Their poetry was really the bedrock or point of departure for Symbolism, and though not covering all its various phases, it is the norm of nearly all that has endured of Symbolism and has given it permanent value.

Verlaine and Mallarmé were the heart and brains respectively of the movement. Both were passionately admired, the one with familiarity, the other with respect ; but except for a hatred of literary discipline and regulation, they had little in common. Mallarmé was essentially the sober Academician, the typical man of letters. Where Verlaine appealed to the imagination through the heart, Mallarmé made his appeal through the mind. Where Verlaine succeeded in making fashionable a certain artistic " gaucherie " and negligence, Mallarmé was for ever seeking the *mot juste.* It is on this *mot juste* that the whole of Mallarmé's work hinges. He was in love with words, with their sound, with their colour, with their suggestive meaning and their power to evoke atmosphere and transmit instantaneously a whole world of thought and image. He was in love with the phonetic value of words as with their extraordinary value, suggestive or associative, over and above their strict dictionary meaning. Now words are merely sounds which symbolize ideas, but undeterred by this inherent handicap, Mallarmé made the solution of the impossible his capital problem. He endeavoured to make a finite medium—that is, words—not merely the symbol, but the equivalent of something finite—that is, the emotional experience which he was trying to express.

Mallarmé attacked the problem by emphasizing the sound of words at the expense of their meaning. He strove to impress the reader's imagination, to make his language the equivalent of his emotional experience by concentrating on the value of words without regard to their logical or syntactical coherency. When he succeeded (which is only where syntactical form has been preserved) he produced some of the most beautiful poetry in the French language; each word is so placed that by sound and meaning it brings out a wealth of responsive feeling and imagination, and we become aware that it is the sound of the words themselves, independent of their meaning, that is responsible. But often, where coherency has been sacrificed, the brain refuses to grasp the meaning which underlies the welter of illogical words and heaped up images which, without apparent significance or relation to one another, strike no responsive chord. The logic of his æsthetic symbolism further led Mallarmé to express only the second term in a comparison, the word thus used being chosen for its phonetic and suggestive qualities, and with but little regard for its grammatical sense. The result is a kind of poetic shorthand, clear enough to Mallarmé who had the key, but utterly incomprehensible to anyone else. By the use of a single word he gave the form, the colour, the scent, a striking similitude of the object or being which he wished to express and which would otherwise have required the use of innumerable adjectives and phrases to bring out its full value. In a single word used in this way would be concentrated a complete tableau of imagination. He was not a prolific writer; his poetry consists of less than a hundred published poems, but his influence on his contemporaries was far reaching. Nearly all the Symbolists, at one time or another, worked on his theory that poetry lies more in the sound of words than in their sense, and when using this theory, they failed, it was because they violated one of the fundamental laws of poetry and demanded too much of the reader.

Although Mallarmé's poetry fired intellectual imagination, his life itself was uneventful and almost commonplace. What a contrast with that of Verlaine, for if ever a man was qualified by emotional experience to write poetry, that man was Verlaine. A slave to his sensations and completely dominated by physical emotion and desire, he resembles more than a little the wayward figure of fifteenth-century Villon. Married at an early age, his youthful idyll was broken up all too soon by his passion for drink and his friendship with Rimbaud. These were the demons that pursued him relentlessly for the best years of his life. After his separation from his wife came years of vagabondage, many of them with Rimbaud as his companion. Tiring of Rimbaud, with whom he had been living in London, he escaped to Brussels. Rimbaud followed him; the two quarrelled, and Verlaine, answering to requests for money with a revolver, wounded his friend and was sent to the penitentiary at Mons where he spent two years. While in prison he became an ardent Catholic—it was never in his nature to do things by halves—then came mental reaction, bodily sickness and poverty. The remaining years of his life were spent between hospital and café, with drink and mistresses adding the finishing touches to an already sordid background.

His poetry which has but little absolute value other than emotional, was in more ways than one a reflection of his life. Like his life, his rhythms were broken up and elusive, and one of his principal achievements as a poet was dislocating the rigidity which had hitherto characterized French poetry. French poetry, until Verlaine set the example, had been governed by a multitude of technical rules and regulations. Verlaine, despising technical discipline, broke them all. Masculine rhymes were followed by masculine rhymes, nouns were carried over to the lines following their governing adjectives, verbs were similarly separated from their adverbs, the caesura appeared only at grotesque intervals, metrical emphasis was abolished and only rhythmical fluidity retained. In his *Nuit de Walpurgis classique*, for example, the metre is practically negligible and the language is governed only by an underlying rhythm, at times staccato, at times easily gliding such as a man casually speaking might use. He had also a leaning towards strange forms, and frequently used a strophe consisting of three lines of which the first and third rhymed and the second rhymed either with nothing at all or else with the first and third lines of the succeeding strophe; or again a three-line strophe in which all three lines rhymed. Finally, as a crowning touch and to symbolize his ridicule for the inelasticity of existing forms, he stood the sonnet on its head and left it wildly waving its feet in the air.

Verlaine's charm lies in spontaneity of thought and expression. Never a line of his savours of laboured effort, and whether they speak to us of religion, of women, or of desolate country-side and town, there is the same firm master touch, guiding never forcing the wistful language which was the vehicle for all his thoughts. In his poem, "L'Art Poétique," Verlaine, enunciating his theory of poetry, left behind him a moral support for succeeding generations of poets. "Music, above all else—beware of emphasis and precision—not colour, only the shade—no eloquence, strangle it—Rhyme? A worthless jewel." This was Verlaine's creed which unlike most poetic theories he successfully carried into practice. He abolished rigidity of form, he proved that poetry could be written without rhetoric, that language as it is spoken can possess by reason of its naïveté and spontaneity, a rich poetic value; and, finally, he paved the way for *vers libre*.

Even so, Symbolism owes as much to the enthusiasm of its disciples as to the genius of the two acknowledged masters who brought it into being. Verlaine and Mallarmé showed the direction in which the ball should be rolled. They did more: they gave it dynamic impulse, but without Laforgue, René Ghil, Gustave Kahn, Henri de Regnier or Verhaeren, the ball would not have rolled so very far. If Verlaine dislocated the rigidity of French poetry, Laforgue disrupted it completely; and where Verlaine looked askance at rhyme, Laforgue substituted assonance. Gustave Kahn, going a step farther, analysed *vers libre*, and having defined it, sat down and wrote it. René Ghil and Violé Griffin kept the Mallarméan influence of the suggestive word alive; it remained for Henri de Régnier to popularize Symbolism, to gain official recognition for it and finally, in his own *vers libre*, to combine the fluidity of

Verlaine with the harmony of Mallarmé. There remains but one thing more—Verhaeren modernized Symbolist poetry. He gave it vigour, force, life ; he made it realize the existence of the modern world and he proved that fog-ridden streets of London and slag-heaps, factory chimneys, even the Stock Exchange, have an emotional value as genuine as that inspired by the conventionally beautiful.

III

In spite of such basic differences as those of language and environment, it is but a step from French Symbolism to the New Poetry of the present day. Both started in a spirit of revolt. Both wished to divorce poetry from the shackles of existing forms, for the poetry of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold was just as much in captivity to conventional form as was that of the French Parnassians. Both had much the same object—expression of individualism—and both used much the same form—*vers libre*—in which to express it. The similarity between the two movements goes even further, in that it applies to practical achievement : fluidity and rhythm in the place of metrical emphasis ; assonance instead of rhyme, strength instead of affectation and unreality, natural diction instead of poetic licence. Inversion is no more and the mincing vocabulary along with the antimacassar are relegated to the scrap-heap.

Unashamedly and without apology, the New Poetry, following on the footsteps of Symbolism, speaks in the free swinging rhythm of natural speech, and with its scope immeasurably enlarged, sings of a world of reality instead of a Utopian world of dreams where only Beauty reigns. Instead of the worn out and overworked beauty of the obviously beautiful, we are at last shown that there is nothing as infinitely subtle and pathetic as ugliness and crudity. Life in all its phases, not merely the sad or the beautiful, is allowed to inspire emotion, and poetry, at long last, feels free to record this emotion.

E. A. BLOCK.

ARNO HOLZ (1863-1929)

NEW FORMS IN GERMAN LYRIC

ON the 26th of October last, the death occurred of one of the most original characters in German literature—Arno Holz, radical inaugurator of the naturalist school in Germany and creator of a new lyric style, who was born on April 26th, 1863, and was the son of a chemist in Rastenburg, East Prussia. An unfavourable criticism was to change the whole of Holz's work. In 1885 he published his *Buch der Zeit*. This was not well received by the critics. It is a collection of enthusiastic and masterly poems, and a powerful expression of the social atmosphere of our times. Romantic songs are included among those which betray a strong social tendency, so that the works suffer from a lack of harmony. This volume also includes a cycle of thirteen poems, called " Phantasus," the rhythm of which is similar to that of Herwegh's *Mein ganzer Reichtum ist mein Leben*. As we shall see, Holz later gave the name of Phantasus to the whole of his new lyrical work.

The failure of the above book caused him to ponder over his technique. He had enriched poetry with modern problems, but not yet revolutionized its form. He next engaged himself in critical theories of Zola, whose work he had read in Paris, and in addition to the latter writer, Flaubert and Goncourt were his new favourites. It is characteristic of Holz that, with his usual radicalism, he went beyond Zola's theory and became the creator of what is called " konsequenter Naturalismus " in his versatile and dialectic study : *Die Kunst, ihr Wesen und ihre Gesetze* (1890-92).

Zola's definition, " Un œuvre d'art est un coin de la nature vu à travers un tempérament," was not radical enough for Holz, who set up the doctrine that art only differed from nature in its medium of representation. His theory finally culminates in the formula : " Die Kunst hat die Tendenz, die Natur zu sein. Sie wird sie nach Massgabe ihrer Mittel und deren Handhabung "—i.e., art tends to be nature, it becomes so according to the medium used and the treatment of it. Art develops, it is not absolute but relative, and there are as many conceptions of art as of nature. The distinction between music, poetry, sculpture, painting, etc., is unsatisfactory, for art is not limited to separate forms of expression. There are as many forms of art as there are artistic mediums. These may change, exhaust themselves, or be replaced by other means, e.g., our conventional dancing is nothing but motion, whereas according to Holz it has ceased to be a medium of expression. He foresees a modern art which only consists of sound and light, and for him no medium is more comprehensive than the word.

It was characteristic of Holz that about the same time he sought and found a literary companion in Johannes Schlaf. In spite of great hardships, hunger and cold, they finished *Papa Hamlet* (1889) under the Norwegian pseudonymous name: Bjarne P. Holmsen. This cycle of three tales already betrays the naturalistic style, for the cause of which Holz fought in theory, and which was afterwards used by G. Hauptmann so successfully. In 1890 they published the drama, *Die Familie Selicke*, which was staged on the "Freie Bühne." Holz made use of his naturalist method of minute description and phonographic exactness. Soon afterwards both friends published their works together in the volume *Neue Gleise*, but from that time they went their own ways. Apart from nine lyric contributions to Bierbaum's *Musenalmanach* (1893), Holz did not produce anything for four years. It was a time of need and utmost distress. Maximilian Harden's public collection enabled him to continue his work. In 1896 the *Sozialaristokraten* appeared as the first of an intended series of twelve dramas: "Berlin. Die Wende einer Zeit in Dramen," but only three were written. The abovementioned is a literary satire. Its hero, Oskar Fiebig, reappears in *Phantasus* later. It was followed by *Sonnenfinsternis* (1908), the tragedy of the artist, and in 1912 by *Ignorabimus*, the tragedy of the man of letters. This drama was never performed, owing to the fact that its production would take eight hours. The gigantic scope is characteristic of the author. Holz had more success with the dramas he wrote in collaboration with Oskar Jerschke. The best known is *Traumulus* (1905), the tragicomedy of a teacher; it is often compared with Max Dreyer's *Probekondidat*, O. Ernst's *Flachsmann als Erzieher*, or Georg Kaiser's *Rektor Kleist.* From the artistic point of view it is a concession to the tastes of the public.

Of greater interest are his other works, and above all his theories on the lyric which he propounds in the *Revolution der Lyrik* (1899). According to Holz, novel and drama have found their way back to nature, but not so the lyric. He complains that the form has become detached from the spirit. Verbal music, rhyme and verse are sufficient in themselves, and Holz says that even when a poet like Walt Whitman tried to destroy conventional law by free verse, it turned out to be " pulpit-style," and not artistic form. The *Moderne Dichtercharaktere* (an anthology of lyrics, edited by Conradi, Arent, Henckell and Hart in 1884, to which he contributed a few poems) had also not revolutionized poetry. It is " the blood of the language " that has to be renewed. The modern poet seeks the inner rhythm which is born directly out of the subject, and which avoids all amateurish lyrical patterns not truly expressive of the matter. Holz is the enemy of the clanging, jingling rhyme, that tires the hearer by the repetition of hackneyed words. To him the strophe also seems to have lost its pregnant significance. He hears in every stanza, as soon as it is repeated, a hidden " hurdy-gurdy." Even free verse is not always devoid of " false pathos," which spoils the essence of the inner form. In the return of the words to their original value and to their simple meaning, Holz sees a panacea for modern lyric form. Yet he does not abolish significant rhythm expressed in utmost simplicity. Consequently, departing from literary convention, Holz also invented a new arrangement in the printing of his poems. Their typographical order is merely formal to suggest the rhythm, and they could also be written in prose. The author calls these new verses " Mittelachsenverse "—(central-axis-verses), that is to say, the lines are built round an " axis " in order to give beauty and clarity of design. This may be illustrated by the following example from *Phantasus* (1898) :

Draussen die Düne.

Einsam das Haus,
eintönig,
ans Fenster
der Regen.

Hinter mir,
tictac,
eine Uhr,
meine Stirn
gegen die Scheibe.

Nichts.

Alles vorbei.

Grau der Himmel,
grau die See
und grau
das Herz.

Holz was violently attacked by his literary opponents. He defended the originality of his technique and cleared up a few misapprehensions ; he did not mean to abolish subjective art—the poet had to express as directly as possible *what* and *how* he felt. Here Zola's " tempérament," once so radically rejected, is re-established. Holz emphasizes that art never becomes nature, but in his fight against æsthetic affectation he had to create a revolutionary formula.

His *Phantasus* poetry is not prose, but absolute necessity freed of all irrelevant accessories.

Further explanations were summed up in the book : *Die befreite deutsche Wortkunst* (1921), where he calls the new mode of printing an " acoustic picture " ; it takes the place of the old versification. For instance, the writing of two equally long lines, one below the other, must be conditioned by inner form or this parallelism is " false pathos." Compare the above poem : " grau der Himmel, grau die See." The repetition of the word " grau " is to emphasize the monotony of the scene.

Holz then refers to the use of " numerical architecture," a scheme according to which a certain number of verbs, nouns or adjectives appear spontaneously in his songs. In contrast to the radical rejection of rhyme in the *Revolution der Lyrik*, he here returns to the use of the latter, but no more as a hackneyed form, but as a medium of artistic gradation. Impure rhyme becomes for him a useful means of transition from verse to prose. But there is no form *a priori*, no essential difference between drama and lyric; they are one unity, the former indirect, the latter direct, expression.

These were the main points of Holz's theories which inaugurated new lyric forms and which he put into practice in *Phantasus*.

But it is truly a touch of irony that it was just his other poems, written in the old style, which attracted the attention especially of the German public, as for instance the "Blechschmiede" (1902)—a modern Walpurgisnight with its diabolical abandonment and literary satire. In this "lyric, dramatic, drastic, musical, picturesque, and plastic mystery of words" Phantasus also appears under various masks. In "Dafnis" (1903) he proves himself a master of rhyme. It is a "lyric portrait" in which Holz imitates and excels the style of the seventeenth century with exquisite skill. Both "Dafnis" and "Blechschmiede" are unique in their linguistic mastership, and have unquestionably influenced the second edition of *Phantasus* by their burlesque, aristophanic style.

But his most famous work is *Phantasus*, on which he laboured throughout his life. This work clearly exemplifies his theory. The first poem, written in the new technique of Holz, is called "Nacht" (1886). Soon afterwards, in Bierbaum's *Musenalmanach*, nine other specimens of his new free verse were published, but still in the old traditional printing form. They sing of "Liebesleid und Liebesglück," of autumn and the passing of youth. They are also rich in fantastic descriptions of nature. In spite of this variety, no sign of an intended cycle is yet to be seen. In 1898-99 Holz published a hundred poems in two booklets, called *Phantasus*. The poems are without rhyme or title, and are printed in the new form. One recognizes in them a tendency to portray a picture of the universe. Apart from the above nine poems, which were extended, there are autobiographical reminiscences of childhood and home, sketches of modern Berlin, and exotic, satirical, grotesque, and erotic scenes, symbolical descriptions, philosophical contemplations, antique mythology mixed with oriental elements, and poems in which the author utters his desire to rise from the depths of animalism into a state of childlike innocence. Thus these poems encompass the eastern and western world, and express the joy and sorrow of men.

Having created a special technique for the representation of every subject and emotion and every conceivable type of character, Holz produced the colossal cycle of *Phantasus* (1916) in seven parts. It is a large folio edition of three hundred and thirty-six pages, a giant compared with the size of the edition of 1898-99, but only contains one hundred and thirty-one poems. Holz intended it to contain a thousand songs, but unfortunately they were not completed. The author said that a poet of free verse needed immense concentration so that he might avoid falling into prosaic banality, but he himself could not resist this temptation, e.g., in the place of the one verb "träumt" of the first edition we find twenty-one in the second edition (see Ph. II, 49, "Dicke, gelbe" . . .). A unique example of expansion is the poem, "Gottseidank" (Ph. V), which covers ninety-two folio pages. It contains a vast sentence (page 112), the labyrinthian structure of which spreads over fifteen pages, formed of repetitions and variations round an "axis" which is one single finite verb of one syllable, arithmetically increasing. Holz himself compares this syntactical marvel with a fugue, in which he had to amass word upon word so that they automatically joined in a numerical scale. Over nearly three pages, about four hundred nouns are registered, which even surpasses Walt Whitman's power of catalogueing. There is a long sentence of one hundred and forty-four lines also with a great many sentences in parenthesis. Such vast structures are intended by Holz to characterize the content; thus the tiresome climbing of a mountain is symbolized by a sentence of twenty-seven lines. But he is not always successful in creating what he called inner form. He often tends to fall into the virtuosity of a verbal juggler.

The style of most poems of the last *Phantasus* (1916) is n consequence profuse; it employs a series of synonymic and homonymous adjectives or a succession of catalogued details, contrasts, metaphors, and comparisons in a strange numerical order. Also Raabe, Dehmel, Stefan George, and others show similar architectonics in their compositions, vide: Oskar Walzel's *Handbuch der Literaturwissenschaft*. Being extraordinarily versed in his language, Holz indulges in accumulations of onomatopœic, antiquated, dialectic, and colloquial words, compounds, derivations, alliterations, and new constructions to express his subject. As mentioned above, the author calls the line the smallest unit of rhythm in *Phantasus*. There are short lines consisting of one word and long ones of about thirty words, but it must be said that the existence of a unity is not always evident.

If we admit a fundamental difference in the conception, *Phantasus* is counterpart to Rabelais. One is struck by some similarities in style. Both draw from their wide scientific reading a large amount in its grotesque parts material for their work, and there is an affinity of style as to onomatopœia, alliteration, assonance, plays upon words, and fantastic combinations, etc., thus we may refer to Rabelais' enumerations in his *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (prologue to the third book). In no less than sixty-three verbs he tells us what Diogenes did with his " jolly tub," how he turned and wheeled it. Fischart, a German satirist of the sixteenth century and an imitator of Rabelais, favours a copious style similar to *Phantasus*, as exemplified in the detailed accounts of gross excess in the pleasures of the table, encyclopædean knowledge, and verbal witticism in his *Affenteuerliche naupengeheuerliche Geschichtsklitterung*. Holz, as proved by his " Dafnis," was also very familiar with the literature of the seventeenth century, but his poetry is far from the artificiality of the pastoral poems. His " Mittelachsenverse " of *Phantasus* are not tasteless figures of hearts or cypresses as are found in the bucolic lyrics of that time. Apart from the free verses of the classics, there also existed other literary prototypes. Thus Tieck, in his *Lebenselemente* (Gedichte 1841, Neue Ausgabe, Berlin), now and then uses a line-order closely resembling that of Holz's *Phantasus*. But Holz denied being influenced by it. Among the modern poets, only Liliencron, in his poem, " Betrunken," has used the new form, but according to Holz's assertion, quite unconsciously. Above all, Walt Whitman's " Leaves of Grass " bear the closest resemblance to his style. Holz, however, rejected the idea of any dependency upon the American poet, who departed from the conventional metrical scheme and rhyme. His poetry abounds with figures of speech, antithesis, catalogue, metaphor, etc. Like Holz, he sings the praise of the Universe in realistic and visionary songs, and feels the ecstasies as well as the suffering of the world, *vide* " Song of Myself " :

> " I understand the large hearts of heroes,
> the courage of present times and all times. . . ."

or about evolution :

> " I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am
> encloser of things to be.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
> Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, I know
> I was even there."

This idea is also dominant in *Phantasus*, although Holz believed in the originality of his ideas. Unquestionably he was the first to use the new form systematically, theoretically, and practically.

Now what are the ideas of *Phantasus* ?

According to Pauly's explanation in his *Real-Encyclopædie der Classischen Altertumswissenschaft*, Phantasus is the son of sleep, and appears to the dreamers in changing shapes of the inanimate. Tieck calls his collection of fairy-tales, dramas, and stories *Phantasus* (1812-1816), in which case Phantasus is a boy who appears to the poet in his dreams, and lures him into the world of spring. The allegorical figures : terror, foolishness, jest, love, followed by charming elves and Pan, are Tieck himself. On the appearance of Pan this profusion of visionary shapes finally develops into a symbolical picture of the unity of nature, the overwhelming sight of which awakens the poet from his dream. There is no doubt whatever that Tieck's title, *Phantasus*, and the above autobiography influenced Holz, although Tieck's work differs very much from that of Holz.

The latter first mentions Phantasus in his *Buch der Zeit*, in which Phantasus is the young, starving poet with a glowing enthusiasm living high up in the clouds in a garret of North Berlin. The rays of the sun turn to song within his heart and the rain to melodies within his ear. Just as Tieck characterizes in his *Phantasus* periods of his own life, so does Holz in this cycle. Both, commencing with the description of the dreary drudgery of everyday existence, underweave the dullness of reality with the colours of imagination. Holz's *Phantasus* of 1898-99 and the big edition of 1916 bear the same title. These poems are no more a sort of biography, as in the *Buch der Zeit*, but a picture of the cosmos. So Holz competes with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Gœthe, forming a picture of the times, based on a modern scientific conception of the universe. He assimilates into himself torture, sorrow, pain bliss, joy, ecstasy, rapture—indeed, life itself, not only his own, but that of all men in all shapes and at all times and in all parts of the world. Thus *Phantasus* 1916 became a modern song of the perpetual and variable universe. Unfortunately it is so little known that some sketch of the contents is necessary.

The first cycle comprises nineteen poems, in which the poet leads us back billions of years before his birth and sings of his happy childhood, veiled in myth. The idea of progress, already preached with prophetic pathos in Walt Whitman, has, with Holz, won a new significance. He praises the eternity of the individual soul, the infinite evolution of man from a primordial state. The first three poems deal with his pre-existence. Phantasus was once an iris which developed into new forms of existence. In the following poems he experiences these. He has been an oriental despot, Buddha, Haroun-al-Raschid, Messalina, a crusader, a medieval witch, a French revolutionist, etc. The descriptions of the infinite, evolutionary stages of

Phantasus's life that preceded his present existence are most impressive. He is part of the whole universe. He never perishes. Poems four to nineteen draw pictures of his innocent childhood—the serene days of his youth. Full of desire for lost happiness, the first cycle ends. It already shows the monumental scope of the *Phantasus* of 1916. Naturally the composition of the cycle is not harmonious, the language vacillates between violent rhythm and simple expression, the content between wild orgy and idyllic nature, fairy tale and humorous sketches. But each poem is a unity in itself. The second cycle could bear the title: Awakening of the Spring. With garish colours Holz paints spring in striking contrast to the dim winter-morning in the streets of Berlin. Blissfully lying among buttercups, he enjoys the beauty of nature. In his blood the sun arouses a secret disquietude. Intoxicated with delight and love he forgets time and space. But soon his happiness ends in sorrow. The composition of this cycle is nearly perfect; the poems are connected with each other both as regards content and style. The third cycle is a continuation of the second. A year has passed. Phantasus is at home again, his heart filled with tender sadness. Landscapes, idylls, and reflections follow in succession. Every second squanders its abundance of joy on man: the leaf whirled from the tree, a plaything of the wind, or the clouds in the sky, make him happy. By the silent sea, peace is within him. These loosely connected impressions of scenery are followed by those of modern civilization. The misery and social slavery of the proletarian citizen are a parallel to the decay of nature. In the fourth cycle the author proves himself master of visions, dreams, fairy-tales, and grotesques, e.g., in his description of the courtship of a snub-nosed princess by a frog with gold eyes, or of the frenzied dancing of Salome. In a Japanese landscape lurks a faun. On a ship of flowers Phantasus is drifted to the isle of nothingness, etc. There is a lack of harmony in this composition because of the above variety. The fifth cycle tells of Phantasus's fanciful journey to a fairy palace. It is an adventurous dream, now and then interrupted by reminiscences of his schooldays and the harsh realities of his existence. On the sail of the sun he is carried towards Calypso, then he hurries on through Asia Minor, and so on to the Himalaya. He crosses to the desert Ghobi and the great wall of China in a Zeppelin. Led by seven swans he arrives at the town of ten thousand palaces of pearls. Grillparzer's *Der Traum ein Leben* and *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* may have inspired Holz with the ideas of this fanciful journey. Gülnare's beautiful coral temple is portrayed in one gigantic sentence of seven hundred and forty-three lines, where Phantasus should be inititated into the secrets of oriental *ars amandi.* The splendour vanishes, he returns home. From afar he sees his native town. Disillusion, biting sarcasm, and persiflage fill most of the sixth cycle. Now life means to him but utmost despair. At every moment worlds are annihilated. The poet unrolls an effective panorama of human suffering. Life is torture, it is nothing but a drop of rain, the smoke of a cigarette. Like Faust, he ponders on the beauty of nature and love. The moral constitution of the world is an insult to mankind, and God Himself has become a caricature, begging in the streets. As Nietzsche, Phantasus proclaims the twilight of the gods who are turned into wax figures, an empty puppet-show. And yet! Our very desire cries for justice, says Phantasus in this poem which Holz has taken from his drama, *Ignorabimus* (Act V). This is also a proof that lyrical and dramatic form became the same to him. The title " Und . . . doch " reminds of Max Klinger's picture of the same theme. "And yet there is hope." Nature is eternal. Thus the cycle closes on an optimistic note. Finally, the seventh cycle chiefly depicts the ups and downs of Holz's poetical career. He has achieved his goal. With diabolical irony he revenges himself on his adversaries and makes a laughing-stock of the purse-pride of his æsthetic opponents. Melancholy turns to exuberant mirth. Here are verses which reflect the gay tone of " Dafnis " and " Blechschmiede." R. Ress tells us in his book, *Arno Holz und seine künstlerische, weltkulturelle Bedeutung* (1913), that in these poems Holz symbolizes the literary revolution in the years 1880-1890. He, the German poet, is host of all gods at his castle. The wild revelry of the festival is but a fleeting moment. The moon shines upon the ruins of that splendour.

Poem 23 is the summarizing finale—the swan-song of this "Pandæmonium lyricum." Phantasus has suffered joy and sorrow, he has become one with all things of nature, he has experienced every emotion: justice, covetousness, voluptuousness, enthusiasm, generosity, cynicism. Like the universe he is immortal. What Walt Whitman preached, Holz formed into poetical metamorphoses in his *Phantasus*, which comprises the history of the world and of mankind, from the origin of the world up to modern civilization.

The plurality of things is lifted into the pantheistic sphere of the universal, all pessimism, all spiritual torment has been vanquished by invincible optimism. In spite of occasional exaggeration of expression, the matter is so well transfused with his new style, that *Phantasus* may be called Holz's most characteristic and highest achievement.

AUG. CLOSS, Ph.D.

CATHEDRALS

WITHIN these centres of religious life,
Mid towers and crowns and crypts and choirs, where pale
Through centuries the light has crept, we hail
The victory they mark against the knife
Of unbelief and numbing doubt, where rife
Contention lifts. They guard the Christian's Grail!
Who kneels confessed before their altar's rail
Prayerfully ends dissension's stress and strife.

Fashions may set towards infidelity,
But here the worshipper, not blown about
By every wind of doctrine as at sea,
Nor swayed by every cynic's chilling doubt,
Learns the great blessedness, at last to be
Within these crumbling walls with heart still stout!

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

SHORT APPRECIATIONS:

WALTER DE LA MARE

"The burning fire shakes in the night;
On high her silver candles gleam;
With far-flung arms enflamed with light
The trees are lost in dream.

Come in thy beauty! 'Tis my love,
Lost in far-wandering desire
Hath in the darkling deep above
Set stars and kindled fire."

THIS is one of Mr. De la Mare's most beautiful poems, and none is more typical of his work. His poetry was first published twenty-seven years ago, but to-day no other modern poet has a bigger following. We can account for this popularity by three outstanding qualities in his work. His poetry shows pure poetic feeling, intense power of vision and deep sincerity; his work reveals new beauty with every successive reading, and so inevitably and musically do his words follow each other that the effect is as natural as the song of a blackbird, and did the lines make nonsense they would still enchant us.

To me his words are like coloured jewels strung on a dusky thread and hung on a dark cypress tree for the moon to shine upon.

He sings, not of the world we know, but of a dream-world of rose-lit twilight and starry darkness, haunted by sweet, familiar ghosts. His music lures us through avenues of dim-lit trees out into the vast enchanted spaces where all is unreal; and with what reluctant feet we return when the music ceases.

He is essentially a poet of the night, but he can sing of the morning with equal charm:

"Green in light are the hills and a calm wind flowing
Filleth the void with a flood of the fragrance of Spring;
Wings in this mansion of life are coming and going;
Voices of unseen loveliness carol and sing.

Coloured with buds of delight the boughs are swaying,
Beauty walks in the woods and wherever she rove
Flowers from wintry sleep, her enchantment obeying,
Stir in the deep of her dream, reawaken to love.

Oh, now begone sullen care—this light is my seeing ;
I am the palace and mine are its windows and walls ;
Day break is come and life from the darkness of being
Springs like a child from the womb, when the lonely one calls."

And when he wishes to move us, how exquisitely he touches our hearts and entreats us to weep with him :

" She will not die, they say,
She will but put her beauty by
And hie away.

Oh, but her beauty gone, how lonely
Then will seem her reverie,
How black to me ! "

Again, in another poem :

" Close to the world of my poor heart
So stole she, still and clear ;
Now that she's gone, O dark, and dark,
The solitude, the fear ! "

" The Little Salamander " must have been quoted many times, but for sheer love of every word I quote it again :

" When I go free I think 'twill be
A night of stars and snow,
And the wild fires of frost shall light
My footsteps as I go.

Nobody, nobody will be there,
With groping touch or sight,
To see me in my bush of hair
Dance burning through the night."

He is, of all modern poets, most grieved at the swift passing of beauty, and though it flows in an unceasing stream, how sadly he realizes that the light on its ripples shines not so brightly in later years as in youth. No one has lamented over this more beautifully :

" Once when my life was young,
I, too, with Spring's bright face
By mine, walked softly along,
Pace to his pace.

Then burned his crimson May,
Like a clear flame outspread,
Arching our happy way:
Then would he shed.

Strangely from his wild face
Wonderful light on me—
Like hounds that keen in chase
Their quarry see.

Oh, sorrow now to know
What shafts, what keenness cold
His are to pierce me through
Now that I'm old."

His bewilderment at the swift changes of beauty reveals itself again and again; it is the chief characteristic in almost all his poetry. Therefore he takes refuge in dreams and says:

" What can a tired heart say
Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
'Return again, come!'"

BEATRICE EVE.

FOR A FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

NOW, Time, take back, unblemished by regret,
Thy double gift of loveliness and pain,
This flower of years, my story's rose, while yet
Sweetest it is with half a century's rain:—
And half a century's sun! Have I not seen
Windows in heaven open at a word,
Starlight net water, new buds break their green;
Beauty herself not known, and felt, and heard?

It is enough: put very far from me,
In coming days, the wonder and the cloud:
Let me hold henceforth quiet dreams in fee,
Move me no more to issues that are loud;
But in thin soil and gently narrowing room,
Time, bring my life to frailer, fairer bloom!

D. FREEMAN-LARKIN.

SLEEP

I

INTO his hands, give Care;
For mystic Sleep is strong to bear
In his two hands the sorrow of the earth;
And he re-fashions it,
All the long night while dusk-mice flit,
To give it back at sunrise in re-birth.

Thoughts twist and leap and turn;
Like many wind-bent flames they burn,
But Sleep can still them as a shower of rain.
Strong ivory-fingered Sleep!
Into his hands give Care, to keep
Till red-haired dawn receive his own again.

II

Where is your kingdom, Royal Sleep? I know
A strange elusive land wrapt round in mist,
So filled with crystal falsehood and half-truth,
And odd old age and bright illusioned youth,
And living trees and flowers by moonshine kissed,
That all the world, its desolation past,
Fades like a wraith, and *here* is life at last!

O restful charioteer, drive us again
Past sky and stars and charmed disdainful moon,
Dead planets carried in their shining hearse,
Past leaping comets, past the universe,
Out to your kingdom, Sleep, and reach it soon!
There Earth will seem like some pale distant star,
And Pain as unaccountable, as far.

MARGARET NAPIER.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE GIRL

SHE whom we laid here was but six years old;
Too blythe a spirit for a grave to hold.
Go seek her, in the dappled April hours,
Where sun and shadow play among the flowers.

EVA DOBELL.

THE ELEMENTS OF POETRY IN ARCHITECTURE

[The following study of the elements of poetry in architecture was written by the eminent American architect, Mr. E. P. Mellon, by special invitation of the American editor of *The Poetry Review.*]

THERE is no result of man's effort the laws of which have not close analogy with those laws which influence all other objects of human exertion.

Poetry is the artistic expression of the mind in rhythmical and emotional language, not as transmitted merely by the voice, but by all of the ingenious means of man's nature. Emotion is bound to find expression and the human mind has from its original inception been struggling in its endeavours to develop these means of expression into rhythm and harmony.

Only by harmony in all conditions and environments results the state of perfect æsthetic happiness. Poetry has had as much effect upon happiness and human destiny as has any other agency of man. Its effects and its influences upon all of the several branches of art have been such that poetry has become the spirit of art.

This poetic art has been the dominant quality during many specific eras of the world's history as exemplified by the means of literature, music, painting, sculpture and architecture, each art constituting one of those great primal factors which goes to the development of the race. Only by the means of this poetic art has the accomplishment of certain periods of history been handed to posterity.

It is our object to attempt to feel æsthetically the human emotion of poetry as it effects the one branch of art—architecture.

As poetry is constructed rhythmically, by balance and by proportion, so must architecture be similarly constructed. The use of imagination is as necessary to architecture as to poetry. In the outpourings of one's imagination and in the exercise of one's logic and reason, one rises highest, and stands most distinctly apart from the rest of created beings.

When technique is laid aside and man listens only to the dictates of his æsthetic imagination, he reaches the highest form of his artistic development.

Architecture is the artistic expression of materials and form in harmony of line and in colour, as well as in symmetry and proportion. It is the art which so disposes and adorns edifices raised by man that the sight of them contributes to his pleasure.

The object and end of architecture is beauty. The feeling of beauty in architecture is attributed to a sympathy, preserved distinctly in its mystery of form as in the tones of music or in the rhythm of poetry.

The love of beauty is a characteristic of the heart of man, just as the hunger for bodily food is characteristic of the human frame. Man's soul craves beauty and there are cases where men feel too keenly to remain silent.

The æsthetic feeling in architecture imparts to some as much pleasure as does the harmony of sound to others, and in its power of expression to excite emotion, it often outrivals the power of words themselves.

There are many who are so insensible to the harmony of sound and to the feeling of form that most violent discords give them no shock. There are others who are endowed with the most intense sensibility, and are consequently able to appreciate the beauty of the arts arising out of sound and form.

Compensation to the master architect, as to the poet, is the contemplation of his, or of others, accomplishments, and the greatest architects have been as free from utilitarian influences as have been the sublime poets who composed the *Iliad* or *Paradise Lost.*

It can be felt and appreciated that architecture contains those elements of poetry, of symmetry of proportion, of art of expression and of rhythm of construction, from which evolves a climax of harmony and of beauty.

Poetry and architecture are so analogous that one might consider poetry as being the very soul of architecture. Each of the beautiful architectural masterpieces of man's creation has arisen by this inspiration of poetic art.

EDWARD P. MELLON.

THE NEW LYRICISM

[The writer of the following discussion of "The New Lyricism," as editor and poet, brings to his task the experience gained in editing the American magazine, *Voices*, over a period of years.—ED.]

THERE is, at the time, a tendency to evoke a new lyricism, cultivate the vernal and budding branch and tend lovingly the vineyards of bright and authentic song. This tendency has become apparent to those who have a listening ear and a rapt vision. We are no longer face to face with the transitional process but with the outcry itself.

The *butcheries* of free verse, the formulas of the Imagists crushed out for the moment this lyric utterance, but the poetic wilderness, in spite of the interruption, has taken on a more hardy bloom. The Chicago Stock Yards and the somewhat blatant areas beyond MacDougal Street (New York) have taken on in consequence certain virtues. This new lyricism may be said to have even extended into their own borders. The somersaults of the experimentalists are over, but we are nevertheless indebted to them for a two-fold purpose. Our somewhat narrow vision has been freed; our conventional disorders have been proven a trifle sickening. The beggar of bright song has come into his own again. Grace still attends the stem in the wind; beauty still cups the rose; the cocoon has opened again.

While they (the experimentalists) were evolving a new typography, the process of the new outcry was evolving behind the arras of modern literary events. It was time then that such gallant spokesmen as Amy Lowell and Mr. Sandberg turned our eyes away from the trivial and the sentimental. However, our own frail growth has emerged into flower again, and the days of its budding are over. Vigour has given way to a *half strength* which partakes of the brain alone. In this new outcry the heart is forgotten. New values have been established, new definitions evolved, a fresh credo written down.

Mrs. Wylie was the first to turn back to the old order and infuse into it the breath of life. As early as 1921, a volume of hers, *Nets to Catch the Wind*, prepared the way for the establishment of this new order. A sonnet of hers, "August," illustrates the new manner:

" Why should this Negro insolently stride
Down the *red noonday* on such noiseless feet?
Piled in his barrow, *tawnier than wheat*,
Lie heaps of *smoldering daisies*, sombre-eyed,
Their *copper petals* shrivelled up with pride,
Hot with a *superfluity of heat*!
Like a *great brazier* borne along the street
By *captive leopards*, black and burning pied.

Are there no water-lilies, *smooth as cream*,
With *long stems dripping crystal*? Are there none
Like those white lilies, *luminous and cool*,
Plucked from some *hemlock-darkened northern stream*
By *fair-haired swimmers*, diving where the sun
Scarce warms the surface of the deepest pool?"

The first thing demanded of this new lyricism is a freshened vocabulary, a terribly fleet arrangement of nouns and adjectives, an almost nonchalant use of rhymes. The italicized words in this sonnet illustrate the point in question. Miss Millay, a more intense singer, has not quite broken away from the manner of the other poetic generation. She cannot be said therefore to have fostered this new order in any sense. A few of the trumpeters of the new method may be mentioned here: Louise Began, Winifred Welles, E. Merrill Root, Margaret Tod Ritter, Leonie Adams and Dorothy Reid. I shall quote a poem or two again to illustrate the use of the new words and rhymes. " Song from a Slight Voice," by Louise Began, from her volume *Dark Summer* is a fine example:

" If ever I render back your heart
So long to me delight and plunder,
It will be bound with the firm strings
That men have built the viol under.

Your stubborn, piteous heart, that bent
To be the place where music stood.
Upon some shaken instrument
Stained with the dark of resinous blood,

Will find its place, beyond denial,
Will hear the dance, O be most sure,
Laid on the curved wood of the viol
Or on the struck tambour."

And a poem by Dorothy Reid—" Flower of Creation " :

" To hear the needle-cry of bats
Or moths or fish, I must
Unbind my ears of Beethoven
And fashion them to dust.

From which a tiny ant will spring
With goggle eyes that see
The upper atmospheres of light
Impossible for me.

From which a cereus will grow
With honey in its centre,
And into the ear of moth and bat
My risen dust will enter.

Here in a cave of angled walls,
Five angles and no more,
I sit interpreting a world
That lies beyond my door.

Whose light above the violet
Whose light below the red
Move me no more than candlelight
Disturbs the staring dead.

Odours and sounds more ravishing
Than I may ever know,
Presences I may never touch
Constantly come and go.

Witnessed by ant and animal,
While I serenely sit
Carving the angles of my cave
With words denying it."

Here is the freshened vocabulary carried almost to the breaking point. Colour is thickly scattered on the bright palette ; music becomes almost frantic. These poems are written from the brain and the heart forgets its ticking. But they are interesting and authentic and their dark-throated music sweeps like a tide across the maudlin shores of sentimentalism. Between this old order and the new, however, a fine handful of poets headed by Miss Millay still allow the heart to assert itself. The slow burning flame is still upon them ; the flow of the neat and limpid sentence, the gilded phrase. Leslie Nelson Jennings, perhaps the most versatile and splendid maker of sonnets America has produced, glorifies the old standard. He has not been swept off his poetic feet by the new and over-stressed intellectualism. Here is a sonnet of his—" But You Sat Silent " :

" For hours I watched him circle, sail and hang
Like some dark mote between us and the sun,
While wind forsook the earth and locusts sang
Their thankfulness of Summer well begun.
Love is an eagle fledged for upper air,
Contemptuous of our crawling ways, I cried.
Look ! With what ease he holds dominion there ;
But you sat silent, grave and empty-eyed.
But you sat silent, thinking other things,
Almost as though you had not seen or heard,
Until there came a sudden rush of wings . . .
Down by the willow thicket something stirred ;
A cowbell clanked alarm. And then you said :
It is not love that feeds upon the dead."

He is one of those poets who has felt the new order but who has clung to his own intense pattern.

The new lyricism has its drawbacks; it is too heavily weighed down by the stress of words, too burdened by rhetoric. The next overturning will standardize and define the purpose and the method. This final lyricism will be written from both the heart and the brain. I choose a poem by Marjorie Meeker, from her volume *Color of Water*, finally to illustrate what is yet to come. Her poem, " Hour of Bells," combines the two methods and points to the final lyricism of the future :

" Down the dim hour the fountain's silver springing
Rings with each bold blue drop of a tinkling bell,
Trying one tune, a gay and crystal singing,
' Nothing, nothing is well.'

All is not well. This twilight is a trick
To calm the unquiet heart. The stricken bosom
Knows in precise unfaith that night is quick
With no new bud or blossom.

A thrush, late bird of twilight, sings as if
His voice had done no haunted listeners wrong.
Lightly the moon, a wandering hieroglyph,
Sails above the song.

Nothing is well. The crystal moment quivers,
In cold blue loveliness the waters flow.
Night is an unwise charm, cast from far rivers
No one shall name or know."

The struck tambour is still heard, the flow of the tides of song. A few passing years will reveal the jubilant outcry. Both the brain and the heart will have their place in this music of the future. We are standing on the lintel of a definite American lyricism at last.

HAROLD VINAL.

A BALLADE OF DEAD WITCHCRAFT

MERLIN is dead, and all his sorcery,
Whereby a king in Britain once did reign
Excelling every prince in chivalry.
Magic is fled, and shall not come again
To men whose new-born wisdom can disdain
The mystic arts : enchantment's day is past
And every necromancy is in vain,
—All but the spell my true Love's eyes have cast.

Witches and warlocks have no potency
To plague the body nor to vex the brain,
No more doth ride their broomstick cavalry
To midnight sabbath through the lonely lane,
To brew from dead men's bones some horrid bane,
While shuddering rustics fly or stand aghast;
They with their charms are conquered and are slain,
—All but the spell my true Love's eyes have cast.

Within the citadel of Faërie
Titania sleeps amid her elfin train,
In cobwebb'd state and dusty pageantry,
Oberon at her side; and with these twain
Each sprite and gnome that e'er brought joy or pain
To mortal men; for mortal men at last
Have broke asunder every fairy chain
—All but the spell my true Love's eyes have cast.

L'Envoi

Prince, though all these be gone, there yet remain
Deceits and vain illusions not less vast;
Free me of all such follies I would fain
—All but the spell my true Love's eyes have cast.

IRVINE GRAY.

OTHERS AS WELL AS MR. ELIOT

IT is probably necessary to human progress, i.e., to our ultimate survival as a race, that some few people in any generation should be more concerned with problems of the future than with those of the immediate present: the pure scientist is (in the long run) as necessary as the engineer and one may speculate whether the decline of Rome was not largely due to the fact that her genius was so "practical" that it never foresaw problems. Among artists there are always many who supply the art best suited to the needs of the majority of their contemporaries, and a few (like the Beethoven of the posthumous quartets) whose experience is something beyond the normal human consciousness, something which has its roots in normal consciousness but reaches upward. Such men we may not understand at all, or we may feel, though we fail to prove, that they lie somewhere along the line of human development.

But not all change is necessarily a step along that line. That which is new is not necessarily good. There are some critics who, realizing at last that taste is not final and that the arts progress, have become such worshippers of progress that they hail as work of genius anything bizarre and startling, feeling sure that, because they do not appreciate it nor yet detect in it familiar faults, it must possess a beauty "beyond" them.

This is dishonest and cowardly: we are not all Beethovens: if we enjoy poetry up to Brooke and Housman and not beyond, let us admit it frankly; but if we have solved for ourselves the problems that these faced we must go on to those who can perform new miracles. Let us tell those who linger with old favourites the way that we have gone so that when they too become restless they may have some guidance.

For the general public, the work of Mr. Eliot still seems unnecessary, but, since most poets are young and belong to the general public of twenty years hence, Mr. Monro rightly says in the introduction to his new anthology[1]

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[1] *Twentieth Century Poetry.* An Anthology chosen by Harold Monro. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.

"that just as A. E. Housman was a powerful influence, up to 1920, so T. S. Eliot will be up to 1940." Certainly the work of the present school of Cambridge poets[1] shows Mr. Eliot's influence on almost every page, although Julian Bell, in "Chaffinches," an original little poem in a known tradition, shows an eye for detail as hard and bright as any bird's; he has seen something for himself, and pounced upon it:

> Round breast, and flank and shoulders curving line
> To the tail drawn. The interwoven, fine
> Web pattern, and streak feathering
> And white bar, paint thick on a wing.
> Impudent, pert,
> Wings and tails flirt.

Mr. Bell is indebted to Hopkins if to anyone, but his companions all seem to borrow subject-matter, vocabulary, attitude and imagery from T. S. Eliot. Mr. Bronowski, for example, is heavily indebted, as in

> We have come to the latter season of the year
> When kingdoms tremble.
> The triumphs go through the town

. . . . .

or

> We remember only thunder, rain
> And islands, princess
> And your coming among islands;

For these poets, in spite of the name of their magazine,[2] are not experimental. They are (though Mr. Eberhart is another notable exception) definitely imitative; but the important thing is this: they have found in Mr. Eliot's style a mode of writing which seems to them natural and fitted to their needs. Unfortunately the experience from which they are writing is usually the feeling induced in them by reading other men's poetry :

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[1] *Songs for Sixpence.* 1, William Empson; 2, Julian Bell; 3, T. H. White; 4, John Davenport; 5, Michael Redgrave; 6, J. Bronowski. Cover design by Raymond McGrath. W. Heffer & Sons. 6d. each.

[2] *Experiment.* Nos. 1 to 4. See also *Cambridge Poetry* 1929 (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

Eliot, Rabelais, Dryden, Donne
Bless the bed that I lay on,
Blake and Rimbaud, Marvell, Voltaire,
Swift, Joyce, Proust and Baudelaire,

as Mr. Davenport says. The writers who influence them most strongly are no longer Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats and Tennyson : they are continuing another thread in the history of English Verse, a line pointed out to them by Mr. Eliot. It remains to be seen whether they will find anything to say which is suited to the style they have adopted, or whether they will spend their time translating " traditional " poetry into the new idiom as professors of classics translate "Lycidas." Often, when they desert their second-hand themes they show a remarkable *naïveté*. Consider " Poem," by T. H. White. for example :

My dear dead love came back to me,
Kissed me, held my hands,
The once so wanted desperately face
Was so close, so like . . .

Too late is a fine phrase
Only remotely bitter.

This is typical adolescent romanticism just as Mr. Noxon's " Lily " is a belated piece of imagism. These poets are still far behind Laforgue, and there are other experimental poets of whom they seem not to have heard, but who have developed techniques which seem adequate to express anything which these Cambridge poets have to say and which is not already found in T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound or Richard Aldington. Among others, Peter Quennell, Herbert Read, Richard Church, Austin Clarke, Edgell Rickword, have each in their own way widened the scope of English poetry : they have made it possible to say things which could not be said before. Examples of the work of the first three will be found in Mr. Monro's anthology, and since everyone must buy that important volume most of the quotations which follow are deliberately taken from other sources. First consider a poem from *The Analysis of Love*, by Herbert Read:

Nature has perpetual tears
  In drooping boughs,
And everywhere inanimate death
  Is immemorial.

But I have naught that will express
  The grief I feel
When men and moods combine to show
  The end of this—

This mental ecstasy all spent
  In disuniting death;
And the years that spread
  Oblivion on our zest.

Sincerity is a noble word, but dangerously abused, a poet's sincerity, as such, matters little because we can know nothing certain of it, but the integrity of his thought is all-important: shoddy thinking produces poetry which knowledge and experience will destroy; the attitudes it evokes must be found ultimately to be untenable. It may be pretty; it cannot be beautiful. It is the quality of intellectual integrity which renders Mr. Read's poetry so remarkable: he walks undaunted in stony places and does not seek a wild illusive paradise:

I would have my vision
  The world's vision:
The beauty settled in my mind
  A lamp in a busy street.

Something of this same quality is found in Mr. Richard Eberhart. Sometimes he shows the influence of Donne:

Bereave this air, now take your joy away,
Young love is over. See warm air rush in
Headlong to fill the place your body left,

More often he recalls Blake, as in "Request for Offering":

Loose the baleful lion, snap
The frosty bars down from his cage
And unclasp the virgin pap
Of the white world to his rage.

See the innocent breast deny
But the bellowing shake down the air
Shudders of passion out of the sky
To shock, mangle and maim, tear.

Under the actual talons see
Virginal white and the black paw
Poised to slash a mystery
The five hates of a claw.

Amaze your eyes now, hard
Is the marble pap of the world
And the baleful lion regard
With the claws of the paw curled.

Loose the baleful lion, snap
The frosty bars down from his cage
And unclasp the virgin pap
Of the white world to his rage.

Word after word surprises with its amazing fitness—" frosty," " actual," " hard "—reasoning alone could never arrive at those words, though it may justify them after the event.

In this poem, as in its predecessor " Maze," and several poems which appeared in the *London Mercury*, a new use is made of Blake's symbolism, whilst in the " Maia " poems, Mr. Eberhart[1] invents his own symbols thereby showing himself more original than any of his contemporaries except Mr. Empson, another promising poet, who does not find it necessary to write in Eliotesque but contrives to say something new (as in " Legal Fiction ") by using the methods of the metaphysical poets.

The poetry of Mr. Aubrey Clarke is gently experimental in another way. " Assonance . . . " he says, " [2]takes the clapper from the bell of rhyme. In simple patterns, the tonic word is supported by a vowel-rhyme in the middle of the next line. . . . By cross-rhyming or vowel-rhyming, separately, one or more of the syllables of longer words, on or off accent . . . lovely and neglected words are advanced to the tonic place and divide their echoes." The following are two stanzas from " The Scholar " :

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[1] Jonathan Cape announces *A Bravery of Earth*, a long poem by Mr. Eberhart.
[2] In the commentary to *Pilgrimage and other Poems*. Allen & Unwin. 1929.

Summer delights the scholar
With knowledge and reason.
Who is happy in hedgerow
Or meadow as he is ?

Paying no dues to the parish,
He argues in logic
And has no care of cattle
But a satchel and stick.

Mr. Frank Kendall has also shown how cross-rhyming may achieve new effects in traditional metrical patterns :

I spend my days vainly
   Not in delight ;
Though the world is elate
   And tastes her joys finely.

This is prettiness which does not masquerade as beauty. It is not an evasion of the problems faced by modern metaphysical poetry, and its tone is such that it pretends to be no more than it is, a relaxation. We may enjoy such poetry and still return to see things as they are : it remains conscious make-belief, not self-delusion, and the technique of such poetry is likely to differ from that of " serious " poetry. Mr. Aldington, as the young Cambridge poets might note, writes in two distinct conventions, and Miss Sitwell[1] as she gradually forsakes her early " prettiness " is turning to new rhythms and a new vocabulary :

I did not know this meaner Death
Meant this : that the bunches of nerves still dance
And caper among these slums and prance.

Seen in retrospect, literary history shows no revolutions : each apparent innovation has been a slight advance in a new direction following a return to an earlier position. *The London County Council accepts no responsibility for any opinions*

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[1] Collected Poems, (Duckworth) announced.

or conclusions expressed in a recent volume entitled *Tradition and Experiment*,[1] but the L.C.C. need not worry; Mr. Blunden and Miss Sitwell, who contribute the two essays on poetry, are in complete agreement. Mr. Blunden shows that the art of Miss Sitwell is a natural development of the English traditional nursery rhyme and quotes (or misquotes) "The Man in the Wildness" and "Hinx Minx" to prove his point, thereby overlooking Miss Sitwell's extension of the habit of using adjectives properly belonging to one of the senses, such as sight, for some other, such as hearing. All that Mr. Blunden and Miss Sitwell have to say of the relation of Tradition and Experiment has already been written in Mr. Eliot's Preface to the *Collected Poems* of Ezra Pound: "The poem which is absolutely original is absolutely bad; it is, in the bad sense, 'subjective' with no relation to the world to which it appeals. Originality, in other words, is by no means a simple idea in the criticism of poetry. True originality is merely development; and if it is right development it may appear in the end so *inevitable* that we almost come to the point of view of denying all 'original' virtue to the poet."

Miss Sitwell artfully disowns the sports, the Parisian drawing-room Communist-Anarchists to whose extermination Mr. Wyndham Lewis is devoting part of his astounding life. Mr. Blunden, like a number of other contributors to the volume under review, appears to have produced his lecture in haste with no thought that it might appear in print, but Miss Sitwell's essay is the best piece of criticism she has yet produced. In revealing the technique of certain poems—her own "Foxtrot," Wilfred Owen's "Strange Meeting" and Mariann Moore's "Black Earth"—she helps the uninitiated reader to appreciate them.

It is remarkable that her essay contains no reference to Gerard Manley Hopkins, the young Catholic priest who died in 1888, and whose work was first published by Dr. Bridges in 1918. When the storm of applause which greeted the *Testament of Beauty* has died down and genuine criticism begins to appear we may find that the present

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[1] Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.

Laureate's greatest claim to fame is the work which, after thirty years, he performed for his young friend. There is hardly a young poet writing to-day whose work, directly or indirectly, has not been influenced by Hopkins, and Mr. Monro rightly includes six specimens of his work in the *Twentieth Century Anthology*. Other of his poems are to be found in A. H. Miles' *Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*, Bridge's *Spirit of Man* and other collections, but the *Poems* of 1918 are unobtainable, for the Oxford University Press refuse to reprint them and prefers to offer us an elaborate facsimile of a comparatively trivial poem written at school.

Hopkins' early poems are pleasant enough, but their rightful home is in Miles' volume : it was only slowly that he developed "his extraordinary strictness in the use of words and the unconventional notation he used in setting them down so that *they had to be understood as he meant them to be, or understood not at all*."[1]

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorlèd ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips ; be lovely dumb :
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only makes you eloquent.

That is early work, but it is sufficient guarantee of Hopkins' proficiency in traditional forms, and it gives us the regular pattern which he was later to vary according to his theory of counterpoint.

This darksome burn, horseback brown,
His rollrock highroad roaring down,
In coop and in comb the fleece of his foam
Flutes and low to the lake falls home.

A windpuff-bonnet of fàwn-froth
Turns and twindles over the broth
Of a pool so pitch black, fèll-fròwning
It rounds and rounds Despair to drowning.

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[1] Laura Riding and Robert Graves : *A Survey of Modernist Poetry.*

All Hopkins' poetry has to be read carefully at first until the rhythm is mastered. Then the sense can be studied. In the sonnet " The Candle Indoors," we have :

Come you indoors, come home ; your fading fire
Mend first and vital candle in close heart's vault :
You there are master, do your own desire ;
What hinders ? Are you beam-blind, yet to a fault,
In a neighbour deft-handed ? Are you that liar
And cast by conscience out, spend-savour salt ?

The concise precision of the words " beam-blind " and " spend-savour " is apparent at once, but in his later work some of the words require careful examination. Laura Riding and Robert Graves (*op. cit.*) devote a page to a discussion of the sestet from the sonnet " My own heart let me have more pity on " :

Soul, self ; come poor Jackself I do advise
You, jaded, let be ; call off thoughts awhile
Elsewhere ; leave comfort root-room ; let joy size
At God knows when to God knows what ; whose smile
's not wrung, see you ; unforeseen times rather—as skies
Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

Here *Jackself* is Everyman (Every man Jack) any ordinary honest handy fellow. Hopkins, turning to homely language, advises his Jackself to cease tormenting his mind with insoluble problems and to leave room for comfort to root and grow, for comfort and leisure are necessary parts of human life, and God's smile cannot be wrung from him : He grants happiness at unexpected moments just as in a narrow darkened pass a patch of sky may suddenly shine out between two mountains and throw its dappled light along a lovely mile of ground.

And the feeling ? Stark tragedy : the tragedy of those whose terrible impatience frustrates and wrecks their overmastering desire to meliorate the gaping horror that they, having seen beauty, see around and in themselves. *The Waste Land* or *Lear* itself is not a more serious poem than the sonnet " I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day " and in Hopkins every fibre calls for action. His problems are moral, not metaphysical and he therefore finds no rest in contemplation. His ideal of beauty is fixed and he must mould the world to his wishes till it gives him that experience that he longs for : he is not content to contemplate it till he finds some way of looking at it which shall bring new satisfaction. He looks for harmony without, and not within, and therefore worships action, and this worship is reflected in his choice of subjects and of symbols.

This aspect of Hopkins' poetry, its dynamic nature, is examined in an interesting article by Miss Phare in *Experiment* (No. 1), and in the Poet Laureate's notes to the *Poems*, a number of his innovations are discussed, but no one, I think, has yet pointed out the singular musical effect which he produced by the use of unrolled " r's " as in *Harry Ploughman* :

> Hard as hurdle arms, with a broth of goldish flue
> Breathed round, the rack of ribs ; the scooped flank ; lank
> Rope-over thigh ; knee-nave ; and barrelled shank—
>   Head and foot, shoulder and shank—

Such poetry, if read with that slight " Darset " accent which turns gold almost into guld and pronoun initial " th's " thick as in " thy," introduces into English poetry a wide range of sounds never previously mastered and indeed Hopkins' poetry is for other poets a record of innumerable technical advances, whilst to the reader who finds himself compelled to see the world as Hopkins came to see it, it is poetry as important as anything since Donne.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate that others as well as Mr. Eliot are adding something to the range and scope of English poetry and that their work is as firmly rooted in tradition as his is. And this, I think, could also be proved of any of the American " revolutionaries " if we remember how different their tradition is. But all this is not to disparage Mr. Eliot's achievement. Whether his disciples ultimately do him credit or not, the value of his own poetry cannot be doubted. There is one danger : that his recent work (such as the *Journey of the Magi* (reprinted by Mr. Monro) and *A Song for Simeon*) may come to join

La Figlia che Piange as anthology pieces to the neglect of *Prufrock* and *The Waste Land.* Much of the significance which the *Journey of the Magi* holds for us comes from our knowledge that it was written after the *Hollow Men.*

Among experimental poets who compel our thought to follow unfamiliar paths and are more " difficult " than those whom I have mentioned, none is more notable than Laura Riding,[1] and her apology will serve for all who

> " seem to shun
> The close and well tilled ground ;
> For in untraveled soil alone can I
> Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie
> That never must be found.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

EPITAPH FOR AN UNKNOWN GIRL

SHE hath a peace like to a misty star,
And April, going there, hath paused to weep,
Old men have brought her, from the east afar,
The myrrh and incense of eternal sleep.

Within the blue-grey pastel of the dark
She lies, where song hath reached a silent clime,
And birds are not, since no one wakes to hark,
On that far island somewhere west of Time.

EDGAR FOXALL.

UNBELIEF

GOD to the earth at break of day,
Men's daily business came to see :
He smiled, there bloomed a golden rose ;
He wept, there grew a willow tree.

At noontide hour came ruthless men,
The rose's life they would not spare ;
And, quivering from a hundred blows,
They left the willow drooping there.

G. HARRIS.

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[1] *The Close Chaplet.* Hogarth Press, 1926. *Love as Love, Death as Death,* Leizin Press, 1929.

HAS THE ANCIENT QUARREL BETWEEN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY ENDED?[1]

A STUDY of the results of the fifteen international poetry contests promoted by THE POETRY REVIEW suggests that the ancient quarrel between Poetry and Philosophy has ended. But it may only be one of the periods of truce due to the insistence of the rules of these contests that the poems shall not be, in the words of Pope,

> . . . only a couplet fraught
> With some unmeaning thing
> They call a thought.

The organizers of the contests made Poetry the sister of Philosophy by requiring good poems about such subjects as the Sea, Stars, Flight, Music, Cities, Civilization, Science, Service, Cathedrals, "poems packed with thought," and Power! The high standard of the poems entered in the contests revealed poetry in subjects that belong in the realm of Philosophy, therefore it would appear that there is no more ground for quarrel between Poetry and Philosophy.

Will this peace endure? There have been such periods of apparent peace in the past, but new clashes followed after a while, when the poets turned to subjects and manners that clashed with philosophic concepts. Plato's *Republic* reveals that the quarrel was already "ancient" five centuries before our era. His dialogue on the subject should be re-read:

> Therefore, Glaucon, I said, whenever you meet with any of the eulogists of Homer declaring that he has been the educator of Hellas, and that he is profitable for education and for the ordering of human things, and that you should take him up again and again and get to know him and regulate your whole life according to him, we may love and honour those who say these things—they are excellent people, as far as their lights extend; and we are ready to acknowledge that Homer is the greatest of poets and first of tragedy writers; but we must remain firm in our conviction that hymns to the gods and praises of famous men are the only poetry which ought to be admitted into our State.

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[1] Henry Woodhouse, scholar and scientist and president of the Aerial League of America, gave some very interesting answers to queries concerning the conflict of Poetry and Philosophy recently—so good we thought them that I asked him to embody them in this article.—A.H.B.

For if you go beyond this and allow the honeyed muse to enter, either in epic or lyric verse—not law and the reason of mankind, which by common consent have ever been deemed best, but pleasure and pain will be the rulers in our State.

That is most true, he said.

And now since we have reverted to the subject of poetry, let this our defence serve to show the reasonableness of our former judgment in sending away out of our State an art having the tendencies which we have described; for reason constrained us.

But that she may not impute to us any harshness or want of politeness, let us tell her that there is an ancient quarrel between philosophy and poetry; of which there are many proofs, such as the saying of "the yelping hound howling at her lord," or of one "mighty in the vain talk of fools," and "the mob of sages circumventing Zeus," and the "subtle thinkers who are beggars after all"; and there are innumerable other signs of ancient enmity between them. Notwithstanding this, let us assure our sweet friend and the sister art of imitation, that if she will only prove her title to exist in a well-ordered State we shall be delighted to receive her—we are very conscious of her charms; but we may not on that account betray the truth. I dare say, Glaucon, that you are as much charmed by her as I am, especially when she appears in Homer?

Yes, indeed, I am greatly charmed.

Shall I propose, then, that she be allowed to return from exile, but upon this condition only—that she make a defence of herself in lyrical or some other metre?

Certainly.

And we may further grant to those of her defenders who are lovers of poetry and yet not poets the permission to speak in prose on her behalf: let them show not only that she is pleasant, but also useful to States and to human life, and we will listen in a kindly spirit; for if this can be proved we shall surely be the gainers—I mean, if there is a use in poetry as well as a delight.

Certainly, he said, we shall be the gainers.

If her defence fails, then, my dear friend, like other persons who are enamoured of something, but put a restraint upon themselves when they think their desires are opposed to their interests, so, too, must we after the manner of lovers give her up, though not without a struggle. We, too, are inspired by that love of poetry which the education of noble States has implanted in us, and therefore we would have her appear at her best and truest; but so long as she is unable to make good her defence, this argument of ours shall be a charm to us, which we will repeat to ourselves while we listen to her strains; that we may not fall away into the childish love of her which captivates the many. At all events we are well aware that poetry being such as we have described is not to be regarded seriously as attaining to the truth; and he who listens to her, fearing for the safety of the city which is within him, should be on his guard against her seductions and make our words his law.

Aristotle, who became a leader of thought at about the time of Plato's death, and whom Dante called the "Master of them that Know," brought about a period of peace, and Horace continued the effort to raise poetry to a higher platform and pointed out that

> "'Tis not sufficient to combine
> Well-chosen words in a well-ordered line."

Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Whittier and Emerson belonged to the comparatively small circle of representative poets who used poetry in their own times to express truths and to influence people and nations to the attainment of greater ideals and did not clash with the principles of Philosophy.

They succeeded in writing poetry that squared itself with philosophic concepts. They attained the impossible, in a way for—as the distinguished dean of American poets, Edwin Markham, has stated in his brilliant article in THE POETRY REVIEW "Poetry: Defining the Indefinable":

> To begin with, poetry is not mere description, philosophy, history, or direct moral teaching. Nor is it mere eloquence, although eloquence rises almost to the high level of the Muse. Poetry is none of these in her deep essence, and yet she may use any or all of these in building up the fabric of her beauty and wonder.
>
> It is common to suppose that philosophy, especially when expressed in melodious words, is a high order of poetry. But this is a gross error. Philosophy is always a thing to be reasoned about, to be proved; while poetry is a thing beheld as a vision of truth with its beauty. Philosophy is pedestrian, a dweller on the earth; while poetry is winged, a dweller on the high aerial roads. Philosophy reasons; and science, the out-door brother of philosophy, explores the material world. Poetry gives these two gods of the ground only a passing glance, for she has the starry eyes that can see into the heart of the mystery.

It would appear that the quarrel would end if we accept with Alice Hunt Bartlett, the principle that "Poetry is the reflection of life—and there is more science in a reflection of life than in anything that genius can imagine."

This definition will allow for anything and everything that may happen. New ages bring new truths—new discoveries, new inventions, new achievements and new philosophic concepts, and these influence the basis of human relationships. The mechanics of living change, and the component parts of scenes of daily life differ from the old. It is more the poet's mission than any one else's to interpret the new truths, and to depict in a brief poetic picture their outstanding values.

When poetry fails to carry out its mission, the world is poorer for lacking the stimulus of good poetry and poetry sinks for having failed in her mission. There is no reason why the conflict between Philosophy and Poetry should not be at an end now that Science, the child of Philosophy, has brought into being such subjects with inherent poetry as human flight, radio and electricity. Like the stars, flowers, birds, art and music, human flight, radio and the flash of the beacon in the night have inherent poetic qualities that are part of the eternal verities that are the foundations of Philosophy and Poetry.

HENRY WOODHOUSE.

SCENTS OF NIGHT

I LOVE the scents that night brings in her wake,
The scent of earth and grass, and roses wet
With the grey mist that rises from the lake,
Of the late honey-suckle blooming yet
Among the jasamin on the old red wall.

When the moon's bright I know the smell of trees,
Of beeches brown and green upon the lawn,
Whose leaves are gently rustled by the breeze.
While far away a tale of new-cut corn
Is wafted softly on the moon-lit air.

The clover-fields and sleeping purple hills
Do load the night with perfume. But how sweet
That un-named breath before the dawn that fills
The air. No flower is it, and so 'tis meet
That it be simply called the Scent of Stars.

VIRGINIA MOORE.

CONSCIENCE

A Narrative Drama in Three Acts

Scene—The Hague. *Circa* 1600

Act I

ACROSS the calm canal the sunlight gold
Fell in bright beams, save where the lime trees threw
Long leafy shadows. Through the courtyard old
The drowsy pigeons flew

Like little winged pearls, and ever made
A pleasant cooing in the summer air:
Most exquisite the dappled light and shade,
Yet sorrow and despair

Crept in the heart of Jan the Thief. His eyes
Gazed on the mellow scene through tortured tears;
There shone no beauty in the sunset skies
For Jan. Ignoble fears

Shadowed his soul, and filled the dusky room
With spectral whispering, and ghostly breath,
And ever he would tremble in the gloom
Hearing the steps of Death.

The past unrolled before him, and there came
A vision, that for bitter years had given
Only a heritage of woe and shame,
And slain his hopes of heaven.

Act II

Down London streets through mist and midnight cold,
Past many a tavern and alley old

A Sailor out of Holland takes his way
Tracking his young and all unconscious prey:

By Drury Lane, where, in the drifting snow
Like furtive shadows, Link-Boys come and go:

Holding their flaming torches up on high
To light on sin, and crime, and poverty.

Unheeding of the curses and the blows,
By leaning houses Jan the Dutchman goes,

A shadow flitting softly through the mist,
Past Knave, and drunken Lord, and Pugilist.

Past tawdry Courtesan, and here and now
Some needy Poet with his dreaming brow.

Through midnight murk the Robber subtly creeps,
Then draws his sailor's knive. The Goodman sleeps,

And secret wickedness can stalk at will.
Hark! Did the Dutchman leap, and stab, and kill?

For none can see the coward thrust, or mark
The dying form! Now, shadows thick and dark

Blot out the scarlet stain that curls and crawls
Eerily past the guilt-encumbered walls:

O glint of lovely, clustered curls! O gleam
Of pallid features! Like a ghostly dream

The noble Youth in all his beauty dies,
And sea-wards speeds the Hollander whose eyes

Gloat o'er his spoils.—But, till his heart-throbs cease
Never shall Jan the Murderer find peace:

And like Orestes, fugitive of old,
Furies shall follow him—and strangely cold

Th' accusing sunlight fall upon his floor,
For ever more—O God—for ever more;

Act III

The vision faded. Jan arose and threw
Wild looks into the dusk that gathered fast
Then, slowly from an oaken chest he drew
        A gem-encrusted flask!

And, with a last, heart-broken sob at Fate,
Into the wine he shook, with trembling care
The poison, that, alone, might terminate
        His battle with despair.

What wistful yearning agonized his soul
For lovely Death and its immortal sleep
Only the angels (who divine our pain
        And see the tears we weep)

Alone, might tell. Yet did a thought arise
Within his soul of some red-valleyed Hell,
Conjured from dim and early memories ?
For now there rose and fell

A moaning on the air, and to and fro
He paced, and upward flung his arms, and tore
His heavy curls. Sudden the sunset glow
Stained all the paved floor,

And flushed the gloom to gold. Jan downward sank
Upon his knees. Then, bathed in crimson light,
He raised the fatal flagon—deeply drank,
And passed into the Night.

And who can say where such sad Souls must go ?
To what Dread Kingdom, sombre and afar ?
Or does God's pardon fall upon their woe
In some Diviner Star ?

ELEANOUR NORTON.

BERGEN FISHMARKET.

AT Bergen in the fishmarket,
Limp-finned and filmy-eyed,
Some with nerves a-quiver yet,
The fish are piled on every side.
Silver-brown and silver-red,
Beautiful and smooth and dead.

Perhaps we, too, beyond the years.
Lured from out our native seas,
Quivering like silver spears,
May be marketed as these.
Hooded by the arch-angler Death,
Shall we lie, silver-wet,
(So the heart questioneth)
In some shadowy soul-market ?

Oh, what mysterious gods shall buy
And bargain for us as we lie
Soul on soul, piled high ?
Oh what mysterious gods shall buy
Us gleaming there so lovelily.
—Like fish, glimmering and wet,
Dead in Bergen fishmarket ?

ROSALIND DE BUNSEN.

APRIL

WITH broidery of daffodils
And fragrant hedgerows, April weaves
From folded buds alluring leaves,
And bird-song mounting to the hills.

Though half her thrilling days be cold,
And frost and snow curb joyous birth
In tree and shrub, or, nearer earth,
Restrain the bloom of hill and wold :

New song arises with the sun :
Come, gentle breeze, come, warmth that stirs !
Fair pageantry of flowers is hers ;
The glory of the year's begun.

BLANCHE ONES.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT.

EXEMPT from sin, he lived shut in
A night which saw no Easter Dawn.
For him, when dead, no Mass was said :
He was the village omadhaun.

He lies at rest in ground unblest
And rank with weeds, beyond the wall,
And there apart his simple heart
Awaits the final trumpet call.

Yet, when he rise, the Great Assize
For him will herald no alarm,
Who on that day alone may say,
He wrought no fellow creature harm.

G. W. EUSTACE.

LOVE REVEALED

SHE had three children, still she craved this one,
Who, though another's, seemed like her own son.
When he was sad her heart would feel his pain ;
She longed to hold him where her babes had lain,
Close to her breast, yet she must never show
A preference for him, or let him know,
Nor her tall sons—they would not understand.
But when she kissed his cheek or took his hand
To welcome him or speed him on his way,
Her eyes revealed the things she failed to say.

MABEL POSEGATE.

WITHIN THE CELL

A Dramatic Episode in Three Acts

The Characters:
Saint Francis of Assisi.
Friar Juniper.
A Young Peasant.

The scene is laid in the hill country not far from Assisi. A rough, steep path is seen ascending the heights ; the country is wild and lonely.

St. Francis enters, accompanied by Friar Juniper. The Saint is on his way to preach at a neighbouring village church the following day. He appears to be wrapt in meditation, until recalled to earth by Friar Juniper.

Part I

Friar J. Good Father, give me heed ! Dost thou not see
One follows us in dire necessity ?
St. Fr. (*rousing himself*).
O Juniper, thou little sheep of God,
I was ascending where the Blest have trod . . .
Not yet the Vision, not yet the appointed goal !
Return to earth, thou all-impatient soul !
Friar J. Father, a young man follows, half-afraid,
And yet he seems imploring thy good aid.
(*A young peasant enters. He seems distressed, and comes hesitatingly to the Saint for his blessing*).
St. Fr. Speak to the Poor Man ! Hast thou done some wrong ?
Peasant Oh, oft and oft ! When was the spirit strong
As it was willing ? But a trouble lies
Most heavy on my heart. For I would rise,
Leave all, and come with thee ; obey thy rule,
And journey to the City Beautiful.
Even to-morrow, 'tis beyond my reach,—
The little village church where thou wilt preach.
Even that I may not hear ! My brother now
Lies sick and helpless, and I know not how
He could dispense with all my work and care.
He needs my presence, and our shelf is bare
Unless I toil, and every evening bring
The daily bread, which is our strengthening.
But ere he had this sickness, I, apart,
Had dedicated soul and mind and heart
To be one of thy Friars——
St. Fr. And so thou art,
Doing what must be done, for love's brave sake !
This is the Rule that thou shalt never break,—
To save thyself, and others not to tend.
Peasant Father, if earthly ties should have an end,

May I still come, another little one
To share thy poverty, till journey's done?
St. Fr. If thou art free, then come. But never stint
Thy love to others. Love is from God's mint,—
Pure gold! A coin stamped with His image too;
Trust Him; above all else, to love be true.

Part II

Five years have elapsed. It is the same hill path, and once more St. Francis, accompanied by Friar Juniper, is making his way to the village church, where he will preach on the morrow.

Friar J. Dost recollect, my Father, this same way
We trod five years ago. Here thou didst pray—
St. Fr. Ah, yes. There came a young lad after us,
Who loved the life of a religious,
But was not free to put the habit on.
Friar J. I wondered often whither he had gone.
He never came . . .
St. Fr. Behold! One runneth fast!
Friar J. Father, 'tis he! He cometh now, at last!
(*The* Peasant *enters hurriedly. It is seen that he still keeps the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, as he greets the Saint.*)
Peasant My Father! . . . Five slow years have passed away,
And yet it seems but only yesterday
Thou camest to our church. I longed to hear—
Oh, how I longed! Once more thou drawest near,
Before youth's strength and eagerness have gone!
Dost mind thy friar, who has no habit on?
S.t Fr. God give thee joy! Indeed, my prayers still keep
The memory of our meeting, little sheep.
What of thy brother, loved of Sister Death?
Peasant Father, he never yielded up sweet breath.
He liveth, well again; though long delayed
The journey back to life that he hath made.
I was not false to love's clear, heavenly light;
But how I crave for thy Small Portion!—Height
Of all my soul's long dreams! Even to-morrow,
Even then I may not hear thee, to my sorrow.
St. Fr. What ails thee, Son?
Peasant Alas! Grown agèd now,
My father has no knowledge of my vow.
Blindness has stricken him. His need is sore;
He leans on me, the first-born, more and more.
My brother dwells afar. What can I do?
St. Fr. Only to Sister Charity be true

PART III

Another five years have passed. It is the same place. SAINT FRANCIS *enters, worn and ill, and nearly blind. He stumbles along, leaning on the faithful* JUNIPER, *who, for the last time, is leading him to the village church where he will preach.*

ST. FR. Ah, Juniper! Thou art no common tree!
Thou, most of all, art one with Charity.
Sweet Charity! The loveliest thought of man!

FRIAR J. My Father, let us rest here for a span.
(*He helps* ST. FRANCIS, *who is very weary, to find a resting-place.*)

ST. FR. Poor Brother Body's weak! And yet, how bright
The gold doors of God's city shine in sight!
(*The* PEASANT *enters, but not running with the eagerness of youth. He looks worn with care and hard work, and moves slowly to the Saint, saddened by his changed appearance. Once more he kneels to ask a blessing*).

FRIAR J. Father, 'tis he! The same who twice before
Met us on this steep path, thy aid to implore.
(ST. FRANCIS *stretches out his hands blindly, feeling for him as he gives the blessing*).

ST. FR. God give thee joy, my Son! And answer me,
Hast thou been faithful to sweet Charity?

PEASANT My Father! Keep my name in thy good prayers!
I try to walk thy way, but doubts, despairs,
Beset my path—and I shall never get
That peace with thee, on which my heart was set.
My father's dead; and dead my brother lies;
But ere untimely death had closed his eyes,
He—being poor—left in my single care
His three small children. Motherless they were.
So orphaned now. I took them to my house—
My Father, does God mock our lonely vows?

ST. FR. Nay, Son; not so. God never mocks His sheep.
His plans were not thy plans. Nay, do not weep.
Than wisdom's Self no man is wiser made!
Listen! Fulfil thy duties, unafraid;
For knowest thou not, we take our cell with us,
And each man's soul is a religious?
Our Brother Body is the cell, and there
The soul employs itself in praise and prayer.
Yea, even from such a humble, mean abode,
It sends its daily worship up to God.
The soul, the indweller, our Conscience is,
That teacheth us of heaven's mysteries;
And not those only; for we learn as well
In that clear light, how with all men to dwell.

Whatever Conscience truly asks of thee
That task fulfil. What else is Charity?

Note.—The incident, and character of the Peasant, are purely fictitious; but the concluding speech of St. Francis is, of course, based on his own words—"Wherever we are, wherever we go, we carry our cell with us; Brother Body is our cell," etc.

VERA I. ARLETT.

MIDSUMMER PAST.

THE troubled nests are emptied now,
The fledglings flown;
No more on the enchanted bough
The darkling blackbird sings alone;
Hidden and mute the wrens remain,
The cuckoo will not come again
And Spring's unknown.

The seeds are setting and the fruits
Of flowers blown
Bend down upon the bloomless shoots
Where, faded, lie the petals strown
Of larkspur, pansies, poppies, roses,
And no more to the rifled posies
Comes the bees' drone.

And haws are red upon the May,
And chestnuts round;
The honeysuckle's curling spray
Hangs overgrown along the ground
Drained of its nectar to the lees,
Scentless upon the vacant breeze
That brings no sound.

The alabaster shapes of cloud
Upon the blast,
In their Greek splendour poised as proud
As marbled gods, one moment past,
Like white, Olympic, charioteers
With prancing steeds and pointed spears—
—Are faded fast.

O in our valediction be
No vain regret!
No brief for a mortality
Whose very pity shall beget
An imaged world, a graven life,
A Beauty shining on our strife
That shall not set.

WINIFRED BOURNE.

SATIRE IN VERSE

Stephen Phillips, when editor of THE POETRY REVIEW, lamented, in one of his notable leading articles, the decay of satire, which has almost disappeared from literature in these indulgent, spineless days. He would have welcomed *The Coming of Lucifer* (Boswell Publishing Co., 2s. 6d.) by an anonymous writer who is a most skilful wielder of a cynical pen. This modern Pope, with remarkable metrical and rhyming facility, is evidently a practised writer whose identity should be admitted. He should find many readers who will be delighted not only by his ease in versification, but by his pointed content, his incisive satire of modernism, religious, political, social. In his swift, keen review of the cult of mammon, the perverted " concepts of sex," the Sidonian revivalist who " dealt you playful punches with his ectoplastic fist " under the patronage of " physicists of good repute and thinkers of renown " who " tried hopefully to lift us up by dragging spirits down," of the subtle tendency to make " subversive art serve decadent morality," producing

> " Crude daubs that cavemen would have scorned, yet fools conspired to praise,
> Rude verse less rhythmic, more uncouth, than pristine bardic lays,"

encouraging the impression that

> "A daring book was one that dared be everything but clean,
> And literary licence meant the right to be obscene,"

as well as his scorn of the modern ideas of weightier matters of state, " X " deals trenchantly and smartly and is never dull or sententious.

Lady Wentworth also reveals a vein of satire in a section of her new collection of poems aptly called *Flame of Life* (Murray, 7s. 6d.). She has no need of a vicarious reputation, but it is pleasant to find tradition and heredity asserting themselves in a descendant of Byron and Shelley—a formidable association, and to find also that Lady Wentworth, being a poet in her own right, is subject to the spell of a beautiful phrase, and while writing with the head as well as the heart can present herself as a calm, detached observer. To the *Love in a Mist* sonnets published some years ago, are added other sonnets of similar emotional intensity and grace, with remarkable precision of word and phrase and a pervading poignant inevitableness that is, however, not the poet's sole mood. A lighter touch of satire and wit relieves the coruscating " Sparks from the Fire " ; the eloquent tribute of the admiring spectator is expressed in the series of war poems ; sport and the brighter facets of social life are happily dealt with in " Passing Hours." We return to the later sonnets for an example, " Contempt of Beauty "—not that it is the most beautiful, but because it illustrates several qualities of precision and content and has a topical significance :

" Why do our minds so worship ugliness ?
Beauty would seem anathema to those
Who fell the cedar and uproot the rose,
To mar the world with what they deem success.
In name of Art all nature they transgress.
What right is theirs, by which they so impose
Their will upon the earth that soon we lose
Reverence and love and thus grow merciless ?

The curse of novelty is beauty's knell,
Ringing for death. It is the passing bell
Of love's supremacy. The lust of gain
In guise of progress is our Juggernaut.
Is not that progress still too dearly bought,
When all the works of God are made in vain ! "

* * *

Miss Vera I. Arlett calls her volume of verse *Permanence and Other Poems* (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.), but the significance of the title is not confined to the title poem ; rather it permeates her entire work and is the mainspring of her inspiration. There are many poems here beautiful both in thought and word. The quoted passages, all bearing on the main theme, are taken from poems in different parts of the book.

We are so old ; our heritage so vast ;
But mercy blots the æons we have known,
Lest we should fall beneath the mighty past,
Or see the future, and be overthrown.
Our view of time is dim with human tears ;
How could I count my life in hours or years ?

. . . . .

The gift of flowers a certain promise brings
Of loveliness undying ; all our Springs
Are miracles ; our Autumns, prophecy.

. . . . .

Help us to lift the present—time that is,
Into the timelessness that is to be,
So that on earth we touch the mysteries
Which we shall grasp in full eternity.
No present and no past is ours, but one
Unbroken ray from an immortal sun.

Beyond the Road's End by Warwick Chipman (Dent, 3s. 6d.) shows that the author is efficient in both description and application. The sonnets give the best combination of these qualities, though he often opens with his most arresting phrases instead of clinching the poem with them. Even in the poem called *Immortality* (given below) which holds the key to the poet's courageous outlook, the climax comes before the final verses. It is a fine poem none-the-less :—

Behold a marvel !—He that stays
At the utmost fringes of his days,
He only a centre hath always.

Who at his ghostly frontier waits
To open, not to guard his gates
Unto the untimely potentates,

And to their bright invading bands
Makes glad surrender of his lands,
He only unconquerable stands.

Who builds, but sits not on his throne,
Lest the King come, to him alone
The immortal Kingdoms shall be known.

All that we are not, all is ours !
Then make us, you eternal powers,
Your paths, your sentinels, your towers !

Mary Davenport O'Neill in *Prometheus and Other Poems* (Cape, 5s.) does not always imbue her trivialities with significance, and the personal note is over prominent, yet she has the gift for writing very beautiful lines, nor are all her poems on trivial matters.

Mr. Charles Norman employs some very fine, though occasionally somewhat self-conscious imagery in his book of *Poems* (Knopf, 7s. 6d.). He sings of streets more than of fields, but that they can spell a rich magic to him can be verified by these two quotations :—

Now in the streets they trod the shadows lie
In deep, spilled heaps of gloom that cats disturb
Probing the midnight and the fleece of sky
That glitters in the pool beside the curb.

. . . . .

Soon on the frontiers of the street
The early violets of day
Will blossom, and the heavy feet
Of labourers will stamp and slay.

* * *

Apropos "Lines that have interested me" (P. R. p. 462), G. E. writes : "I think K.C.B.'s suggestion is excellent. My contribution —also from Browning—would be :

"Yet God is good : I started sure of that,
And why dispute it now ?"

AN ASPIRATION

[In an article on "Mysticism in Verse," Mr. Evan Morgan writes the following paragraph: "In respect of metapsycho-mystic poetry, I venture to suggest that it should be in mode of expression anagogic and anaphoric; more subject to litotes and meiosis than to pleonastic hyperbole and tautologic synonym employing anastrophe and apostrophe, the climax being an aposiopes or an apophthegm, but never containing amphigoric or amphi-biological equivocation."]

O, a mystic poet I would be
Writing in pure simplicity,
Using expressions anagoric,
With hint, perhaps, of anaphoric.
Describe a kiss
In meiosis;
Or, with a cunning litotes
Buzz, like the busiest of bees.
Rules, you see, are quite elastic,
Merely hyperbole pleonastic,
Or tautologic synonym
When you pen a sacred hymn.
Discretely use an anastrophe,
Or a lowly apostrophe,
For the climax apophthegm
Be reserved as a last gem:
Aposiopes if you wish,
But never spoil the simple dish
With a wicked amphigoric,
(Bad as taste of paregoric),
Learn a mystic's avocation
Is to shun equivocation
Whether amphi-biologic
Or any other fearsome o-gic,

You catch the pure simplicity?
So a mystic poet I will be.

ARTHUR HOOD.

* * *

The competition for the Minshall Challenge Cup (details of which were given in our last issue) will take place at 44 Bramham Gardens, S.W.5, on April 7th, beginning at 4.45 p.m., with a second part at 5.30. Tickets of admission may be obtained from the General Secretary at the above address, 2s. 6d. each (including light refreshments). Members who wish to have two tickets at the price of one must apply for their tickets not later than April 5th.

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Title page and contents of Vol. XX are unavoidably held over until the next issue of THE POETRY REVIEW.

THE POETS' FELLOWSHIP

REPORTS: AWARDS: ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are denied space necessary for a review of this feature of THE POETRY REVIEW during the many years it has flourished, and in lieu thereof we would like our colleagues to turn back to the recent Premium reports, especially those during the last two years, and read them again and consider the various points raised and the general criticism offered. We want all members of the fellowship to realize more definitely and actively what this section of THE POETRY REVIEW represents and the ideals animating it.

Having said this we must briefly announce that the Premium of £3 is divided between Irvine Gray of Cairo; A. Doris L. Wilson of Bedford; Eva Dobell of Minchingham, Glos.; N. K. Cruikshank of Bury; and Blanche Jones of Broadstairs.

Our Highly Commended List on this occasion is as follows:

E. F. Alden, Haddenham.
D. Bernard, New Milton.
E. R. Binnington, Louth.
E. Couchman, Mentone.
V. Gillespie, W.4.
Dulcie Greville, Silcoats.
E. Houldsworth, Luddendenfoot.
M. Hume, Totland Bay.
E. Joyce Harrison, Lincoln.
F. Kemp, Catford.
Blanche Lee, Oneida.
E. B. Parker, Bristol.
Nancy Pollok.
F. Ray, Bedford.
E. Samms, Luton.
K. W. Simpson, Woodstock.
K. F. Solloway, Bedford.
E. M. Walker, Bournemouth.
Peter Williams, East Sheen.

Then in addition we commend the following:

N. Allport, Polesworth.
J. W. Anderson, Skegness.
K. O'Neill Bailey, Harpenden.
A. H. C., Paignton.
J. Cannings, Melksham.
E. A. Cullabine, Worksop.
G. Darling, Melrose (Mass.).
J. M. Dougall, Hereford.
M. Flint, Brompton.
F. M. Goodliffe, Leicester.
V. Green, Aberdeen.
H. Hamilton, Torphins.
M. S. Hewer, Worthing.
H. E. Holland, N.W.11.
A. Hounam, Erdington.
R. M'Kie, Brighton.
H. E. Merrick, Warminster.
V. Moore, Gate Helmsley.
K. Munday, Salisbury.
A. H. Norman, Bournemouth.
A. Ponsonby, Fleet.
J. Purdie, Paisley.
C. R. Reeve, S.W.7.
B. Skeat, Sedbergh.
H. M. Slade, Ramsgate.
S. Snell, N.W.2.
M. K. Toovey, Amersham.
D. Waller, Oxford.
G. R. Webb, Ipswich.
G. M. Wilson, Norwich.
C. Wright, Milan.

We have reason to think that a number of MSS. have been lost in transit during the last month and beg any contributor whose name does not appear above or who has not had his or her MSS. returned to advise the Premium Editor.

It is pleasing to hear of a poet having honour in her own country. At a recent meeting of the Bournemouth Literature and Art Association, a reading was given of poems by Miss Edith M. Walker taken from THE POETRY REVIEW and *Poetry of To-day*, and of the poet and her work it was stated:

"Miss Walker, throughout her poetry, seems never more than lightly poised upon this particular planet. Her point of view is of the universe. She thinks in terms of stars, of constellations and of systems. When she looks down to earth she sees it with so delicate a fancy that she etherealizes everything she touches. Her very primroses and daffodils are not rooted in common soil. They are the souls of flowers, translated into the wet, green lanes of eternity.

"When one tries to conjure up a general impression of her poetry, one sees at once something like the Milky Way. Starlight is the recurring note in her work. She is concerned with things cool and pale, tender and innocent. The starry light is set off by purple shadow. And so, her flowers are the lily and the pansy, the two extremes, pure light and its foil of velvet darkness.

"In her poem 'Renunciation,' which is typical of her art, occur light-soaked lines, with their rich, velvety shadows. They are so peculiarly visual in quality, that they seem to mark the meeting point of poetry and painting.

"Her poetry is often very sad; but never pessimistic. Pessimism implies heaviness; and her poems are, above all things, light, airy, gossamer-like in texture. Her sadness arises from her acute awareness of beauty. An intense appreciation of beauty is, of its nature, a kind of pain. It has been said that this is because the visions of beauty we have in this world are only fragmentary glimpses of the Paradise we lost; so that the pang we feel is really a kind of homesickness."

* * *

The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is increased to £3. MSS. should be addressed to "The Premium Editor, the Poet's Fellowship, THE POETRY REVIEW Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5," before April 2nd, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.)

SENTIMENTAL POETRY AND ETHICS

The Premium Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW,

SIR,—Being a humanitarian, more than I am anything else, I want to protest against your quoting James Stephens' lines about "Little Things" as a model which the humanitarian verse-makers who entered for the Nott premium should have followed.

I recognize that this is an impertinence; because the function of The Poetry Review is, I assume, to deal with poetry, not with ethics. It is specially cheeky of me considering that I, who have been a writer for over thirty years without ever feeling an inspiration even to try to write poetry, manufactured and submitted some verses for the "Nott premium."

As a humanitarian I pity the adjudicators if they had to examine many entries like mine. I showed it to some humanitarian friends, and they, considering, quite rightly, that the ethics and science of my effort were correct, commented "Well, what's wrong with it?" I replied that my composition was not poetry, but merely a dry scientific statement set out in artificial metrical prose.

So, you see, though not a poet, I am a critic; and, as a critic, I recognize the beauty of the lines you quote. They are as beautiful as an absinthe cocktail or a *pâté de foie gras*. But, what is the good of the kind of beauty which has the ultimate effect of adding to the ugliness in the world?

I am convinced that the ultimate effect of the wide propagation of such verses as "Little things that run and quail" would be to induce human beings to cultivate the habit of torturing pretty little things so that minor poets might write sentimental lines about their picturesque sufferings.

Cruelty is not a subject for the exercise of pretty sentiments. As a scientist, interested in biology, I assert that cruelty (meaning the taking of pleasure in the pain of others) is a morbid vice which is gradually bringing about the degeneration of the human race.

Yet I am convinced that a truly great poet—a poet with the art either of Shelley or of Milton, or of Jeremiah the Prophet—could compose a truly great poem about the sufferings of the rhinoceros, the snake and the rat, from the cruelty of human beings.

Indeed Coleridge did something of the kind:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
Fear the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Those lines are ethically right as well as artistically fine; and I am sure that "The Ancient Mariner" remains the true model for humanitarian poets rather than such pretty little sentimental poems as those you quote.

Yours sincerely,
LEONARD J. SIMONS.

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—As a contribution to the "lines that have influenced me," desired by "K.C.B." in the November-December issue of the Review, I would like to quote the following by George Herbert, from his poem, "Content":

"Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
Content and warm to itself alone:
But when it would appear to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone."

And the following from Vaughan:

"Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
Till the white winged reapers come."

And Whittier's:

"No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life."

From Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!"

Also this from Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters":

"'Patience!' he said, and pointed to the strand.
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'"

And the lovely lines of Christina Rossetti:

"Rose and purple and a silvery grey,
Is that cloud the cloud we called so black?
Evening harmonizes all to-day,
Looking back.
Foolish feet so prone to halt or stray,
Foolish heart so restive on the rack!
Yesterday we sighed, but not to-day
Looking back."

MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

Portland, Ore.

* * *

For details of the current Lewis premium offer see page 77. Entries must be received not later than March 27th.

Mr Lewis Mansford has arranged an Omar Khayyam festival, with a varied and fascinating programme, at the new Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on March 21st. Particulars will be sent to any reader.

THE MANIFESTO OF THE POETRY SOCIETY[1]

A DECLARATION OF FAITH AND WORKS

Signed by Representative Members and endorsed by the Council

THE Society believes and asserts that Poetry is not only the first, the oldest, and the best of all arts, but is more than an art. " Poetry is to be called neither art nor science," declared Goethe, " but genius," for " not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine " (Plato), " redeeming from decay the visitations of the divinity in man " (Shelley).

The Society believes Poetry to be an inestimable personal, moral, and intellectual power ; the interpreter of life and of the wonder and beauty of the world ; an inspiring and consoling influence ; and a cultural and ethical factor of the greatest importance. "The great value of Poetry is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life, to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of Nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feelings, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, strengthens our interests in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, knits us by new ties with universal beings, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life " (Channing on Milton).

The Society has been founded to obtain wider recognition for this value and use of Poetry, " to nourish the love of Poetry in the heart of man. In a material age there is much need to keep alive the imaginative side of human life . . . to stimulate the love of the Poets, and to spread far and wide their message to man " (Lord Coleridge).

By various practical means—by uniting in a great fellowship those who appreciate the value and mission of Poetry, and by endeavouring to bring others within its influence—this Society seeks to achieve these objects, and to show that " the Poet is the rock of defence for human nature ; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time " (Wordsworth).

As a primary essential step towards the realization of its objects the Society seeks the assistance and co-operation of all Educational Authorities, and urges them to facilitate and encourage the study of Poetry to a far greater extent than at present is done. The materialistic and scientific side of human nature and mind has received, and is receiving, an undue share of attention, and the Society asserts that the emotional and imaginative side of man requires equal if not more training than the materialistic. The evils consequent upon ill-regulated, untrained, and wild, emotional natures are too well known and too much deplored to need discussion—and it is the object and work of the Society to obtain for Poetry that educational consideration and practical usefulness which would correct the evils and make for steady progress in all that is beautiful and true in the world of imagination and emotion.

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[1] Originally issued in 1911, and republished for the information of new members.

The Educational Authorities are therefore urged so to arrange the curriculum and time-table of schools under their charge that:

(1) Poetry, in its widest and best sense, should be recognized as a necessary subject for study in all schools, and take its rightful place in the study of Art, with music and painting.

(2) That teachers be urged to dwell upon the subject, especially with regard to that which leads to the higher virtues of gentleness, love of beauty for itself, and reverence.

(3) That inducements be offered in schools in connection with the study of Poetry, and especially for intelligent reading and speaking, for reasons stated below.

(4) That all Colleges and Training Colleges should institute a Chair of Poetry.

Recognizing that Poetry (like music) is written for sound rather than sight reading, and, to secure the proper appreciation of rhythm and the delicate beauty of words, should be read aloud, the Society is obliged to take cognizance of elocution, regarding it as the *technique* of an art. It is essential, therefore, that the Society should pay attention to elocutionary methods and attempt to reform and improve the art of reading and speaking, and repair the neglect and despite into which elocution and the use of the speaking-voice have fallen. The Society's attitude towards and practical concern for elocution and voice production or cultivation is thus justified, and its insistence on due regard being given to better and more intelligent methods of reading and speaking vindicated. Hence the Society's intrusion into the educational sphere, its three-fold qualifying examination for teachers, and its encouragement of improved reading and recitation in schools.

It must be postulated that this regard for elocution and this use of recitations and recitals are but means to an end—the vocal interpretation of Poetry with a view to Poetry being more widely appreciated and understood. This technical phase of the Society's activities, if the higher claims were not admissible, gives it a *locus standi* in educational work, and enables it to secure attention for Poetry, to have Poetry more intelligently interpreted, and to show what exquisite pleasure can be derived from the rendering of Poetry by a beautiful, developed voice, thoroughly under the control of an intelligent brain. "For every poem exists its appropriate expression by the human voice—since poetry is capable of two appeals, silent and articulate—both equally forcible. The speaking of Poetry is one of the means by which the soul, through the medium of beautiful words, can express itself as it would, and all those dumb and faltering emotions which, though usually inarticulate, are its life. It is when life is unable to endure the pain of silence that it breaks into a cry which is Poetry—and in Poetry all art is included. And certain temperaments cannot find their true expression save in the words of others—and these belong to the ideal speaker of verse" (Lady Margaret Sackville's presidential address on "The Art of Speaking Verse").

By the careful selection of competent teachers, and by greater regard being given to intelligent reading and speaking and to the use of the finest and most distinctive human organ, the voice, the Society hopes to secure more adequate recognition of the educative, formative value of Poetry, which, as Wordsworth says in what Mr. William Watson describes as "the finest definition of Poetry on record," "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression on the countenance of science." An eminent educationist has said that in the education of the young Poetry should have the first place, and Darwin testified to the moral and intellectual deterioration likely to result from the neglect of Poetry when he declared, "If I had to live my life again I would have made a rule to read some Poetry and listen to some music at least every week, for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied might have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral nature by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The Society cannot insist too strongly on the spiritual value of Poetry. It is the expression of the man who feels the significance and mystery of life, and has been dowered with the genius to handle it, to enlarge our emotions and feelings, to widen the gates of belief, to "catch the voice that wanders earth with spiritual summons dreamed or heard." Whitman says, "The profoundest service that poems or any other writings can do for their reader is not merely to satisfy the intellect, or supply something polished and interesting, or even to depict great passions or persons or events, but to fill him with vigorous manliness, religiousness, and give him a good heart as a radical possession and habit."

A further great educational advantage of the use of Poetry is the acquisition of a sense of the beauty of words. No easier or better way of obtaining a sense of the right use of words and of their beauty can be found than by the reading and memorizing of Poetry—the finest thoughts and the most delicate imagery expressed in the most beautiful and precise words. This sense of the beauty and value of words is a most important part of the value to be derived from reciting and reading aloud, and is emphasized by the Examiners of the Society (see Mr. Forbes Robertson's address at the September, 1910, audition).

Finally, the Society would insist most strongly that Poetry is not a contemplative affair and is not divorced from life. Reality lies in emotional contact. The Poet either reflects or arouses emotion, and shares the gift he brings, and is thus always and in all lands the dear comrade of men—inspirer, consoler, and interpreter. The appeal of Poetry is universal, a feeling and taste for it existing, as Carlyle points out, in the heart of every man, difficult though it be to find and rouse. But stimulated and cultivated, we should all be able to confess, in the words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, that " Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward ; it has soothed my affliction ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments, it has endeared my solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

The Society, by and through local centres and other methods, will keep alive the poetic spirit, but relies on all interested in Poetry and the world's spiritual and cultural progress to use their influence, privately and publicly, to secure the better recognition of Poetry as a great moral, intellectual, and recreative force.

Signed, on behalf of the Society :

HANDLEY DUNELM
AVEBURY
DUNSANY
ALFRED EAST
J. FORBES-ROBERTSON
JOHN GALSWORTHY

C. OSCAR GRIDLEY
MAURICE HEWLETT
E. LYTTELTON
FRANK MARZIALS
F. FRANKFORT MOORE
WALTER W. SKEAT

GALLOWAY KYLE, Hon. Director.

* * *

THE LADY MARGARET GOLD MEDAL

Miss Edith Evans, in announcing the award of the Lady Margaret Gold Medal on January 28th, said her task gets harder every time she has to consider the award of the gold medal. " On one point alone, which I think is the point people want particularly stressed, we have decided with my friend here, to give the Lady Margaret medal to Josephine Fyffe. Most of the pieces were delightful, but I wonder if among three one might not be a little lighter in the style to give a little variety—but this is criticism which, at this stage of your career, is not necessary. You are already holders of the gold medal and obviously all experienced verse-speakers, showing many other good qualities, and on the one point alone the medal goes to the one competitor who had the quality which is so absolutely necessary—that of taking yourself away from the poem and letting the poet speak. One thing I do beseech you to do, and that is learn your poem, find out its meaning, and then take yourself away and let the poem speak. In a marked degree this one competitor did this. The others merely did it at times. You are all aware of your own personality. I feel you have taken up the speaking of poetry because you love it very much, but you must make the poetry live and speak it from your heart. Just open your mouth and let it come out as Josephine Fyffe did. She took away her personality from the poem and let it speak itself."

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S "MAJORITY"

The formation of The Poetry Society on February 24th, 1909, was commemorated on its 21st birthday, February 24th last, by the meeting of members at lunch at the Criterion Restaurant, London, W. In the absence in Madeira of the President-General (the Lady Maud Warrender), Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., a member of the General Council, presided at what was intended to be an internal function of the Society, the special guests being particularly representative of the formation and early days of the Society, and its activities, and these included:

The Lady Margaret Sackville as the first President of the Society; Miss Julie Huntsman as a member of the first Council and still on the Executive; Miss Daisy Nevinson Hallam as No. 1 on the Register of Members; Mrs. W. F. Rawnsley as representative of the first Life Member and Senior Councillor and one-time President-General; Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, J.P., as Hon. Treasurer, responsible for the Incorporation of the Society; Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Vice-President and Life member, as representative of the American membership; Miss Edith Evans as representative of the Verse Speaking work of the Society, and "Arthur Hood" representing the critical acumen of THE POETRY REVIEW.

The Lady Margaret Sackville was unable to get up from Edinburgh and sent greetings; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, a former President responsible for setting the standard of the Verse-Speaking Examinations originally, and acting as examiner himself, was unable to attend owing to absence from town. Other apologies for non-attendance were received from the following Vice-Presidents: Sir Barry Jackson, the Earl of Cromer, Lady Londonderry, Dr. O. Kallas, the Earl of Sandwich, the Archbishop of York, Lady Mabel Smith, Princess Troubetzkoy, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir H. Boulton, Miss Jessie Scrivener, Sir Landon Ronald and the Polish Ambassador. Among the Vice-Presidents present were the Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lady Chalmers, the Hon. Eleanour Norton, Lady Tenterden and Sir Bartle Frere.

The Chairman reported the receipt of the following telegram from the Countess Marie van Bylandt, who had been specially invited as representative of Continental interests—"My thoughts are with you. Please accept sincerest and warmest congratulations and wishes"—and announced that the Countess had sent a donation of £21 as a Birthday gift, and also, in the following letter, had notified a further gift, which has since been received, of an exquisite bronze statuette, "Le Chemin Parcouru," by G. Colin, on a marble pedestal: "Dear Chevalier Kyle: Although not with you in person on Monday, February 24th, I cannot let that memorable day pass by without sending the Society to which I am so strongly attached a tribute of sincere admiration and heartfelt gratitude, and at the same time my most fervent wishes for the future. I have tried to embody all these feelings in my 'Birthday-surprise.' May it prove to be the prophetic emblem of The Society's continuous prosperity and steady upward progress! February 24th is a pause in this ascending line. It is a moment's respite, in which we look backward with thankfulness, and forward with indomitable determination. This is what my surprise wishes to express. I trust that you will be able to place it in the new library and that it will give you as much pleasure to receive it as it does me to offer it you! Meanwhile, Yours very sincerely, Marie van Bylandt."

The Chairman also stated he had received a thousand dollars from Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett for library equipment, and that Mrs. Minshall had presented a Challenge Cup for the reading and speaking of poetry in foreign languages—both in commemoration of the 21st anniversary.

The speeches made at this very successful commemoration meeting will be reported in our next issue. Great interest was taken in the event, and the Kensington and Hampstead Centres in particular participated in it in a representative manner.

The general attitude towards the anniversary is expressed in the following typical message:

"Dear Poetry Society,—As a member of 19-20 years' standing and a Founder of the Reigate Centre of The Poetry Society, and a Secretary of this Centre, I am writing to give you my best wishes and congratulations on your 21st Birthday. In all these years you have been an uplifting influence and have brought happiness and vision to many, and in the heart-breaking years of War—and in days of trouble, comfort to many. It is a great record and a great thought to carry you forward on the threshold of your grown-up life. Very sincerely yours, M. E. Mason."

* * *

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Mr. G. C. Ashton Jonson, for many years a devoted and staunch member of the General Council of The Poetry Society and some time president of the Kensington Centre, until the health of Mrs. Ashton Jonson made it imperative for him to live out of England for a time. Mr. Ashton Jonson's lecture recitals on "Melodrama" and his papers on great poems and other lectures will be remembered appreciatively by many members. He was thorough and exact in all he did and possessing a ready wit and a well-stored mind he was of immense service to the Society during a critical period, always ready to undertake missions on its behalf and to represent the Society on important public occasions, and in delicate negotiations he was scrupulously fair and absolutely loyal to his colleagues. His keen, analytical mind and sense of fairness swiftly penetrated malicious pretentiousness and insincerity.

We have also to record the death of Adele, Lady Meyer, for some years a member of the General Council, which she joined out of admiration for the ideals of the Society.

THE BUSINESS OF POETRY

TO attempt "to see things as they are in themselves" is the splendid forlorn hope allotted to Science: it is no work for Poetry. The business of Poetry is to see spirits as they are, and all things as they are in the life of the spirit. This does not imply any forsaking of the ancient way, the way that great poetry has gone in all ages. There will be no forgetting the old beauty, the visible and audible beauty of the never-too-much-loved earth: but it will be remembered and loved as the half-translucent veil of that other beauty, the beauty that is true with the only truth and lasting with the only immortality that are given us to know.

And it may be that that is not all: it may be that there is in poetry the power to reach a still deeper truth, a still profounder being, to draw at times directly from that unseen, unsounded, underlying Pool of Personality, of which our own lives are but momentary jets flung into sunlight. Some among our poets have believed this and transmitted their belief, none in more beautiful lines than these of Mr. Binyon's:

> *"There is no longer grief nor joy for me*
> *But one infinity of life that flows*
> *From the deep ocean heart that no man knows,*
> *Out into these unnumbered semblances*
> *Of earth and air, mountains and beasts and trees,*
> *One timeless flood which drives the circling star*
> *In furthest heaven, and whose weak waves we are,*
> *Mortal and broken oft in sobbing foam,*
> *Yet ever children of that central home.*
> *Our Peace, that even as we flee, we find;*
> *The Road that lies before us and behind,*
> *By which we travel from ourselves, in sleep*
> *Or waking, towards a self more vast and deep."*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

* * *

The proposal to form a Mayfair Centre of The Poetry Society was received with acclamation by the newspapers, and at a special meeting held at Curzon House (by the kind permission of Earl Howe), presided over by the President-General (the Lady Maud Warrender), a Centre was duly constituted with Mrs. Mends Gibson, the President of the Kensington Centre, as President *pro tem.* while the new group was being organized, and the Hon. Eleanour Norton as Secretary, with the Countess Howe, Lady Chalmers and the Hon. Cynthia Guest as provisional Council.

The President-General read with approval a special article in that day's *Daily News* on "The Muse in Mayfair," which came to the following conclusion: "It is a cheering thing, therefore, to find poetry, which in the past has thrived so well under patronage, becoming once more the pastime of the rich. And I think that we must congratulate the Poetry Society, which has done so much to civilize the suburbs and provinces, on having sent out its first missionaries into the land of Mayfair."

* * *

At the dramatic reading of a play written around the character of David the Shepherd King, by the President of the Kensington Centre, Mr. and Mrs. Adamson were excellently supported by a goodly company of readers who gave an expression of vitality and character to a very dramatic presentation of the familiar story of David and Bathsheba, which did not rely upon paraphrase of the biblical story, but was treated with originality and strength.

The Golder's Green Centre has re-started its fortnightly meetings at Woodstock School. Mr. E. T. Hale, 11 Richmond Gardens, N.W.4, as secretary, would be glad to hear from new local members.

It is hoped that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson will award the Rawnsley Memorial Medal at a special Poetry Reading by competitors early in May. An earlier date could not be arranged owing to other engagements. Entries will be received until April 17th. Readers are requested to apply for further particulars and tickets.

All communications for the Poetry Society and THE POETRY REVIEW should be addressed to 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the brief review of my book, *Cosmogony*, I find it stated that "he describes, according to the nineteenth-century theories of cosmogony and evolution, life appeared on the earth in its diverse forms. The following partial list of books read, with dates of publication, will show that twentieth-century theories are discussed: Osborn, H. F., *Men of the Old Stone Age*, 1915; *Origin and Evolution of Life*, 1917; *From the Greeks to Darwin*, 1904; Tyler, J. M., *Coming of Man*, 1923; *Evolution, Man-Origin*, 1923; Lull, R. S., *Organic Evolution*, 1917; *Ways of Life*, 1925; Slossons, E. E., *Lessons in Einstein*, 1920.

Then there is this statement: "Mr. Whiffen is unlikely to please readers who do not already share his enthusiastic approval of the present state of civilization." A *careful* reading of the book would show that this approval is comparative only. When we consider how man by his own efforts has raised himself from the nearly animal stage to his present achievement, I think it tenable to hold at least a high degree of appreciation.

The question as to whether philosophical verse may be real poetry is an entirely different one—only time can answer that.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN THOMAS WHIFFEN.

411 East 5th Street,
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

POPE AND ENGLISH CLASSICISM

> I know that in using the words " classic " and " romantic " I am doing a dangerous thing. They represent five or six different kinds of antitheses, and while I may be using them in one sense you may be interpreting them in another. In this present connection I am using them in a perfectly precise and limited sense. . . .
>
> Here is the root of all romanticism: that man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities; and if you can so rearrange society by the destruction of oppressive order then these possibilities will have a chance and you will get Progress.
>
> One can define the classical quite clearly as the exact opposite to this. Man is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organization that anything decent can be got out of him.
>
> This view was a little shaken at the time of Darwin. You remember his particular hypothesis, that new species came into existence by the cumulative effect of small variations—this seems to admit the possibility of future progress. But at the present day the contrary hypothesis makes headway in the shape of De Vries's mutation theory, that each new species comes into existence, not gradually by the accumulation of small steps, but suddenly in a jump, a kind of sport, and that once in existence it remains absolutely fixed. . . .
>
> One may note here that the Church has always taken the classical view since the defeat of the Pelagian heresy and the adoption of the sane classical dogma of original sin.—T. E. HULME: *Speculations*, pp. 113–117.

HULME uses two unrelated characteristics, faith in man's capacity for improvement, and faith in the value of freedom as an aid to human betterment, to define Romanticism, and their opposites to define Classicism, and certainly these definitions can be applied satisfactorily to Shelley and Byron on the one hand, and Dryden and Pope on the other. But it is possible to believe in man's capabilities and yet recognize the danger of freedom. That is to say, other attitudes are possible as well as the classical and the romantic defined in this way. Further, Hulme's scientific backing is valueless: human progress, if such a thing exists, is a psychological rather than a physiological change. It may be that changes in bodily structure can only occur in sudden rare mutations, whilst mental changes or rearrangements may be more gradual and more frequent. There is no body of scientific evidence from which a theory may be induced, and we must therefore appeal empirically to our own experience. For each of us there are works of art which arouse in us feelings differing in kind as well as in degree from the common gentle pleasurable perception. To those to whom Lear, Leonardo's *Virgin and Child* cartoon, and Beethoven's *Opus* 131 mean anything at all, they mean something terrifyingly clear, yet inexpressible in normal language. Not one poem in five thousand read and enjoyed produces that effect, that sudden growth of consciousness which gives meaning and value to what was valueless and inexplicable before. To show this beauty beyond known beauty, this goodness beyond all joy and sorrow, this truth which shall be absolute, not relative, that is the work of genius.

"Of genius, in the fine arts," says Wordsworth,[1] "the only infallible sign is the widening of the sphere of human sensibility, for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of the new element to the intellectual universe; or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown."

Not every reader of poetry can appreciate unaided such innovations: it is the duty of the critic to enlarge the reader's apprehension, and this cannot be achieved by cooing soft approval, but only by pointing out subtleties of rhythm and of texture, mentioning relevant associations, and "placing" the poem for the reader. Equally, if the critic considers that a poem invites crude responses which are likely to deaden the appreciation of more finely adjusted work, his task will not be done by loud denunciation.

A critic must possess unusual sensibility and unusual skill in the detection and naming of those elements in poetry which can affect that sensibility.

Miss Sitwell, in her essay on "Experiment in Poetry,"[2] has shown a rare mastery of this art, but in her study of Alexander Pope,[3] she is less articulate and more un-

[1] *Essay Supplementary to Preface*, 1815.

[2] O.U.P. 1929. 7s. 6d.

[3] Faber and Faber. 15s.

profitably encomiastic. Her book (for the production of which her publishers deserve all praise) is admittedly a defence of Pope's character and not a work of criticism, but she errs in thinking that the present popular neglect of Pope is due to any denigration of his character; Byron and Shelley made enemies and suffered calumny, yet they are read. Nor is it due to any distaste for "pure poetry," poetry without an apparent moral message. It is not any moral significance which has made the work of Mr. Yeats and Mr. de la Mare so popular.[1]

Pope may well have been "one of the most lovable of men," but he must have been at times a dangerous acquaintance and a friend requiring tact, restraint and endless consideration. Made sensitive by his deformity, he learned to strike swiftly and surely with the only weapon he could wield. Other and luckier poets have suffered criticism more unjust, and learned to shrug their shoulders. Pope had strong friends:

> And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
> The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read;
> Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,
> And St. John's self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
> With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.[2]

but the attacks of midges goaded him to fury. Whatever Miss Sitwell may think, no one reproaches him for his counter attack on John, Lord Hervey:[3]

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[1] For an examination of "Pure Poetry" see *Poetry at Present*, by Charles Williams (O.U.P. 7s. 6d. net).

[2] *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. Reprinted (in part) in *An Anthology of English Poetry* (Dryden to Blake). Compiled by Kathleen Campbell. (Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d. net.)

[3] Author of these memorable lines (quoted in the *Stuffed Owl*, an Anthology of Bad Verse. Dent. 6s.):

> Will the wise elephant desert the wood,
> To imitate the whale and range the flood?
> Or will the Mole her native earth forsake,
> In wanton madness to explore the lake?

on which Canning's parody is the only comment possible:

> The feathered tribes on pinions swim the air:
> Not so the Mackerel—and still less the Bear.

Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoy,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

If Pope's expense of energy in crushing puny enemies arouses our emotions at all (and perhaps it is better not to cry over spilt milk) it is neither to approve nor to condemn, but only to regret the waste. For Pope's bitterness and satire is largely wasted. We can sympathize with him only if we become so familiar with his life and work that his name becomes a symbol to evoke in us, as it does in Miss Sitwell, all the solicitude and love we lavish on our friends. Miss Sitwell states facts about Pope which show him to have been a worthy, kindly man, impulsive and more generous than most, but so enamoured of his reputation that lying to enhance it became with him a passion second only to that for writing the poetry on which it is sufficiently securely based. Yet facts can only increase our respect, they cannot compel our love. There are fine passages in this biography, but they owe their excellence to some inspiration other than Pope:

> Life in the forest and among the great gardens was so still, so clear, that it seemed, almost, as if everything were taking place under some limpid lake, in the afternoon of a dream. The days passed in solemn beauty, with the young poet and his ancient and experienced friend riding among the great shining leaves of summer, and beside the lake that was so still it appeared like Mr. Pope's greenhouses, where, in the heat, the mirage flowers and blazing fruits spread themselves into silence.

Writing of her hero, Miss Sitwell expresses rather than communicates her affection, and consequently there are times when her affectionate sorrow for his peccadilloes is almost ludicrous. Unless the writer awakens our sympathy for his subject, his intended sentiment becomes sentimentality, his drama melodrama. And Miss Sitwell is acquiring a dangerous habit of using the ironic method so crudely that the result is melodrama.

> In Swift's last illness, the blindness of the mind was equalled by

the blindness of the eyes. . . . But this was thirty years before that time, and Swift was unaware of his approaching fate.

Miss Sitwell's book would have been a charming essay on the foliage and water-music of the eighteenth century, diversified by constant reference to Alexander Pope, had she not turned, in her last chapter, to the subject that she knows through and through: the technique of Pope's poetry. In that chapter she has no need of scholarly research, no need to shake her head, no need to repeat (as she sometimes does) her witticisms. By selecting those lines in which the poet's skill appears most clearly she shows that

> " the heroic couplet, which is kept strictly within the limits of its outward structure, is as variable within those limits, as waves, as the air, with its light variations of wind, indeed, as variable as the earth itself, with its mountains and plains, its snows and gardens, towers, and gulfs. The reason why, to an insensitive ear, the heroic couplet seems monotonous, is because structure alone, and not texture, has been regarded as the maker of rhythm. . . ."

She quotes the whole of the attack on Lord Hervey and observes that

> " the whole passage is a triumph, not only of invention, but also of suitability and of command over the material. How miraculously he understands the differing effects arising from the varied disposal of one-syllabled words—and the effect that a line containing nothing but one-syllabled words may have, when placed among lines which contain artfully-placed and consciously-used double and treble-syllabled words."

Of *The Duncaid* she says " How enormous are the opening lines, with the thick, muffled, dull thud of the alliterating M's:

> The mighty mother, and her son who brings
> The Smithfield muses to the ears of kings.

In contrast to the cold, remote beauty of

> Lo! where Maeotes sleeps, and hardly flows
> The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,

(" apart from the beauty of the vowel-sounds, the effect is produced largely by a little frozen air, dying away again, of the tribrach 'Tanais'") she quotes the grave and majestic splendour of the last two couplets:

> Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
> Light dies before thy uncreating word;
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all.

If the present neglect of Pope were due only to our lack of perception of the subtle variations of the heroic couplet (arising in turn from special attention to other techniques) Miss Sitwell's criticism might do much to increase popular appreciation of his work. She herself stumbles nearer to the primary cause when she observes of *Eloisa to Abelard*:

"Unfortunately, the skilled use of the antithesis, of which Pope and Dryden were our greatest masters, was not suitable to this subject;

> I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

this gives the emotion an epigrammatic effect which lessens and falsifies the emotion." The use of antithesis in this way was an ineradicable characteristic of that special development of English classicism which we call Augustan.

From Hulme's definition it is clear that certain qualities are necessary to classicism. If the individual man is so limited that only by tradition and organization can he approach his own ideals, then individualism is to be distrusted; and order, universality and a generalized humanity become necessary qualities of art. Art must be impersonal, and feeling, being individual and varying from man to man, is dangerous and must be straitly disciplined; whilst logical and scientific truth, the least common denominator of individual experiences, must be extolled. Professor Sherard Vines, in a work so crammed with erudite quotations that its author has little space to show significant relations among his facts, justly observes:

> The element which we call "good sense" and which we regard as a necessary part of the Augustan "make-up," owed its strength very largely to the teachings of John Locke (1632–1704). Locke weighed down the beam against mysticism heavily, as did Vanbrugh against the Gothic; and complaints have been made in our own

more hysteric time that he appealed to man's reason rather than to his emotions. The rational practice of abstraction, of conceiving universals, is of high value to him; brutes abstract not, and the power to do so is the test for humanity. He places clear judgment and deep reason over wit, " the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and vanity," he observes faith with a grudging eye and enthusiasm with profound distrust.

This deliberate restriction of the field of experience was reflected in the widespread use of the heroic couplet, for though, as Miss Sitwell says, the heroic couplet is as variable as the earth itself, it is not, when used by Pope or Dryden, as variable as man's feelings. As we read Pope we gradually become aware of the absence of certain feelings which form an integral part of our own experience. We find wit (true wit, which is foreshortened logic, not the frivolous evasions coldly condemned by Locke), we find good-humour, a certain frigid beauty, fiery denunciation; but nothing of those more treacherous, doubting, complex moods found in Hamlet, in the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century and in some modern poets. We find no conflict between the emotion of a moment, and reason based on some firm system of beliefs, because the emotion is repressed at once. Mr. I'Anson Fausset, in an admirable introduction to *Minor Poets of the Eighteenth Century*[1] (Parnell, Green, Dyer, Collins, Lady Winchelsea), says succinctly:

> The "antithesis," for example, which we are apt to dismiss as merely a structural convention, was something more than a trick of diction. It was the verbal equivalent of an ideal, superficial and self-regarding as it may seem. That ideal was the ideal of " the mean." To balance one impulse by its opposite, enthusiasm by good sense, generosity by prudence, desire by discretion, and so preserve a mastery over life and an assured poise in yourself—that was " The Choice " of John Pomfret and of many of his contemporaries. . . .
>
> And just as in civilization they saw only a small and a privileged citadel of culture in a brutish world, so they conceived of poetry as a pattern of good-sense and elegant sobriety, imposed upon the rebel instincts.
>
> This attitude to life may not command our admiration to-day, but it deserves our respect. To make even an imperfect art of life is so

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[1] Dent: Everyman Library. 2s. (Library Edition 3s.).

difficult that in our hasty times most of us have given up the attempt and live, both in the realm of ideas and of fact, from hand to mouth.

The classic writer respects tradition: that which has been moulded by the experience of generations is more likely to prove workable than the inspiration of a moment or even the product of a year or two of meditation. For a time, safely enshrined in a snug and mechanistic Cartesian universe, the Augustans found it possible to attain a limited serenity:

> Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
> Ixion rests upon his wheel,

but man, though he be limited, is a living creature who survives only by changing the world about him and by adapting himself to his changing environment. Poetry, and even music, are arts practised by human beings, and as man changes so must they change. Plain sense is, after all, part of the content of poetry, and though there are qualities in Pope and his contemporaries which, as Miss Sitwell shows, we can enjoy to-day, our intellectual attitude is not his, and his restrictions are unacceptable to us. Man is an organism, not a mechanism: even the world of physics seems not to obey absolute, mechanistic laws. The attempt to lop and prune man's instincts did violence to nature; if man is to be disciplined and controlled in his own interest, that discipline must be akin to those laws which regulate the growth of trees, not to the rules of statics appropriate to architecture.

From the time of Pope to the end of the century there were two diverging streams in English poetry: in one, feeling was so disciplined that it sometimes became comic, as in the lines by "Namby Pamby" Philips, Pope's despised enemy:

> Weeping o'er the sacred urn,
> Ever shall the Muses mourn
> Sadly shall their numbers flow,
> Ever elegant in woe.[1]

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[1] *The Stuffed Owl* (p. 8). It is significant that this delightful volume contains nothing by Pope.

In the other, from Parnell and Lady Winchelsea to Gray and Collins, the discipline was gradually modified. As examples of artificial discipline one might quote the long medico-philosophic treatises in verse, or the odes, adroit and circumspect, to reigning powers :

> Since Brunswick's smile has authorized my Muse,[1]
> Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.

Against that, to exemplify the second, we may set the last stanza of William Shenstone's poem, " Written in an Inn at Henley " :[2]

> Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome, at an inn.

In Shenstone, as in Johnson, we find traces of a classicism which is not that of Pope or Dryden. Their poetry (and that of Shenstone in particular) has been neglected, but it shows that fidelity to experience and that absence of any attempt to evade or to exaggerate unpleasant facts which is typical of the courageous pagan classicism which reappeared in the poems of Professor Housman. Poets of that school find in the grim precision of their writing the only justification of the experience of which they write. Perhaps it is for that reason that Mr. Fausset excluded Johnson and Shenstone from his volume, for his selection is intended to illustrate a relaxation rather than a modification of the Augustan discipline. Each of the poets he includes was a victim of the spleen, that vague discontent and melancholy which was the inevitable result of prolonged attempts to submit the instincts to restrictions which had outlived the age to which they were perhaps appropriate. It was characteristic of the outlook of the eighteenth century that the spleen should have been treated as a medical and not a psychological problem. It was not until the Romantic Revival that the restrictions were completely overthrown, and the failure of Pantisocracy, the unfortunate infatuation of Keats, and the private lives of Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron show that in human conduct romanticism may cause suffering, to the rebel and to others, more grievous than the spleen. The widening of the sphere of human sensibility, the finer adjustment of our consciousness to our surroundings, is an adventure, a risk, and may involve an agony as sharp as death.

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[1] With a pension of two hundred pounds, as the compilers of *The Stuffed Owl* (D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee) demurely note.

[2] Included, with other examples of Shenstone's work, in Miss Campbell's Anthology.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

DE QUADAM PUELLA

SHE should have lived in some far time
When life was lyrical and fair,
When poets made immortal rhyme
And youth and love were honoured there :

Bright with abiding springtime thus,
She would have lingered in the fall
Of some sweet-phrased, melodious
Elizabethan madrigal ;

Or, flushed with summer and at ease
In tales Theocritus hath sung
Of careless shepherds under trees
Once in a pagan world and young.

N. K. CRUICKSHANK.

MIST.

A WIZARD'S robe has swept across the land—
Fold upon silver fold, it wraps the trees ;
Its dewy hems caress the smallest flowers.
All living things are still, and grey, and dumb
As if sleep shuttered still the eyes of day.

Far up in the clear air he weaves his spell,
  Then scatters from each yellow wrinkled hand
A blessing and a bane ; ere we can tell.
Whether two sunbeams glide and dance and play,
Or whether Merlin's eyes dart sapphire beams,
He gathers up his robe, and stalks away
To work a magic in some pirate's dreams,
To fling a spell over the singing seas.

MORWYTH REES.

VIRGIL IN XVII AND XVIII CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE general idea and plan of Virgil's *Aeneid* suggested the structure and form of Cowley's *Davideis*, which was to be, like the *Aeneid*, in twelve books, although the author only wrote four; and, as it is well known, Virgil's poem was in Milton's mind, when he was projecting an epic poem on the legend of Brut, which was to be to England what the *Aeneid* had been to the Romans. We do not linger on Milton's copious borrowings from Virgil, which have been thoroughly studied by painstaking and conscientious critics.

In his *Account of the Poem* Dryden declares that Virgil has been his model in *Annus Mirabilis* (1667).

There is an allusion to Creusa's fate in *Annus Mirabilis*, st. LXVII:

> " Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet."

> " For them the Idumæan balm did sweat."

Cf. *Georgics*, II, 118–9:

> " Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno
> balsamaque . . . "

> " And now, a round of greater years begun."
> *Id.*, st. XVIII.

Cf. *Eclogue*, IV:

> " Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo."

> " Him whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
> Now absent, every little noise can wound."
> *Id.*, st. CIX.

Cf. *Aeneid*, II, 726:

> " Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
> Tela neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii
> Nunc omnes terrent aurae, sonus excitat omnis."

> " So glides . . . "—*Id.*, st. CXXIII.

Cf. *Aeneid*, V, 276:

> " Nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus;
> . . . pars volnere clauda retentat
> nexantem nodis, seque in sua membra plicantem;
> tali remigio navis se tarda movebat."

"Their opened sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let in to shades below."
Id., st. CXXIX.

Cf. *Aeneid*, VIII, 246 :

"Trepidentque immisso lumine Manes."

"Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm
And some on bells of tasted lilies play ;
With glewy wax some new foundation lay
Of *virgin-combs*, which from the roof are hung ;
Some armed within doors upon duty stay
Or tend the sick *or educate the young.*"

Cf. *Georgics*, IV, 159 (Dryden only quoted " Fervet opus ") :

"Pars intra septa domorum
narcissi lacrymam et lentum de cortice gluten
prima favis ponunt fundamina, deinde tenaces
suspendunt ceras : aliae spem gentis, adultos
educunt foetus . . ."

"Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell."
Id., st. CLXXVI

Cf. *Aeneid*, V, 302 :

"Multi praeterea quos fama obscura recondit."

"So void of pity is the ignoble crowd." *Id.*, st. CCL.

Cf. *Aeneid*, I, 153 :

"saevitque animis ignobile vulgus."

"By which to Heaven they did affect the way."
Id., st. CCLXXIII.

Cf. *Georgics*, IV, 562 :

"viamque affectat Olympo."

"While ours, a world divided from the rest."
Astraea Redux, 2.

Cf. *Eclogue*, I, 67 :

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

"And martial brass belie the thunder's sound." *Id.*, 198.

Cf. *Aeneid*, VI, 586 :

"Dum flammam Jovis et sonitus imitatur Olympi."

"The Swiftsure *groans* beneath *great* Gloucester's Weight."
Id., 235.

Cf. *Aeneid*, VI, 412 :

" Simul accipit alveo
Ingentem Aeneam. *Gemuit sub pondere cymba.*"

" Covering adultery with a specious name."
The Hind and the Panther, I, 354.

Cf. *Aeneid*, IV, 172 :

" coniugium vocat, hoc praetexit culpam."

" . . . a Raven from a withered oak
Left of their lodging was observed to croak.
That omen liked him not . . . " *Id.*, III, 475–7.

Cf. *Eclogue*, IX, 15 :

" Ante sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix."

" The Sibyl's hand of the Cumaean grot :
The mad divineress had plainly writ . . . "
Id., III, 489–90.

Cf. *Aeneid*, III, 443 :

" Insanam vatem adspicies : quae rupe sub ima
fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat."

" A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice."
Id., III, 1174 (italicized in the text).

Cf. *Aeneid*, II, 49 :

" Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

" At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope . . . " MacFlecknoe, 108.

Aeneid, XII, 168 :

" Et juxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae."

" Those giant wits, in happier ages born.'
Religio Laici, 80.

Aeneid, VI, 649 :

" Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis."

" An iron slumber . . . " *Threnodia Augustalis*, 70.

Aeneid, X, 745 :

" ferreus somnus."

" Out of the solar walk and Heaven's highway." *Id.*, 353.

Aeneid, VI, 797:

> " extra anni solisque vias."
>
> " The mighty years in long procession ran ; "
> *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, 1029.

Eclogue, IV:

> " Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo."
> " Incipient magni procedere menses."
>
> " Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
> Heaved up the lightened keel and sunk the sand."
> *Address to the Duchess of Ormond prefixed to the translation of " Palamon and Arcite."*

Cf. *Aeneid*, V, 241:

> " Et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
> impulit."

Dryden quotes:

> " So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows."
> *Annus Mirabilis*, st. xv.

Georgics, IV, 388:

> " Caeruleus Proteus immania ponti . . .
> Armenta. . . ."
>
> " But land unfixed and floating nations strove."
> *Id.*, st. LVII.

Aeneid, VII, 691:

> " Credas innare revulsas Cycladas . . . "
>
> " His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow."
> *Id.*, st. LXXIII.

Aeneid, II, 213:

> " Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem."
>
> " did fiery Cadus hide " *Id.*, st. LXXXIII.

Aeneid, VIII, 251:

> " The kingly beast . . .
> . . . slowly moves, unknowing to give place."
> *Id.*, st. XCVI.

Aeneid, IX, 797:

> " Haud aliter retro dubius vestigia Turnus
> Improperata refert . . . "

"So glides some trodden serpent on the grass
And long behind his wounded volume trails."

Id., st. CXXIII.

Georgics, III, 423 :

"Quum medii nexus extremaeque agmina caudae
Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes . . ."

"All hands employed, the royal work grows warm."

Id., st. CXLIV.

Georgics, IV, 159 :

"Fervet opus . . ".

"Beyond the year and out of Heaven's highway."

Id., st. CLX.

Aeneid, VI, 797 :

"extra anni solisque vias."

(Cf. *Threnodia Augustalis*, 353, and *Britannia Rediviva*, 1306.)

"And with his trident shoved them off the sand."

Id., st. CLXXXIV.

Aeneid, I, 145 :

"Levat ipse tridenti et vastas aperit syrtes . . ."

"And seeming to be stronger makes them so."

Id., st. CXC.

Aeneid, V, 23 :

"Possunt quia posse videntur."

"And lighted all the river with a blaze ;"

Id., CCXXXI.

Aeneid, II, 312 :

"Sigaea igni freta lata relucent."

"Not great Aeneas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolved away,
He to the Tyrians showed his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess mother's grace ;
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breathed honour on his eyes, and her own purple light."

Britannia Rediviva, 128–133.

Aeneid, I :

"Restitit Aeneas, claraque in luce refulsit,
os humerosque deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram

> caesariem nato genitrix, lumenque juventae
> purpureum, et laetos oculis afflarat honores."

> " As Jove's increase . . ." *Id.*, 208.

Eclogue, IV, 49 :

> " Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum."

Richard Blackmore (ab. 1650–1729) imitated the structure of the *Aeneid* in his voluminous epic poems *Prince Arthur* (1695), *King Arthur* (1697) and *Alfred* (1723). A somewhat close imitation of the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* may be noticed in *Arthur*.

John Philips (1676–1709) imitated very closely and with fine skill the style of Virgil's *Georgics* in his poem *Cider* (1708), from which Thomson took several hints for his *Seasons*. Virgil's influence is also clearly felt in Philips' *Cerealia* (1706) and *Pastorals* (1700).

The Chace (1735) of William Somervile (Edston, Warwickshire, 1675–1742) shows the influence of Thomson's *Seasons* and Philips' *Cider*, and, through them, the reflection of a Virgilian cast of thought ; this Virgilian stamp appears also in his poems *Hobbinol* (1740) and *Field Sports* (1742.)

Very clear reflections of Virgil—pointed out by the author himself, appear in Pope's *Pastorals* (1709) and in *Windsor Forest* (1713) ; his *Messiah* is modelled on Virgil's Fourth *Eclogue*. Some traces of Virgilian style may be descried in *The Rape of the Lock* (1700) [1] and the *Dunciad* is evidently in several passages a burlesque of Virgil's epic.

Addison carefully studied the Latin language at Oxford, and his mastery in composing Latin lines of a Virgilian cast appears in his Latin poems. [2]

His *Dialogues upon the Usefulness of Ancient Medals* [3] show a deep acquaintance with Virgil and other Latin poets, which also appears from his *Dissertatio de Romanorum Poetis*[1]. His short Essay on Virgil's *Georgics*[2] reveals a fine critical judgment in several passages.[3]

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[1] 55, 46 :

> " Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends."
> *Rape of the Lock*, II, 34.

Cf. *Aeneid*, II, 390 :

> " dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat ? "

[2] Published in *Musae Anglicanae—Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698—*Mus. Angl. Analecta*, 1699.

[3] Composed about 1703–5, publ. 1721.

His *Remarks on several Parts of Italy in the years* 1701–1703 (publ. 1705)—the relation of his experiences and impressions in our land, mostly of a literary character and founded on classical reminiscences—contain many quotations from Latin poets and very frequently from Virgilius.

In *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax in the year* 1721 (which was translated into Italian endecasyllabics by Anton Maria Salvini) he mentions Virgil several times,[4] yet with undue praise to the poetical art of the man to whom the *Letter* is addressed.

In his poem *The Campaign* (1708) he often imitates Virgil in his diction and phrasing.

His version—or rather versified paraphrase of the lines 570–681 of the Third Book of the *Aeneid*, entitled *Milton's Style imitated in a translation of a story out of the Third Aeneid*,[5] is a very poor rendering of the episode of Achaemenides. Compare, for instance, the marvellous simile of Virgil at lines 677/81, and Addison's[1] diluted and rambling translation.

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[1] Composed and published in 1692.

[2] Written in 1693.

[3] " But Virgil seems nowhere so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. —— . . . as in his Aeneid he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last *Georgic* was a good prelude to the Aeneid; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace."

Works, 160, 161.

" Oh could the Muse my ravished breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumbered beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!"

" My humble verse demand a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise."

Works, pp. 31–37.

[5] Published in the V Part of *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1704.

The same deficiency in both vigour and delicacy appears in his version into English decasyllabic couplets of the Fourth Book of the *Georgics* (except the story of Aristaeus).[2]

Some fine remarks on the *Aeneid* may be found in *The Spectator*, especially in the long series of Saturday papers (267–369), where he is comparing *Paradise Lost* to the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*.

> " I shall . . . examine it by the Rules of Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid* in the Beauties which are essential to that Kind of Writing. The first Thing to be consider'd in an Epic Poem is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First it should be one Action. Secondly, it should be an entire Action; and Thirdly, it should be a great Action. To consider the Action of the *Iliad, Aeneid* and *Paradise Lost* in these three several Lights. Homer to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of Things. . . . After the same manner *Aeneas* makes his first appearance in the *Tyrrhene Seas*, and within Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by Way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Aeneid*. . . . *Milton*, in Imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost*, with an infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate . . . "
>
> *Spectator*, January 5th, 1712. No. 27.
>
> " The Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Aeneid*, were in themselves exceedingly short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the Invention of *Episodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an

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[1] " quales cum vertice celso
aëriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi
constiterunt, silva alta Iovis lucusve Dianae."
Aeneid, III, 678–81.

" So stand a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth : the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumbered rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds." *Works*, 41.

[2] Publ. in *The Annual Miscellany* (1694).

agreeable Story sufficient to employ the Memory without overcharging it." *Spectator*, No. 267, January 5th, 1712.

"In Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games in the *Aeneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this Nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top[1] . . . as liable to any Censure in this Particular; but I think we may say . . . that there is an unquestionable magnificence in every part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System."
Spectator, No. 267, January 5th, 1712.

"I must observe also, that as *Virgil* in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the *Roman* Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton* with the like Art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies." *Spectator*, No. 267, January 5th, 1712.

"The second Qualification . . . is, that it should be an *entire* Action. . . . Thus we see . . . *Aeneas*'s Settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the Oppositions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land." *Spectator*, No. 267, January 5th, 1712.

"The third Qualification . . . is its Greatness . . . *Aeneas*'s Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave birth to the *Roman* Empire.' *Spectator*, No. 267, January 5th, 1712.

"*Virgil* falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety and Novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deserve that Title." *Spectator*, No. 273, January 12th, 1712.

". . . that of Dido cannot be sufficiently admired."
Spectator, No. 273, January 12th, 1712.

"The Characters of *Nisus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common." *Spectator*, No. 273, January 12th, 1712.

"We must not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and some few others which are beautiful improvements on the Greek Poet."
Id., 273.

"I do not see any Thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote Copies of Hector and *Priam*, as *Lausus* and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels, to *Pallas* and Evander."
Spectator, No. 273, January 12th, 1712.

And cf. above: *Gyas*, *Mnesteus*, *Sergestus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the same Stamp and Character.

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[1] *Aeneid*, VII, 378–84.

"There is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, which gives a peculiar Beauty to those two *Poems* . . . I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. . . . *Aeneas* [was] the remote founder of *Rome*. . . . A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Aeneas* . . ." *Spectator*, No. 273.

"Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an Actress in the *Aeneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work."

Spectator, No. 273.

". . . an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are low and vulgar. . . . There is no blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this Head . . ."

Spectator, No. 279.

"Nor it is sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *natural*, unless it abounds also which such as are *sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same Time has not so many Thoughts that are sublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charmes and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*." *Spectator*, No. 279, January 19th, 1712.

"*Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments." *Spectator*, No. 279, January 19th, 1712.

"I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Aeneid*, which rises in the fifth Book upon *Monoetes*, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock. But this Piece of Mirth is so well timed that the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it, for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for 'such an entertainment.'"

Spectator, No. 279, January 19th, 1712.

"Another Way of raising the Language, and giving it a poetical Turn, is to make Use of the Idioms of other Tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek form of Speech . . ."

Spectator, No. 285, January 26th, 1712.

". . . Milton has copied after *Homer*, rather than *Virgil*, in the Length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another."

Spectator, No. 285, January 26th, 1712.

"It is finally observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroick Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who are his principal Actors[1]. If the Reader would be at the pains to see how the Story of the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* is delivered by those Persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors."

Spectator, No. 297.

"I have often observed, with a secret Admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Aeneid* is that Passage of the Tenth Book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain.[2]—As the great Event of the *Aeneid*, and the Death of *Turnus* . . . turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflection upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's Memory." *Spectator*, No. 972.

"If there be any Instance in the *Aeneid* liable to Exception; upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the Third Book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood—This circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is representing as proceeding from natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God . . . "

Spectator, No. 315, March 1st, 1712.

"Virgil before the last decisive Combat, describes *Jupiter* . . . as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*. *Milton* . . . does not insert it as a poetical Embellishment, like the Authors above mentioned." *Spectator*, No. 321, March 8th, 1712.

"This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the Poet tells us, that the sword of *Aeneas* that was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal Forge." *Spectator*, No. 333, March 22nd, 1712.

" . . . our poet drew the Image in what follows from that in Virgil's Sixth Book, where *Aeneas* and the Sybil stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there describ'd as shut upon the Place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the Clank of Chains . . . " *Spectator*, No. 345, April 5th, 1712.

"Since none of the Criticks have considered Virgil's Fable with relation to this History of *Aeneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light. . . . Whoever looks into the Abridgment above-mentioned : (Dionysius Halicarnasseus) will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the

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[1] *Poetics*, XXIV.

[2] "Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae
et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis !
Aeneid, X, 501–2.

Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition." *Spectator*, No. 351, April 12th, 1712.

"I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the Third Book. . . . But when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it."

Spectator, No. 351, April 12th, 1712.

"The Prophetess who foretells it is an hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young Ascanius."

Spectator, No. 351, April 12th, 1712.

Virgil has "taken off everything that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroic Poem."

Spectator, No. 351, April 12th, 1712.

"I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Aeneid* . . . may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself . . . premises that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this Change of the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given a Place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology."

Spectator, No. 351, April 12th, 1712.

He finds some curious parallels to Virgil in the old ballad of *Chevy Chase*.[1]

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[1] "Then leaving Life Earl Percy took
The dead Man by the Hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy Life
Would I had lost my Land."

"That beautiful line *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in Mind of Aeneas's Behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had Slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father."

"At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
(*Aeneid*, X, 821–3.)

Spectator, No. 70, May 21st, 1711.

"Earl Douglas on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company
Whose Armour shone like Gold."

"Turnus ut antevolans tardum praecesserat agmen,
Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
aureus. . . ." *Aeneid*, IX, 47, 269–70.

Spectator, No. 74, May 25th, 1711.

Warburton had upheld the very plausible idea that Virgil in the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, represents in a synthetic and emblematic way the character of ancient religious thought. In his *Observation on the Design of the Fourth Book of the Aeneid*, Gibbon endeavoured to destroy Warburton's theory, but he failed in his task, in spite of his erudition and crafty arguments.

We find many imitations of Virgil, especially of the *Georgics*, in *The Seasons* (1700) of the Scotch poet James Thomson (1700–1748).

His poem *The Seasons* was suggested to him, as he himself says, in a passage of *Spring*, by Virgil's *Georgics*:

Nor, ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.
Such themes as these the rural Maro sang
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined. (52–57)[1]

" Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;
ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
fas erat: in medium quaerebant, ipsaque tellus
omnia liberius, nullo poscente ferebat.
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris,
praedarique lupos iussit pontumque moveri,
mellaque decussit foliis, ignemque removit,
et passim rivis currentia vina repressit."

Georgics, I, 125–132.

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[1] See his praise of Virgil in *Summer*, 454–6:

" There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song."

and *Castle of Indolence*, II, 462:

" Sweet Maro's muse . . . "

" Such themes as these the rural Maro sang
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined."

Spring, 55–7.

" There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song."

Spring, 454–6.

" Behold who yonder comes in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
'tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan swain ! "

Winter, 530–2.

Cf. ed. 1738, *Spring*:

"... Spontaneous harvest waved
Still in a sea of yellow plenty round.
The forest was the vineyard, where, untaught
To climb, unpruned and wild, the juicy grape
Burst into floods of wine. The knotted oak
Shook from the boughs the transparent streams
Of honey, creeping through the matted grass.
While from the flowery brake the serpent rolled
His fairer spires, and played his pointless tongue."

"qualis populea maerens philomela sub umbra
amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
observans nido implumis detraxit; at illa
flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
integrat, et maestis late loca questibus implet."

Georgics, IV, 515–5.

Cf. *Spring*, 713–27:

"But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruined care . . .
Or when, returning with her loaded bill,
The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robbed, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade—
Where all abandoned to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night, and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song and with her wail resound."

"Nonne vides, ut tota tremor pertemptet equorum
corpora, si tantum notas odor attulit auras?
ac neque eos iam frena virum neque verbera saeva,
non scopuli rupesque cavae atque obiecta retardant
flumina correptosque unda torquentia montis.
. . . illae
ore omnes versae in Zephyrum stant rupibus altis

. . . . .

saxa per et scopulos et depressas convallis
diffugiunt . . ."

Georgics, III, 250–77.

Cf. *Spring*, 807–19:

"The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,

Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And neighing, on the aerial summit takes
The exciting gale; then, deep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straitened stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell."

" Thrice happy he, who on the sunless side

. . . . .

Beneath the whole collected shades reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns . . .
Sits coolly calm . . ." *Summer*, 458–63.

Cf. *Georgics*, II, 487–8:

" O qui me gelidis in vallivus Haemi
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

" Saepe etiam immensum caelo venit agmen aquarum
Et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
Collectae ex alto nubes; ruit arduus aether,
Et pluvia ingenti sata laeta boumque labores
Diluit; implentur fossae et cava flumina crescunt
Cum sonitu." *Georgics*, I, 322–7.

Cf. *Autumn*, 330–9:

" And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red from the hill innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its bank
The river lift . . ."

" . . . confertoque agmine cervi
torpent mole nova et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non immissis canibus, non cassibus ullis
puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine pinnae,
sed frustra oppositum trudentis pectore montem

comminus obtruncant ferro, graviterque rudentis
caedunt, et magno laeti clamore reportant."

Georgics, III, 369–75.

Cf. *Winter*, 816–26:

" There warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lets them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home."
" the *soaring* hern,"

Winter, 146.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 363–4:

" Notasque paludes
Deserit atqua altam supra volat ardea nubem."

" . . . The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep and screams along the land."

Winter, 144–5.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 361–2:

" Cum medio celeres revolant ex aequore mergi
Clamoremque ferunt ad litora."

Cf. " *clamorous* rooks," *Winter*, 141.

" Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They picked up their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight."

Winter, 139–141.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 381–2:

" et e pastu decedens agmine magno
corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis."

" Even, as the matron at her nightly task
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast."

Winter, 134–7.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 390–2 :

> " Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellae
> Nescivere hiemem, testa cum ardente viderent
> scintillare oleum et putris concrescere fungos."

> " With broadened nostrils to the sky upturned,
> The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale."

Winter, 132–5.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 375–6 :

> " Aut bucula caelum
> Suspiciens patulis captavit naribus auras."

> " Snatched in short eddies, plays the withered leaf ;
> And on the flood the dancing feather floats."

Winter, 130–1.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 368–9 :

> " Saepe levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas,
> Aut summa nantes in aqua colludere plumas."

> " The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray ;
> Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
> And long behind them trail the whitening blaze."

Winter, 127–9.

Cf. *Georgics*, I, 365–7 :

> " Saepe etiam stellas vento impendente videbis
> Praecipites caelo labi, noctisque per umbram
> Flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus."

Id., 395 :

> " nam neque tum stellis acies obtunsa videtur."

We add to these imitations of Virgil in *The Seasons*, the adaptation to Britain of Virgil's praise of Italy in the Second Book of the *Georgics* (136–176), in the Fifth Book of his poem *Liberty* (II, 2–85).

William Cowper, whose acquaintance with the inmost character of Latin language and poetry is amply demonstrated by his version of *Horace* (1767) lets appear some traces of Virgilian diction and imagery in *The Task* (1785) as well as in his minor poems :

> " the woods in scarlet *honours* "

The Task, I, 320

Cf. *Georgics*, II :

> " Frigidus et *silvis* aquilo decussit *honorem*."

See, however, Horace, *Epod.*, XI, 6 :

> " December . . . *silvis honorem* decutit."

" Support and ornament." *Id.*, II, 336.

Cf. *Aeneid*, V, 262 :

> " Donat habere viro *decus* et *tutamen* . . . "

Horace, *Carm.*, I, *I*, 2 :

> " O et *praesidium* et dulce *decus* meum."

Id., II, 17, 4 :

> " Grande *decus columenque* rerum."

" With gentle force *soliciting the darts*."

Id., III, 115.

Cf. *Aeneid*, XII, 403 :

> " . . . nequidquam *spicula* dextra
> *Sollicitat* . . . "

" And hence even Winter fills his withered hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own."

Id., III, 428–9.

Cf. *Georgics*, II, 82 :

> " Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

" Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats."

Id., IV, 104.

Cf. *Georgics*, II, 44 :

> " ferrea vox."

" And the blood thrills and *curdles* at the thought
Of such a gulf as he designed his grave."

Id., VI, 514–5.

Cf. *Aeneid*, III, 30 :

> " Gelidusque *coit formidine sanguis*."

See, besides, in the same poem, the allusion to

> " Sacra deum, sanctique patres : extrema per illos
> Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit."

Georgics, II, 473–4.

At l. 521—"(as they sing)" of the Part IV, *The Winter Evening.*

> "These naked shoots,
> *Barren as lances* . . ."
> *Id.*, VI, 141–2.

Cf. *Aeneid*, III, 23 :

> "Virgulta, et densis *hastilibus* horrida myrtus."

> " And Virtue with peculiar charms appears."
> *Conversation*, 637.

Cf. *Aeneid*, V, 344 :

> " Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."

> " That constellation set, the world in vain
> Must hope to look upon their like again."
> *Table Talk*, 660–1.

Cf. *Aeneid*, VI, 87–8 :

> "Ostendet terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
> Esse sinent."

> " Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
> And ages ere the Mantuan Swan was heard."
> *Table Talk*, 556–7.

The great translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, George Sandys (1578–1644), published in 1632, in a new edition of his *Ovid*, a version in couplets of the First Book of the *Aeneid*. Sir John Denham left a very accurate translation —he even keeps the unfinished lines and tries, sometimes effectually, to render the subtlest shades of meaning—of part of the Second Book of the *Aeneid*, in decasyllabic couplets.[1] Sidney Godolphin (1610–1643) began a translation in well-turned heroic couplets of the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, which was continued by Waller,[2] and published again in the fourth volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*.[3]

We may also mention the unpublished version of part of the *Aeneid* of Lucy Hutchinson (b. 1620), who is well known as the author of a very accurate and interesting life of her husband,[4] and of a short autobiography.

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[1] *The Destruction of Troy*, 1636.

[2] *The Passion of Dido for Aeneas*. Transl. by Edmund Waller and Sidney Godolphin. 1658.

[3] *The Annual Miscellany*, 1694 (Part IV of *Miscellanies*).

[4] *The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.*

Thomas Creech (Blandford, Dorsetshire, 1659–1700), the fine translator of Lucretius (1682) and Horace (1684), tried his hand with remarkable felicity at the Second and Third of Virgil's *Eclogues* (1684).

Dryden's work as a translator has been the object of much fine and accurate criticism. His version from Virgil appeared in several instalments,[1] and his complete translation in 1697.[2]

Far more important than the translation of the *Aeneid* (1718–20) of Joseph Trapp (1679–1747), first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, is the version of Virgil's poem by Christopher Pitt (1699–1748), the translator of Lucan's *Pharsalia*; his version of the *Aeneid*[3] enjoyed in the eighteenth century far more favour than the version of Dryden, although it is considerably weaker and lacking of true poetical music and splendour. Far better is his version of Vida's *Art of Poetry* (1725). The criticism of Johnson[4] sets out very clearly the merits and demerits of Pitt's work.

The Scotchman Alexander Geddes (Ruthven parish, Banffshire, 1737–1802), a learned Catholic priest, and author of fine Jacobite songs, besides a translation of the Ist Book of the *Iliad*, left a version in Scotch of the First *Eclogue* of Virgil.[5]

The French poet Scarron, whose *Virgile Travesti* began to appear in 1748, found in England many imitators, among whom we may mention Samuel Butler, Charles Cotton, R. Monsey, J. Phillips, T. Brown, Ned Ward and P. Motteux; we trace reflections of this poem in Pope's *Dunciad*, in the anonymous *Irish Hudibras*, and in *The Rolliad* and *Political Eclogues* at the end of the eighteenth century. Butler's model in his *Hudibras* (1678) was Scarron's *Virgile Travesti* (1648–1652); his aim was to parody the language,[6] actions,[7] and characters of the

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[1] *Fourth Eclogue* in *Miscellaneous Poems* (1684)—*Two Episodes from the Aeneid* in *Sylvae* (1685)—*The Third Book of Georgics* in *Annual Miscellany* (1694).

[2] *The Works of Virgil.*

[3] Book I, 1728 (An Essay on Virgil's *Aeneid*, being a translation of the First Book)—complete, 1740.

[4] Court. 264.

[5] Published in the *Transactions of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.*

[6] See the parody of the famous aposiopesis " Quos ego " (VIII, 65).

[7] For instance, Trulla leads the warrior to rest, as Venus Ascanius in *Aeneid*, I.

Aeneid. But Butler says that his purpose was to translate the *Aeneid* "into travesti in earnest," as Scarron had done "in burlesque." Charles Cotton, also following the example of Scarron, published in 1664 *Scarronides*, or *Virgil Travestie*, a mock-poem on the First Book of the *Aeneid*, to which he added in 1668 a parody of the Fourth Book. Both Butler's and Cotton's imitation of the French poet is not a slavish one; their originality shows clearly through their adoption of Scarron's technique. Of far less merit is the mock-heroic of R. M. Monsey, a Cambridge man, whose *Scarronides*, a burlesque on the Second and Seventh Book of the *Aeneid* was published in 1665. Close imitation of Scarron is found in John Phillips (1631–1706), the author of a poor version of Cervantes' *Quixote* (1687); his *Maronides*, a mock-heroic on the Fifth Book of Virgil's poem, is especially directed, as Butler's poem, against the Puritans.[1] Thomas Brown (Shifnal, Shropshire, 1663–1704), the translator of Persius, was engaged in a translation of Scarron's works.[2] The anonymous poem, *The Irish Hudibras*, or *Fingallian Prince* (1689) is a humorous adaptation of the events in the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid* to the occurrences of the time; the poet's aim is to exalt the virtues and government gifts of William III.

The fine satire against the supporters of Pitt, *The Rolliad*, is the work of a group of Whigs, among whom are prominent Richard Fitzpatrick (1747–1813), a friend of Fox—and Richard Tickell (1751–1803) and Joseph Richardson (1755–1803), Sheridan's friends. These "Criticisms" on *The Rolliad*—an epic poem which is supposed to exist, and the most praiseworthy passages of which are quoted and commented upon in these papers—began to appear in *The Morning Post* in 1784 and had a continuation in *Political Eclogues* and *Probationary Odes* through the following year. The hypothetic poem takes his title from its hero, Rollo, Duke of Normandy, a name suggesting the butt of these political attacks, John Rolle, a Tory member of Parliament for Devonshire, and a bitter adversary of Burke. The adventures of his ancestor Rollo are a kind of burlesque version of the *Aeneid*. In the same way Virgil's *Eclogues* offer motives and style for *Political Eclogues*, in which men of the opposite parties in the House of Commons strive in rhyme or make laments in the fashion of Virgil's shepherds.

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[1] *Maronides or Virgil Travestie being a new Paraphrase upon the fifth book of Virgil's "Aeneid" in burlesque verse.* 1672.

[2] *The Whole Comical Works of Scarron*, transl. by Mr. T. Brown, Mr. Savage and others. 3rd ed., 1712

F. OLIVERO.

University of Milan.

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO

HE sang of the sublimity of earth,
Her lovely silence and simplicity.
He sang of valour, and his songs gave birth
To Nature's wisdom as he strove to free
From artificiality and vice
The old magnificence that once was home,
To build for men a nobler edifice
From visions of an older, shadowy Rome.

The ages, passing, cast oblivion
On men, on cities, history and fame.
But he still lives and sings, this lyric son
Of Mantua. We still turn to his name
For hope, for courage when grief overpowers—
His songs of love and comradeship are ours.

EVELYN COUCHMAN.

THE TOUCH OF AFFINITY

WE move as strangers in a world of sleep :
Men pass us by and speak, no nearer seeming
Than denizens of some unquiet dreaming,
Or th' unconscious fish that thread the deep :
Till one comes nigh of kin, and at a word,
A glance, the half-awakened soul is stirred.

The watch cries warning from the battlement,
The eager heart bestirs herself to make
Fair welcoming for this high comer's sake ;
The busy thoughts throng him in wonderment. . . .
O friend take heed ! for should you enter here
You must go forth another than you were.

DULCIE EDEN GREVILLE.

SHORT APPRECIATIONS

MR. WALLACE B. NICHOLS

THE issue of a second edition of *The Song of Sharruk* (3s. 6d.) by Wallace B. Nichols, first published in 1916 by Erskine Macdonald but now, as are all the books of this author, in the list of Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., draws attention anew not only to itself but to the whole of this poet's work.

In a period generally conceded to be one of transition and experiment, Wallace B. Nichols is a curiously independent figure, belonging to no school, neither shelving tradition nor obsequiously following it. This independence has in some ways cost him dear, since it has procured him no help from any of the coteries, with the result that his work is frequently omitted from anthologies. This neglect is a little difficult to understand, for his work is modern to the core. I need only mention in proof his clear-cut cameos of a London suburb in *Jericho Street*, and his intimate study of the life of the West End in *Prometheus in Piccadilly*. No living poet has written more modernly than that; nor yet in a more modern manner than in the section in the latter poem entitled "Night Piece, Piccadilly Circus," with its coruscating *vers libre*.

This new edition of *The Song of Sharruk*, which has undergone a certain measure of discreet revision, shows us Wallace Nichols in an earlier and more romantic vein. But while in the matter of verse-colour and verse-movement it is to some extent an offshoot from the Romantic School, the realism which in the development of his work has become so predominant a force is by no means absent, and the description of the march of the captives, on pages 25–6, is vivid and exact. It is a war poem, perhaps, as one reviewer described it on its first appearance, "the most authentic single poem of length inspired by the War." And, indeed, though dealing with events narrated in a chapter of *Genesis*, it is as much a poem of 1914–1918 as any of the work of Wilfred Owen or Siegfried Sassoon.

Its theme is simple and majestic, telling of a young poet of ancient Elam who follows the victorious host of his king in order to be able from first-hand experience to celebrate later the glory of conquest. But when the time comes he sings, not of the splendour and fame of war, but of its horror and wanton cruelty, and ends by cursing the king and his captains for their " blindness to the tears of this blind world." It is a poem that should be read by all who hate war and believe in the future of peace.

It was followed, in 1921, by the modern etchings entitled *Jericho Street*, a series of studies of the inhabitants of a London street in particular and simultaneous moments. These studies are brief and incisive, and packed with an acute sympathy. Mr. Nichols is no singer of idle moods or of neurotic self-analysis ; he paints with a large brush —perhaps with too large a brush to be always exquisite, for exquisiteness and large design sometimes refuse, and quite rightly, to run in double harness. But he is always forceful and direct—two rare virtues in these days of mere jugglery with words in attempts to discover new forms. In nothing so much as this is his independence more marked.

Moreover, he has the dramatist's broad feeling for the creation and presentation of character. This is best evidenced by *Prometheus in Piccadilly*, though he has written an historical trilogy about Simon de Montfort, entitled *Earl Simon*, in the Elizabethan manner. Though earlier work, this contains certainly two finely wrought scenes, notably one of quarrel and reconciliation between Earl Simon and his wife which is both dramatically effective and psychologically true.

But it is into *Prometheus in Piccadilly* that Wallace Nichols has put his most mature and most penetrative work. Its theme, briefly, is the meeting in present times of the fabled maker of mankind and his creation. After watching modern life through a whole day at Piccadilly Circus he is finally, at night, moved on by a policeman. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote from an article by Miss Marjorie Bowen upon this poem, in which she wrote : " The whole idea is worked out with a splendid variety of tone and colour, with a grandeur of imposing language and a delicacy of graceful poetry which it would be hard to surpass in modern literature." In this poem not only are Mr. Nichols' dramatic powers displayed but his lyric qualities as well, and the choric sections, on the model of the Greek stasima, are worthy of intimate and critical attention, as much for their burden of thought as for their outward vesture of form.

This brief article is not meant to be an assessment of this poet's powers ; it seeks only to suggest that in at least two of his books, namely *The Song of Sharruk* and the dramatic epic *Prometheus in Piccadilly*, he is a writer whose acquaintance is worth making for anyone who wishes to study the broader and sincerer currents in present-day English Poetry.

GARNET R. WOLSELEY.

THE FLAT LANDS

I WILL not dwell in the flat lands
  Where the cold mists drift,
Sour with the tang of the sluggish waters,
  Salt with the blown spindrift;
Where like a ghost in the dull light
  The heron wings by,
And nought is heard but the wind's low sough,
  And the grey gull's cry.

Sad are the days in the flat lands
  Where the hours creep slow
From the pallid yellow light of the dawn
  To the sunset's dull glow.
There's never a song in the flat lands,
  Nor a laugh's glad trill;
For the heart grows dead as the rolling reeds,
  And the lips grow still.

Oh, I will not dwell in the flat lands
  For no joy comes there,
Where soul and body droop in the weight
  Of the lifeless dank air;
For youth will wither and shrink away
  Ere my days be old,
And my spirit grow foul as the stagnant slime
  On the chill wet mould.

G. E. MERRICK.

"PLANT NETTLES, OR SOW LETTUCE."

STRINDBERG, CHEKHOV AND OTHERS

A WORLD in which the inhabitants lie, hate, drink, and finally commit murder or suicide—that is the first overwhelmingly depressing sensation after reading some of August Strindberg's and Chekhov's plays, and the English *Shadows of Strife*, by John Davidson.

It is said that a man gazing unblinkingly for a certain time upon a black knob, comes to see at last, not a mere knob, but monstrous creations, foul spiders, demons, and the like. This appears to have been the case in one particular with Strindberg. He fastened the eyes of his mind upon a mere wedding-ring and came, at last, to see all the devils of hell clustered upon it; and could see nothing else. His genius became oblique in vision. The genial shade of Shakespeare seems to pause beside the tortured Swede and smile, for Shakespeare could portray faithless wives, but tender, faithful ones also; his large heart believed in love and was not so narrowed as to discover only lust. Drunkenness he pictured as a form of enjoyment, or what passed for such. Chekhov's creations "swill," there is no other word for it.

In the four plays published with *Lucky Peter's Travels* (August Strindberg, Jonathan Cape) the pictures are Rembrandtesque, the shadows and the darkness cover the greater part of the canvas, and the author does not always draw with the amazing power of the Dutch artist. *Lucky Peter's Travels* need not detain us; talking mice, hobgoblins and fairy rings are not interesting.

In *The Father* the inhuman cruelty of Laura, her lies and her duplicity are almost too revolting for credence; also, there is a "cleft stick" in the final scene, for, if the unhappy Captain had not expired suddenly, what could have happened? We should have preferred to see him free himself of that abominable strait-waistcoat and rise up and thrash Laura until she sued for mercy!

In *The Bond* there is the same theme, namely, the misery of marriage. There again, brute force is the only method that would bring the Baroness to reason. But the victims of these harpies merely argue and talk the clock round.

Lady Julie is called a tragedy. The author says that if his tragedy "creates a sad impression on many people, that is their own fault." But to convey a tragic impression there must also be a sense of nobleness overcome or overthrown; if all is mean, ignoble, bestial, the result is one of horror, not of tragedy. Strindberg himself declared that Lady Julie has "a weak degenerate brain," and this weakness and degeneracy robs us of any feeling of sympathy, almost of any pity for her. Part of her "instincts" she traces to her father and mother, for the "knob" of family life is, to Strindberg, the black arch of the Inferno. Happily we have not, so far, revolted from simple, happy, human relationships. The sunlight of Avon has not yet gone down in murky night.

Anton Chekhov's play, *That Worthless Fellow Platonov*, translated by John Courtois (J. M. Dent), is an early work. The translator tells us that "we ought to be grateful for its snatches of beauty and truth." It may be that the minds and habits of the people of this country are still, in the main, orderly, and that it is difficult for us to enter into the apparent riotous disorder of a Russian home with any pleasure. Debt, reckless extravagance, guests and servants drunk; and, seemingly, no sort of principle anywhere, all make up a series of scenes that resemble the bacchanalia of savages rather than a house-party of civilized persons. Beauty is noticeable only by its absence, and the one truth is a sentence spoken by a drunken man: "Here they teach fools to forget God and cheat folk."

The main interest of this play lies in the revelation of how far Chekhov travelled mentally and spiritually from this to *Uncle Vanna* and *The Cherry Orchard.*

John Davidson, in *Shadows of Strife* (J. M. Dent), draws what must be a true picture of a cottage home under the miseries of a general strike. The folly and the hopelessness are probably correctly portrayed and are not overdrawn;

but, as a play, as a work of art, it is the utter lack of any relief that oppresses. We feel inclined to cry with Saint Laurence, "I am roasted to the bone this side, turn me over." Realism, as propaganda, is a strong weapon, but for a great play realism plus vision is needed. That *Shadows of Strife* reveals a brooding observation and a keen sense of the dramatic, is evident; it is only Mary's suicide that is somewhat inartistic, because, from the first, we expected it, and in the theatre we instinctively harden ourselves from an expected blow. It is merely banal to affirm that this play is clever; it is more than clever, it is sincere; but life, viewed as a whole, is never entirely unrelieved pressure, else were we all mad or dead. A ray of sunshine penetrates into the most squalid slum.

From George Roberts' publishing house come a number of short plays. *Windmill Cottage*, by Julian Thorpe, is entitled "a comedy"; it is plain farce, and poor, even as farce. *The Magic Piper*, by E. N. Fawcell and E. M. Eccles, is so tiresome in plot, and self-evident in language, as to be a trial of patience to read; it might amuse children, but we doubt it. *Spirit-Free* partakes of the usual cant about the marriage tie. "To be really happy we must feel spirit-free," and inevitably concludes in the spirit-free exponent being "body-bound," which would be a more suitable title. *The Gull's Way*, by G. W. Rushton, is more original and a stronger piece of work than those mentioned, but we doubt if the cockney language is altogether true to life; even granted that it is, nevertheless it is an insurmountable drawback—"But wimen—blimey yer can't call yer soul yer own onced yew gets mixed up wiv em"—pages of this is as if a painter drew only the warts on Cromwell's face and called them a portrait of the Great Protector! But the main gist of the story is appealing and poetic; there is a good deal of value in the thwarted aspirations of John Hobbs.

Mother's Brother, by George Elton, is broad farce which utterly fails to call up so much as a smile. *The Key*, by W. Skene Lawrence, is more ambitious; the plot has evidently attracted the author, but it is too involved, and, on the stage, a tragedy that is only spoken about, and not enacted, fails in interesting the audience. We experience no excitement of terror at the recital of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, but had we been present and beheld it, our blanched faces and flying legs would have amply testified the interest we had in the matter. In *The Key* the skeleton of the Doctor is unearthed with as little perturbation as might accompany the discovery of a tulip bulb; nor is it made clear by whom the most unpleasant young woman, Nella Drummond, is fathered. *Who Will Kiss Cinderella*, by J. B. MacCarthy, without being extraordinarily lifelike, is amusing. The plot is a trifle thin, so clever a puss as " Tips " would never have accepted the assertion of her rival as unquestioningly as she is represented as doing; the Deacon, also, rather taxes our credulity; but the technical stage-craft is good.

Miss Bertha Graham has two plays: *The Manderson Girls* and *Young Mrs. Greenshaw*. The sudden *volte-face* of the lovers in *The Manderson Girls* is somewhat violent, and the villainess proves herself a great fool, which is not usual with professed " vamps," but the whole is entertaining to a certain degree. *Young Mrs. Greenshaw* is on a higher plane, it is a good peep into a phase of factory life, and the treatment of the tiresome " George " is very clever. Miss Bertha Graham is too fond of drawing human beings as mere oddities; Ada is not flesh and blood; it would greatly enhance the interest of the play if we could believe in her. This little Yorkshire picture would repay working up; the first meeting between Bessaria and Adam needs to be touched in with more delicate finesse, and the mother to be drawn at greater length. The end is also rather sudden, a little like a punch in the ribs, and a " there you are."

In poetry proper, too little attention has been paid to the translation of Carl Spitteler's work by Ethel Coburn Mayne and James F. Muirhead (C. P. Putnam's Sons). A poet so highly regarded in his own country is worthy of consideration in this. To translate poetry from a foreign language into English is admittedly one of the most difficult tasks. If it is attempted by a poet, pure and simple, he will inevitably fashion the lines as his own ear indicates. On the other hand, one who has no poetic innate sense will give the lines their bare meaning and thereby convey a dish of prose instead of verse. To sing and, at the same time, to keep inviolate the purpose and spirit of the original is a supreme task. In this volume the sharp, half sarcastic, virile moods of Carl Spitteler are well revealed by J. F. Muirhead, and the singing qualities in "Green Fingers," "The Hawkers," and many others, come to us naturally and easily in Miss Coburn Mayne's versions. Especially interesting are the double translations by the two authors, as revealing the varying aspect that the same poem bears to two minds. "The Beggar" is worth studying in the original and in the two translations that are given.

We gather the impression that the sharp irony of the poet is preserved ably by Mr. Muirhead, and the delicate fances by Miss Coburn Mayne. From the extract from "Olympian Spring" we glean the fundamental mockery beneath the petty quarrels between Zeus and Hera. If it is fair to judge a poet by "samples" of his work, Spitteler is a man of thought, rather than a dreamer, a worker rather than a lover, an enquirer into fundamentals rather than one "writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow."

ARTHUR HOOD.

THE FATAL TOUCH

A CARELESS shot beneath a wing,
A frantic, helpless fluttering,
One fatal touch! That Sacred Guest
Called Life has fled the tiny breast.
A quiver and the ecstasy
Of one loved song is lost to me.
The touch that tears a bluebird's wing
Has laid a hush upon the Spring.

KATHARINE HARRINGTON.

DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY: XXVII

ELINOR WYLIE'S "ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES," WILLIAM GRIFFITH'S "CREDO"

ELINOR WYLIE will long be remembered as a bright star in the galaxy of American poets of the past decade, whose light consisted of many flashing and clashing elements. We must, therefore, expect that there will be many interpretations of her works and personality. On the day of her death, December 16th, 1928, I expressed my thoughts in the following lines which were read at the meeting of the Poetry Society of America:

> *"Here is no virtue : here is nothing blessed :*
> *Saved the foredoomed suspension of the end ;*
> *Faith is the blossom, but the fruit is cursed ;*
> *Go hence, for it is useless to pretend."*
> (" Trivial Breath "—Elinor Wylie.)

She found in poetry her bright escape,
Her fine relief from life's profound impact,
Her spirit's stimulant and anodyne
In realms of fact.

She sought to turn to Fancy, Matter's world,
To still all apprehension with a jest,
To-night, she fares unhampered to her princely goals
In roses dressed!

Her gleaming words in rare mosaics patterned
Remain immortal proof behind her, here,
That through all travailing she used as master
Art's shining spear.

Insurgent spirit, with the questioning eyes,
For your inquiring soul there is no pause,
To-night you have but passed in slumber, silver deep,
Through bounteous doors.

I asked Barbara Young, the American poetess, who knew well Elinor Wylie, to write about her and her poetry for THE POETRY REVIEW. Her article follows:

* * *

I am to speak of that last and loveliest book of Elinor Wylie's, *Angels and Earthly Creatures.* It is with a certain hesitancy that one takes it up, remembering that for this poet all is changed since the pages were written and the arrangement ordered.

The book immediately impresses one as a work done not for the sake of poetry, of literature, but as though it were conceived nd executed under great tension and irresistible pressure.

Reading the sonnets, for which the book will be remembered, one thinks scarcely at all of technique. This is not only because of their degree of perfection in workmanship, but also by reason of the passion and abandon with which they are instinct.

It is a book of extreme sadness, and a book of dignity and pride. Here is little of the " exultation and exaltation " which Arthur Symons requires of the great impersonal poet, none of the selflessness of immortal singing. Rather, the entity of the woman invests almost every line with a consciousness of herself. And therefore the temptation is strong to consider the personality above the work. For it seemed to me in reading over and over again this final record, that the poems are but an intricate and curious veil half-drawn aside to reveal the tragedy of the heart and the triumph of the spirit.

The work of Elinor Wylie has been always alive with newness of phrase and with suddenness of an unforeseen word that pierces like a rapier. Always the chisel and the marble have been the instruments of her art. And she has used them deftly and with no indecision.

And yet there has seemed to be also a puzzled wondering, an almost childish groping in the dark, albeit a groping with words of sharp beauty.

I can conceive a Puritan child and a Pagan woman met in mortal combat upon the battleground of this strange spirit and this lovely flesh. I can see her comforting her restlessness with hard bright crystals that she arranged and disarranged—catching her new tears in a wondrous ancient bottle and analyzing them, alchemizing her pain into shining bitterness, questioning all things without the answering of a serene faith in any eternal thing, smiling sometimes with almost a grimace.

Her earlier poems seem hard, desiring yet unable to defeat her own hardness. They seem cynical, yet wanting to be tender and to trust. They breathe a desperation and a defiance that has now surrendered wholly in one final gesture.

This last book comes fittingly from white hands already calm with the nearness of death. It seems to say, "And now, at long last, I speak the exquisite depth, and care nothing, for the summer is past."

Herein she has permitted the disciplined heart, sensitive and tortured, to sing its equal strain with the practised mind. This is the second sonnet :

What other name had half expressed the whole
Of that incomparable and touching grace
Which spells the shape of danger in your face ?
It is the very pattern of your soul ;
The eagle's home, above the moon's control,
Above the seas, the high precipitate place ;
The stairway cut from planetary space ;
The crystal steps which climb a steeper goal.

The shadow of its light is only this:
That all your beauty is the work of wars
Between the upper and the nether stars;
Its symmetry is perfect and severe
Because the barbarous force of agonies
Broke it, and mended it, and made it clear.

We can but feel that the nineteen sonnets with which the book opens are the essence of a personal anguish that has lost the small need of reticence. They seem to me the cry of mortal proud capitulation. Here is the sixteenth:

I hereby swear that to uphold your house
I would lay my bones in quick destroying lime
Or turn my flesh to timber for all time;
Cut down my womanhood; lop off the boughs
Of that perpetual ecstasy that grows
From the heart's core; condemn it as a crime
If it be broader than a beam, or climb
Above the stature that your roof allows.

I am not the hearthstone nor the cornerstone
Within this noble fabrie you have builded;
Not by my beauty was its cornice gilded;
Not on my courage were its arches thrown:
My lord, adjudge my strength, and set me where
I bear a little more than I can bear.

There is no one of these sonnets in which we fail to find a line or lines that catch up the breath.

" My flesh was but a fresh-embroidered shroud."

. . . . .

" For it were neither courteous nor good
If we, who are but perishable things,
Should hang another weight between his wings."

. . . . .

" Whose hopes are water in a witch's sieve."

And the sestet from the tenth sonnet:

" How is it possible that this hand of clay
Though white as porcelain, can contrive a touch
So delicate it shall not hurt too much?
What voice can my invention find to say
So soft, precise and scrupulous a word
You shall not take it for another sword?"

The eighteenth I must quote in its entire beauty:

Let us leave talking of angelic hosts,
Of nebulæ and lunar hemispheres,

And what the days and what the Uranian years
Shall offer us when you and I are ghosts;
Forget the festivals and pentecosts
Of metaphysics, and the lesser fears
Confound us, and seal up our eyes and ears
Like little rivers locked below the frosts.

And let us creep into the smallest room
That any hunted exile has desired
For him and for his love when he was tired;
And sleep oblivious of any doom
Which is beyond our reason to conceive
And so forget to weep, forget to grieve,
And wake, and touch each other's hands, and turn
Upon a bed of juniper and fern.

We perceive throughout the book a succession of proud words, words of noble ancestry, words, perhaps sometimes almost too conscious of their inheritance. In the poems following the sonnets we find ourselves somewhat less fully rewarded, though surely one is difficult indeed, if he remains unsatisfied, coming upon lines such as these, from " Chimaera Sleeping " :

"And nothing remained of fear and grief,
Save the clear air and the green leaf; "

or these from " Hymn to Earth " :

Hail, element of earth, receive thine own,
And cherish at thy charitable breast
This man, this mongrel beast;
He plows the sand, and at his hardest need
He sows himself for seed;
He plows the furrow and in this lies down
Before the corn is grown;
Between the apple bloom
And the ripe apple is sufficient room
In time and matter to consume his love
And make him parcel of a cypress grove.

Closing the book with much still uncommented upon, I retain the feeling of one whom I have seen looking with desperate eyes through a glass darkly; of a bird beating frantically against a dark cage, yet being half unsure of any light beyond the cage; of a prisoner tearing with his hands at dungeon walls, fearful of the freedom beyond the walls, or if not fearful, then sceptical. I have found it an eloquent document of petition for release from the cataclysm of love, or unto the cataclysm of love.

II

William Griffith, editor of *American and European Scrap Books*, associate editor, with Markham, of *The Book of Poetry* (10 vols., 1926), author of *City Pastorals and Other Poems*, *Loves and Losses of Pierrot*, and *Candles in the Sun*, has written a Credo for Poets, which will, I believe, interest our readers:

Let us revere the greatest, the most difficult and most enduring of the arts.

Let it remain obvious that there is a distinct and important difference between prose and poetry—that prose is accustomed to walking, poetry to flying.

Let us remember that art still waits on character and personality—and that fine expression emanates from fine spirit.

Let us reflect that a great, nor even a fine poem, nor any important poem at all, is written every day or every year.

Let us not forget that sincerity is essential to the making of a poem; but that it demands other very important ingredients.

Let us strive, as sculptors do, to conjure things out of the dumb block of the beautiful, where much imprisoned power and loveliness surely remain to be set free.

Let us be patient with editors and publishers, in their bewilderment.

Let us be consoled by the fact that poetry has thus far performed its purpose and mission, in elevating civilization and, among other things, in teaching the liberal need of science and religion alike in the world.

Let us be interesting.

Let us agree, or disagree, with Poe, that there is no such thing as a long poem.

Let us repeat, after James Elroy Flecker, that fame is that which comes to us—celebrity that which we go after; and that the business of the poet is not essentially to save souls, but to make them worth saving.

Let us fight for beauty; and be content with no ignobility.

Let us be friends, striving together in an uncommon cause; and let us make a pillow of Shakespeare and Whitman.

* * *

Mr. Griffith's latest book, *Greek Gesture* (John Day Co.), gives about a hundred "poetic gestures," challenging facets of a philosophic diamond, like the following:

SOCRATES

I pay myself a drachma a day
For standing-room in the gazing world,
Only to see myself acting in others.

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON

Having conquered the world,
I have failed
In the eyes of an unworldly woman,
Who reveres Aristotle.

OVERHEARD IN THE GROVE OF ACADEMUS

Nobility, Glaucus, which dully distinguishes us,
Shines now and then in a saviour.

OBSERVATION

Behold,
On Pericles, on Socrates and Aeschylus,
The same sun is shining!

* * *

The following are some of the recent books of poems from American publishers:

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry. Edited by Marcus Graham. 360 pp. Privately printed.

Certain Poets of Importance. Compiled by Hattie Hecht Sloss. 425 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

Creator Man. By Angela Morgan. 233 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

Lost Buffalo and Other Poems. By Leonard Bacon. 12mo. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

Parnassus en Route. Compiled by Kenneth Horan. 264 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Poems. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 197 pp. New York Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Pilgrim Paths. By Mary Coles Carrington (Vice-President of the Poetry Society), The Bookfellows, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Rebels and Other Love Poems. By Ramon·Francisco. 8vo. Ottawa, Canada: The Graphic Publishers.

Satan's Shadow. By Elizabeth Larocque. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Selected Poems. By William Alexander Percy. 8vo. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $3.

The Book of Sonnet Sequences. Edited by Houston Peterson. 459 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

The Pact of Honor. And other poems, grave and gay. By Robert Underwood Johnson. 75 pp. New York: 26 East Fifty-fifth Street.

Twentieth-Century Love Poems. Compiled by Caroline Miles Hall. 218 pp. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.50.

Twentieth-Century Poetry. Edited by John Drinkwater, Henry Seidal Canby and William Rose Benet. 636 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF VIRGIL

THIS year sees the 2000th birthday of the great Roman poet, Virgil, the immortal author of the *Eclogues*, *Aeneid* and the *Georgics*.

The fact that twenty centuries have retained Virgil as one of the few representative poets, and that during these two thousand years the leading poets have found him an inspiration, and that Dante selected him as his guide in his *Divina Commedia*, and Lord Tennyson, among others considered him a foremost poet of the ages, makes it unnecessary to dwell on his merits, or to justify the advisability of celebrating Virgil's 2000th birthday. But we may remind readers that Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro) was born on October 15th, seventy years before the Christian Era, which was the year of the Roman Era 684. Pompey the Great and Marcus Licinius Crassus were the consuls of Rome. His natal place was the village Andes, about three miles from the city of Mantua, Italy.

Dante makes Virgil tell about himself in the account of their meeting thus:

While sadly I retraced my former course
Down to the vale—before me I descried
One, who by long disuse of speech was hoarse.
Him when I saw on that wide desert coast—
" Have pity, whatsoe'er thou be," I cried—
" Or living man, or melancholy ghost."
" Not man," he answered, " though I once was man;
My parents were of Lombardy; and they
In Mantua both their mortal journey ran.
Late in great Julius' reign I had my birth.
And lived at Rome 'neath good Augustus' sway,
When false and lying gods prevailed on earth.
A bard I was; and sang that just one's fame—
Anchises' son—who left the Trojan shore,
When fell proud Ilion, wrapt in hostile flame.
But why returnest thou to such annoy?
Why dost thou climb yon pleasant mount no more—
The origin and cause of every joy?"
With looks abashed I answered, bending low:
" Art thou that Virgil then—that fountain clear,
Whence streams of eloquence so richly flow?
O thou, of bards the honour and the light,
Let my long study of thy volume dear,
And mighty love gain favour in thy sight.
My master thou—my author most admired
To thee alone that beauteous style I owe,
Which for my name such honour hath acquired."

Virgil's father was a farmer, and his mother, Maia, was related to Quintillius Varus, who became proconsul of Syria, and later Commander of the Roman Army in Germany. Virgil was educated at Cremona, where at seventeen years of age he became entitled to assume the *toga virilis*. Pompey and Crassus were still in their second consulship.

From Cremona he went to Mediolanum (Milan) then to Naples, where he studied and became master of the Greek language, which enabled him to read the Greek poets in the original. He also studied philosophy, mathematics and medicine. From Naples he went to Rome, and then returned to Mantua, where he began writing his pastorals while living close to the subjects which he describes so accurately as well as poetically : the soil, the shepherds, the kinds of vegetable life, the fruit trees and their propagation, the raising of horses, cattle and sheep, the management of bees and other forms of husbandry.

His fame attracted Pollio, a friend of Anthony, who commanded the troops in the Cis-Alpine Gaul of which Mantua was a part, and Pollio took an interest in Virgil's case when after the Battle of Philippi, Augustus divided the land among his veteran soldiers, giving Virgil's farm to one of his veteran centurions. Through Pollio the case was brought to the attention of Maecenas, and through him to Augustus, who ordered the farm restored. But the veteran centurion refused to surrender it and attacked Virgil, compelling him to jump in the Mincius River, as we are told in the Eclogue.

Back to Rome returned Virgil, about twenty-nine years of age. His mission was to secure the restoration of his land. . . . Circumstances gave him more. He became the favourite poet of Augustus, and lived in lasting fame, a popular idol until his death at the age of fifty-one. He wrote not long before his death the epitaph that was put on the tombstone :

> Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc
> Parthenope : Cecini pascua, rura, duces.

Virgil lived in the Augustan age which produced great soldiers, poets and philosophers. He was first in introducing pastoral poetry among the Romans. Theocritus, the father of Greek pastoral poetry, who became poet laureate at the court of Ptolemi II, had founded the Greek school of pastoral poetry two centuries before, but it had not reached Rome. The pastoral scenes of Virgil, like those of Theocritus, are so real and clear as to be capable of being reproduced as beautiful paintings.

The celebrations should lead those who have never read Virgil to read him. As Moore said in Heloise and Abelard :

> Never to have read Virgil. O Heloise,
> What joy awaits thee ! Eclogues ! Aeneid !
> Georgics ! At which end wilt thou begin ?

Considering that Time has set Virgil as an example of what it desires to perpetuate in poetry and what it has thought fit to place in the hands of the youth of all ages, all countries, as well as in the libraries of its most distinguished personalities, we may well accept that we can study his writings with profit.

Virgil also makes us realize that the royal road that extends to us from the Parnassus of the ancients is lined with the monuments to poets who expressed lofty principles in their poetry, while the others who relied on the appeal of passion, the raw realism of the unseemly, the entertainment of the grotesque and the brilliancy of the sardonic, have been relegated to oblivion by the collective judgment of the ages.

We find a description of Virgil's burial place in an old manuscript owned by Edward Harley, Second Earl of Oxford, printed in *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. V, pages 32–33, published 1810. The manuscript is entitled : " A true Description of What Is Most Worthy to be Seen in Italy," and reads in part as follows :

> Pozzuolo is a very ancient town, and, in former times it hath been a mighty and famous city, but devastated ; you may there enquire for one to go with you into the grotto, with a torch, where you shall see the Cento Camerelle ; in English, " The Hundred Chambers " ; wherein the prophetess Sibylla did dwell, and had her command : the same are overgrown with a hill.
>
> When you go a little further, there is a warm water (you must take heed you go not far from one another, lest you lose yourselves) you must bow yourselves in going, by reason of the great heat and damps of the baths : under the same grotto have been most excellent baths, fitted for to cure all manner of diseases, and by each one was set a bill, signifying the virtue thereof ; according to which, every person knew how to rule himself, and bathe therein.
>
> But on a time (by reason that the sick and diseased persons had no need of the physicians' help, but did all of them resort to these baths) certain doctors of Salerno, physicians, that dwelt thirty miles from Naples, consulted together how to remove the cause that took away their gain and profit ; and they went together, and in secret-wise, did take away the bills that were written and set on the baths, insomuch that now no man knows the right virtue of them, or what diseases they are good for ; and, as the said physicians returned home again, a great tempest on the sea overwhelmed the ships, and they were all drowned.
>
> Then go also without, up the hill, where you shall hear a roaring and tumbling very fearful to be heard, and there runs the water out so warm, that one may seethe eggs therein ; hard-by, you shall see the fire and smoke come out of the hill, very fearful to behold, much resembling hell itself, as may be imagined : there is also a mine of brimstone, and hard-by the same, two

> terrible stinking holes, which are called Muffetti, from whence arises poisoned air; and, therefore, no man dare venture to go near thereunto, unless he will endanger his life: if a man doth lay a dog, or other beast therein, it dies immediately; but cast it presently into the water, hard-by the same, and it revives in a moment; which is every day tried by strangers, and found true.
>
> Then go towards Naples, and you shall come by the way to Virgil's grotto, through which you must go, half a mile long; and when you are out, look upwards, and you shall see a mighty grave-stone, fastened into the wall, in which lies Virgil buried; the common saying is, that he built that grotto in one night, through the hill, by the help of his familiar ghosts.

The Committee of which the writer is Chairman is formulating plans for the celebration in the United States, and will co-operate with similar committees in other countries to make the celebration of Virgil's birthday a world-wide event. State and University committees are evolving plans for holding of the following:

1. Virgil pageants or scenarios to be written by the Committee or by students.
2. Contests for essays about Virgil, the three best in each University to receive diplomas offered by our National Committee, signed by eminent persons, making a distinguished souvenir.
3. Contest for poems about Virgil, the three best in each University to receive diplomas.

These committees are authorized to form as many sub-committees as required to carry out the above plans, and to invite collegiate, intercollegiate and other publications to aid them, and to publish plans as they progress, sending copies of all plans and statements to the National Committee. ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

PRAISE FOR JOSEPH AUSLANDER'S SONNET

To the Editor, The Poetry Review.

Sir,—May I make comment on Joseph Auslander's winning " Cathedrals of the Heart " poem. It is truly the most exquisite and profound poem I have ever read from any modern pen: one of those perfect pieces of literature in which we could neither shift nor change a word to its bettering. I had begun to think there was no modern verse that could approach Tennyson or the old masters. I am eager to get my fingers on his "Pegasus." I read his piece untiringly, over and over. He is like the beloved Bryant in " The Water Fowl," for he lifts your soul to higher, finer things.

I think modern poets endeavour to become so ethereal or something—beyond me—that they are beyond the average grasp. Like Edith Sitwell! What are we to make of their work? a jumble of words that rhyme. I am sure this is why so little interest is taken in poetry.

Pender, Neb. AGNES MACKLIN.

HERITAGE

IN other times than these
His fathers tilled the soil,
And reaped the yellow harvest of their toil—
Destined to dwell in cities all his days,
Half unaware, his spirit stands at gaze
Down the long years and sees :

Quiet-eyed people passing up and down
The highways of a little country town ;
An old church, friendly shops, a lusty school ;
A pebbly river and a bathing pool—
A white house in a garden trimly set
Among sweet beds of stock and mignonette,
A sheltering wood behind, the vale before,
Warm chimneys, and a collie at the door.

Spring, and the meagre daylight that she yields
Upon the dark, straight furrows of his fields ;
Shrill gulls above the plough, sudden sweet rains,
Primroses in the wet and rutty lanes ;
Sheep with their lambs beneath the sky's cold arch,
Rooks in the black and windy elms in March,
White clouds adrift upon a gusty breeze,
And the pale sunlight on his apple trees.

Summer : Among the pungent-scented hay
The bright forks busy, wielded all the day
By sturdy arms. Roses upon his walls,
At noon a skylark singing madrigals,
Acres of corn, murmurous, cool, and green,
Bees in the sunshine, leafy trees that screen
Lush meadows where his lazy cattle graze
And chew the cud through meditative days.

Autumn : Ripe berries in the dusty hedge,
White mist at morning by the river's edge ;
The long year's labour reaped in mellow sheaves,
The downward drift of rustling russet leaves.
Frost late and early on his garden beds
Where bronze chrysanthemums lift their hardy heads ;
Up in the loft, sweet apples safely stored,
The harvest of his orchard on his board.

Winter : His hearth alive with leaping fires,
A frozen stillness through the barren shires.
Skates on the ice ; the frost-encrusted loam
Like flint beneath the feet ; about his home

The bright-eyed, hungry birds begging their bread.
Dead grass below, stark branches overhead.
At times torrential rains, or rolling haars,
Or glittering midnights with a million stars.

So ancient instincts gleam
Within him, hidden deep,
Like shadowy ghosts half-shaken from their sleep—
Destined to dwell in cities all his days,
Still does his wistful spirit stand at gaze,
An exile with a dream.

NANCY POLLOK.

TOUCH "HATH HER VICTORIES"

WE touch the blind, and he is quick to see
cowslip and lilac tree :
We touch the Deaf, and lo
he hears the long-forgotten brooks and fountains flow.

His harp young David touches, and there rings
music from quivered strings,
Till, by melodious art
he drives the brooding passion from his sovereign's heart.

Elijah's hands were horny, harsh and rude,
—He lived in solitude—
rough as the sons of Gath,
And yet his touch could raise the child of Zarephath.

And He, Whose hand mastered the stormy sea
of wind-swept Galilee,
By virtue of His touch
made, of five barley loaves and two small fishes, much.

A woman touched His flowing garment's hem
and wrought His diadem :
A mourning widow's son
He touched, and Heaven's chief joy was on the Earth begun.

Last night I saw, in a clear, frosty sky,
the moon's first crescent lie,
And a touch quickened me
as sweet as any known or felt in Galilee.

I. SUTHERLAND GROOM.

SOLITUDE

WHAT I like
Is to be in a house alone, shut in by the rain.
All day long
When the days are sunny or dry, the troublesome world
Looks in at my windows. The steam roller down the road,
And the whistling tradesmen fill the air with sound.
Potential visitors throng the garden paths.
The knockers and bells emit their tenuous sounds.
Lorries and cars and walkers and dogs stream past.
And the rain
Steady, relentless, persistent, thunder rain
Stills all sound but its own.
The house is still—empty—,
Empty and still—The insulating rain
Has stopped the currents of life that urge always
Through me and my house. This vast and nebulous self,
That is made of the giving and taking of every day,
Sublimes to a single crystal, pure, defined,
And in a rare solitude, greet I the shape of myself.

M. NEWTON.

THE CHINESE SHAWL

IN the soft light,
Wrapped in her shawl
She lies asleep
Before the Ball
Where she will dance
With satined feet
That are so light,
That are so neat.

And on her shawl
Are peacocks green
With scornful eyes
That peer between
The berries
And the flowers of red
That seek to climb
Towards her head.

Upon her arms
The green leaves lie;
The thin stalks twine
About her breast;
Against her hair
The cherry flowers
She is so young
And chaste and shy
She does not dream
That even I
Who know myself
To be her friend
And nothing more
Must yet pretend
To envy not
The flowers pressed
Against her arms
And hair and breast,
To envy not
The peacocks' eyes
That are so scornful
Of what lies
Beneath the shawl
Nor care to peep
Under those leaves
And flowers
Now that she lies
Asleep.
In dark seclusion
Rest.

BEATRICE EVE.

JASMINE AND BITTER-SWEET

JASMINE and bitter-sweet
For us, my dear!
Where Autumn's careless feet
Have crushed the year.

Jasmine, with stars of gold,
In Winter frost;
Tell us no hearts are old
Who know love's cost.

Bitter, for one dark hour,
But sweet at last;
New love and light our dower
From grief's grey fast.

Through sorrow's frozen sod,
Love finds its way;
And lives unto its God,
In endless May!

MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

ON TRANSLATING VIRGIL

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW

As Mr. T. E. Casson, in his article on this subject, was so kind as to refer to my version of the *Æneid*, may I say a few words? It being impossible, as he points out, to naturalize the hexameter in English, what we need is a metrical form which can enable a translator to produce in his readers' minds something of the charm which is so powerful in the Latin original. Probably blank verse would be the best fitted for that purpose, if there were a real poet to write it; but unfortunately the blank verse of any except a real poet is apt to be very blank indeed, and as unlike Virgil as anything that can be imagined. I believe that Tennyson might have worthily translated the *Æneid* in blank verse; but unfortunately he spent his great powers on such poor poems as "The Idylls of the King." His "Ulysses" shows what he might have done with a classical theme.

In default, then, of a true poet who is willing to translate, rhyme appears to be necessary, in order to represent the charm of the Virgilian line; and to me the irregular form of Milton's "Lycidas" seems to give just the scope and freedom that is needed, while it has the further advantage that Virgil's half-lines, which are by no means without their due effect in the Latin, may be properly reproduced in it. Mr. Casson thinks that it cannot portray the "wavelike succession" of Virgil's lines. I should have thought that "wavelike succession" almost exactly describes one effect of the "Lycidas."

On the other hand, I cannot agree with Mr. Casson that a closely-woven metre like the *terza rima*, with its rigid form and regularly recurring rhymes, is at all suitable for Virgilian translation, or that the Shelleyan fragment quoted by him, however beautiful in itself, bears any resemblance to the passage in the fourth *Georgic* of which it is supposed to be a version. Shelley was an original poet, and was better occupied than in interpreting the work of others; with Tennyson, whose genius lay in his metrical skill, the case was quite different. Let us hope, then, for a great poet who will recognize that a worthy translation of Virgil's *Æneid* would be in itself a great work and a most valuable addition to English literature.

HENRY S. SALT.

SOME IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

A Bravery of Earth (Cape, 5s. net, 128 pp.) is a notable long poem of the young American, Richard Eberhart, to whose work reference has already been made in The Poetry Review. It was written while the author was in residence at St. John's, Cambridge, and resembles the *Transitional Poem* of another young poet, Mr. C. D. Lewis, recently reviewed in these pages, in its representation of four phases of personal experience in the search for some final attitude. But where Mr. Lewis attempted to reach a metaphysical, ethical, and æsthetic single-mindedness which would have interested Dante or St. Thomas Aquinas, Mr. Eberhart simply portrays a return from the introvert, intellectual position (" the mind in the mind ") forced upon him by his education to the greater certainties of his natural objective outlook. The poem therefore ends *presto* as it began :

This fevers me, this sun on green,
On grass glowing, this young spring.

The skill with which, at the end of the first section, he accomplishes his transition, illustrates his technical capacity :

As when a star shoots from its sphere
Slashing the night, frail habitat,
Making unknown alteration
Through the whole vast macrocosm
And startles the watcher at the prow
Of a slow freighter, China bound,
Thus, like the vividest shooting star,
The wind flashed on me ! . . .

He elaborates the simile to hint at the tramp freighter voyage which is to provide the material for the fourth section (the word " macrocosm " also hints at a later attitude) ; then, having dissipated the first vigour of the image, he brilliantly recaptures it :

Thus, like the vividest shooting star,

and the allusion has gathered force and detail from the elaboration.

There are impressive passages in the third section :

Dark are the ways where wisdom is,
The grim shadow of self-knowledge
Haunts like the ceaselessness of death,
It hurries upon fear's hurrying.
In the state of calm it is standing there ;
It is a fate malevolently following
The searcher and will not set him free :
Doubt, the inseparable part of knowledge.

But these abstractions overmaster him and we come upon such lines as these :

Intuition looses, springs in me
Imagination's elation.

He reprints, too, some lines which in an earlier version began :

> This boulder is my brother,
> Silent in the sun ;

but which he now writes :

> This boulder, is my brother,
> Still, in the sun.

Excited by the increased strength of the reconstituted second line he succumbs to the craftsman's temptation not to leave well alone and goes through the ten succeeding lines cutting out unaccented syllables until the trick becomes monotonous.

It is in the fourth section, with its vivid pictures of seamen in the tropics, stoking, painting, perspiring, lounging on shore, that we find Mr. Eberhart's talent employed upon its most suitable material. Almost carelessly, he shows us that the summer stillness of Brooke's *Grantchester* owes more to the rhythm than to the subject :

> Chinamen smoke, peaceful and still,
> Gazing afar at the palms on the hill,
> Pondering Buddha, these Chinamen—
> Or counting in mind their hoarded yen.
> And there are girls whose smiles are worth
> Some subtle Asiatic mirth
> Ununderstood and wonderful :
> Girls dark, and shy, and beautiful.

Then, almost immediately after :

> Leviathan's on Indian Ocean.
> Climb to the metal gratings ; now,
> Your hot chests next the great pistons.
> Up ; down ; up ; down ;
> Around ; quick ; around ; quick ;
> Up ; down ; up down

The feeling of hot breathlessness is due in part to the brevity of the sentences (in the third line the omission of the word " to " helps), and in part to the particular choice of consonants and vowels : " Olympia's on Atlantic Ocean " would, quite apart from the difference in meaning, fail to produce any such effect. The disyllable "around," after the monosyllables, recalls exactly the forward lunge of great connecting rods. Mr. Eberhart has a greater range than Mr. Masefield, with whom he will inevitably be compared, and there is nothing in *Dauber* to compare with Mr. Eberhart's phantasmagoric vision of his shipmates in the maddening, simplifying heat.

* * *

Deucalion, or the Future of Literary Criticism, by Geoffrey West (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d.) is a very welcome addition to the *To-day and To-morrow* Series. The author provides a useful guide to the present position of that much-abused subject. He names the better known serious, tedious, and frivolous critics and outlines the theory that it is the duty of the critic to make explicit the values implicit in literature. He distinguishes between reviewing and criticism and establishes the uselessness of gushing appreciation. Finally he shows that criticism can, with such writers as Mr. Middleton Murry and Mr. Fausset, become a contribution to, as well as a commentary upon, literature. This faith in, and argument for, the new romanticism, render this book, short though it is, an addition to contemporary criticism, and even those readers who reject Mr. West's contentions, may be led by him to demand more accurate thinking, more exact writing and more balanced judgment in English criticism.

* * *

"*Ecrire, c'est affirmer,*" wrote Rèmy de Gourmont, but Mr. G. F. Bradby (*About English Poetry*, O.U.P., 2s. 6d. net) affirms nothing. The pleasure of finding our favourite platitudes in print must not blind us to the fact that they are not likely to help the inexperienced reader for whom Mr. Bradby writes. A footnote on page 48 makes a useful generalization about variations of regular metres, but in general Mr. Bradby's caution chokes his utterance. Thus he tentatively defines poetry as " an appeal to the understanding through the emotions," but hedges nervously, " Lest the plain man should imagine that an emotional appeal necessarily implies something of a violently disturbing nature, it may be well to explain that by ' the emotions ' we mean practically what he is accustomed to call his ' heart ' as contrasted with his head." The first chapter ends : " and one thing is certain ; the more poetry we know and love, the more we shall want to know." His second chapter (*What is Poetry ?*) is devoted to escaping from his so-called definition, and is recapitulated in schoolmasterly fashion : " In any case, it is better not to try to fix the boundary line between verse and poetry too rigidly. One reader may feel beauty where another does not. Unlike ' a little learning,' a little latitude is not always ' a dangerous thing.' What is certain is, that in all great poetry there is beauty. . . ."

Writing of this kind, though it may give emotional satisfaction to the author, is scarcely likely to help the poor wretch who is struggling to develop a taste in poetry. In Chapter VI Mr. Bradby points out that alliteration and repetition are used in " Lycidas," but his usual method is to quote a passage from Shelley, Keats, or Browning, and then apply his favourite adjective " perfect " to it. Having little skill in criticism himself, he does not use the word as Mr. West does, but in the vulgar sense of " fault-finding." " To dissect a beautiful poem, as a botanist dissects a flower, is, for the moment, to destroy its beauty." This argument, by false analogy, is typical of Mr. Bradby's method : he certainly values his flowers too highly to dissect them, but he does little to render more readily perceptible the beauty of each separate petal. To do so is difficult—as difficult as writing poetry—and the ability to do so is as rare as the ability to write poetry.

* * *

Another book from the same publishers, *Poetry at Present*, by Charles Williams (7s. 6d. net) is a much more useful work which we hope to discuss in a later issue, together with Mr. P. Mansell Jones' *Tradition and Barbarism* (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d. net), a study of the modern anti-romantic movement in France which is represented in politics by the *Action Française* groups, in philosophy, by M. Benda and M. Maritain, and in literature by M. Paul Valèry, and which has found in England a brilliant exponent in Mr. T. S. Eliot.

* * *

The Golden Book of Modern English Poetry (1870–1920) (J.M. Dent & Sons) has been reprinted and twenty-two pages of new material have been added to represent the poetry of the last ten years. Half of this space is devoted to rather long poems by Duncan Scott and Sir Ronald Ross but room is also found for notable poems by V. Sackville West, Aldous Huxley and Muriel Stuart. The volume is best described as a compendium of old favourites but, unlike Dr. Bridges in the *Spirit of Man* and Sir Henry Newbolt in *New Paths on Helicon*, the anthologist has not increased the significance of each poem by supplying a suitable context or useful notes. A somewhat thinner volume to which the same stricture applies is *Modern Poetry* (Edward Arnold & Co.). It is the work of a very persistent anthologist (Miss Elizabeth D'Oyley) and is rather more genuinely modern —indeed, only one of the poets represented was born over a century ago and *two* poems by Robert Graves are included (both of them were omitted from his *Collected Poems*). Both volumes include " The Buzzards," " Home Thoughts in Laventie," " An Old Woman of the Roads," " Stupidity Street," " Arabia," etc. ; the first, which is bound in peacock-blue leather and sold in a cardboard box, is clearly intended for " presentation," while the second, though the spacing of its pages is less uncompromisingly ugly, has a binding which marks it out at once as " suitable for school use."

* * *

In a number of elegies and a few poems about favourite dogs, Mr. G. M. Clark (*The Hasting Dav*, Dent, 3s. 6d.) uses somewhat threadbare diction and conventional rhythms which adequately convey familiar feeling, but he lacks that mastery of the finer shades of rhythm which would enable him to write well of the undertones he hears in common things. A stock metre, arbitrarily imposed upon a prose statement that the writer is experiencing a certain emotion, does not necessarily communicate that emotion : the mere black trappings remind us of the undertaker rather than the mourner. At his best, as in *Midwinter*, he just escapes the *cliché*.

Vague moons and misty valleys : ghostly cold
Enfolds the night, mute immobility ;—
Deeply defeated life, weary and old,
Stares at the shrivelled leaf, the stricken tree.

Keats, whom Mr. Clark admires so much that he writes a dialogue between him and his guardian, had a sense of humour which would have saved him from writing " To One Called " :

Too good to guess your goodness, long you trod
The rugged trail to the truth that makes men free ;
Until God said : " Be with the Friends of God,
The Elder Statesmen of Eternity ! "

* * *

Mr. F. O. Mann is one of the few living poets with any skill in the writing of verse-narrative, and in his new volume, *St. James's Park* (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d.) shows the persistence of old sentiments under that protective shell of cynicism or indifference which poverty and over-crowding force on the urban working-class. When he allows his broken-down comedian to grouse half humorously, half bitterly, then gulp down his coffee at the stall and plunge into the dark :

Enormous, towered, embillowed,
  Like some vast ship unsteered,
Staggering seas of midnight
  Full sail, he disappeared,

he conveys an impression of inate mobility which is lacking in those poems where he points a moral which comes as an anticlimax :

But nature still in those is sound,
  Who, looking not before
Or after, serve the common round
  And do not seek for more.

His poetic theory is Wordsworthian and he owes much of his diction and his rhythm to " The Shropshire Lad." Wringing poetry out of gas-meters is toughish work, and though there are undoubtedly words related to town life that have as deep a hold on us as homestead or Philomel, they are hard to find and harder to employ Often we are left with a faint unpleasant smell of gas which nullifies the tragedy as surely as the cold wet slap of :

" Spade ! With which Wilkinson hath tilled the ground."

The reader who would appreciate :

  Next week another came to regulate
The meter ; never he. And not a word
About it has her husband ever heard,

must metaphorically hold his nose : the poet is referring to " The Gas Collector," not to a prosodist.

Further, it is doubtful whether the Housman rhythms are really appropriate to urban subjects. Mr. Mann would no doubt retort that he was endeavouring to convey an underlying feeling not more urban than rural, but though his tales are always dramatic, he secures his sharpest effect by turning back to country things, as when, after the story of the vulgar gabbling widow who tells, dry-eyed, her miseries to a stranger, he says :

I stared in harsh condemning,
   When from the garden near
A blackbird through the window
   Whistled loud and clear.

Quick, as revealing lightning
   Tearing heav'n, the pain
Rent her scrolled features
   And ran in dreadful rain.

She had been country-nurtured ;
   The heart, that all unstirred
Explored its woe to strangers,
   Broke at a singing bird.

* * *

Edward Thompson, whose *Collected Poems* have now been published in an attractive volume (Ernest Benn, 10s. 6d. net), alone among contemporary poets, reminds us of *The Age of Herbert and Vaughan* of which Mr. Blunden has written :

Then it was faith and fairness,
   White sun and western wind,
When every moment spoke
   The Holy to the mind,
And quickened saints' awareness,

but he is free of the intellectual curiosity of that age ; for him the immanence of God is the solution to every problem.: he is invisibly companioned on his lifelong journey to Emmaus. Mr. Blunden, contemplating the horrors of war, perceives a proof by contraries :

Say what you will, our God sees how they run,
These disillusions are his curious proving
That he loves humanity and will go on loving,
Over there are faith, life, virtue in the sun !

There must be goodness, because we can distinguish evil, but for Mr. Thompson the problem never arises, even in his war poems, when he writes of three women eaten by wolves while trying to reach Beirut in a winter snowstorm, he feels the presence of no evil but can cry at once :

Glory to God, the All-Compassionate !
The Merciful, whose succour came, though late !

He sent His beasts of prey, and saved them so
From that numb death in suffocating snow,
Or harsher fate, where Famine, starkly chill,
Stalked Beirut's maddened streets, too pleased to kill,
And, while he paused to take his wretched prey,
By inchmeal drained the fevered life away.

Problems do not exist for him, ever his humour finds only the happy ambiguities of language to chuckle over:

"Bear left in centre of the town
For Banbury."

And yet there is a hint, not yet of discontent, but of incomprehension in a few of his more recent poems, "Lepers," for instance, and his latest humour, as in "Valetta from the Sea, 1927," though mild still, might turn satirical and bitter:

Where the Eyes of Christendom looked out
To spy the Turkish sails,
What legends crown the grey redoubt,
Waking heroic tales?

"Ask for McEwan's Splendid Stout."
And "Gait's Fine Burton Ales."

* * *

Miss Helen Thorp's *Verses* (Cayme Press, 51 pp., 5s. 0d.) deal prettily with trees and stars and birds and wayside flowers. She has the sorrowful vague nostalgia of those who dare not build new beauty but must always find it where others showed it long ago.

The setting sun has dyed the pale sky green,
The flock streams bleating to the distant fold;
Still is the dusk, the quiet air is keen,
Crying the little lambs trot, tired and cold.
A faint star trembles in the Eastern sky,
A bird sings eve's sad lullaby.

The little volume is pleasantly printed in monotype Pastonachi, but the sheets of the review-copy were a little mixed.

* * *

Half-Light and Overtones by Henry Faust is a volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets (Yale University Press, 49 pp., 6s. 6d.). Most of his poetry is the nebulous dream-stuff of the ineffectual romantic but avoids the usual sickly-sweetness of such verse by harshness and sibilance arising from the use of over-many consonants: "Be scornful of the dust this flesh hath wed!"

A careful study of the work of the vers-librists of twenty years ago would show him that it is neither necessary nor desirable to abandon rhythmic effects when abandoning regular metre. Nevertheless, the poems written in his more active moods use imagery which is none the less effective for being more definite, as in " Abandoned Hill Farm " :

> the hare
> scuttles through briary tunnels
> as the fox slinks to his lair
>
> artfully the spider weaves
> her maze of death
> under the dripping eaves

. . . . .

In these poems, too, his technique is far more workmanlike. Such a mood is that in which " Sonnet for my Father " was written may yet produce notable poems.

* * *

An anthology selected by Margot Anderson (*A Treasury of Middle English Verse*, Dent, 6s. od.) differs from these in that most of its contents are otherwise inaccessible. Miss Anderson has transliterated the poems so that they may be read without glossary or notes. She quotes the Early English Text Society's complaint that " experience has shown the very small number of the inheritors of the speech of Cynwulf, Chaucer and Shakspeare, who care two guineas a year for the records of that speech " and adds : " Having myself long loved these poems, I hoped that by smoothing slightly the strangeness of their tongues they could be so given that they might be better known and liked by others." Yet something of the beauty of Middle English poetry resides in its " roughness," especially in its South-Country vowel sounds. That it is possible still to attain that quality has been shown, in their various ways, by Gerard Hopkins, Ezra Pound and L. A. G. Strong, but Miss Anderson, who disclaims all intention of writing for the student, has raised the pitch to the usual modern note :

> I said I could not weep, I was so hard-hearted ;
> She answered me shortly with words that smarted :
> " Lo, nature shall move thee : thou must be converted.
> Thine own father this night is dead," thus she retorted.

With part of their technique thus nullified these poets are grievously handicapped, yet their genius shows through—the accumulated force of the repetitive " Earth upon Earth," for example, is terrific. It is to be hoped that this volume will make friends among those who have enjoyed the few Middle English poems in volumes such as the *Oxford Book*. Then some day Messrs. Dent may give us the originals.

* * *

Schuyler R. Myers modestly entitles his volume *At the Gateway of Song* (The Stratford Co., Boston). He says his aim has been to produce " emotionalized thought beautifully expressed." His achievement would, perhaps, have been of stronger value had he desired, rather, to "express great thoughts in the beauty of emotion." All the aspects of Nature, in her manifold changes, and childhood, and innocent love, appeal to him, but he would do well to remember the words of a great poet: "Nature, poor step-dame, never slacked my drought." And he allows his pen to relax in fatal easiness in some of the final lines of his poems, whereas the "trumpet-note" should come at the close of the music.

In the Sonnet to Milton he concludes with a terrible lameness.

> "O'er England at that hour in fear did quake
> Lest it by tyrant's doom should vanish quite."

"Did quake" and "vanish quite" cause pain and anguish to the reader. Also, at the end of "Boyhood's Days" is this obvious complacency.

> "For it were well if sober age
> Oft heard its songs of youth,
> And scrawled some rich, romantic page
> In its deep tomes of truth."

It is painful to envision sober age "scrawling," and what are "deep tomes"? It sounds more like drunken age scribbling at buried volumes. And yet the author can express very finely at times, "The dextrous Greek, who set the storied frieze High in the temple's dusk, where no man sees," is completely satisfying. The bitter truth is that this old world has lost its interest in life's unclouded May, and in maiden's soft-cheeked beauty. In this mechanized, strident age, youth is far more cynical and mocking than is maturity; it demands a deeper, even a more acid truth in poetry. "Emotionalized thought" is as evanescent as the rainbow, and even the rainbow has the sword of the lightning and the roar of the thunder at its birth.

* * *

A slender volume of Margaret Cropper's verse (Philip Allan & Co., London) encloses some delicate, jewelled fancies. "The Three Kings" and "The Carrying of Bride" are original in treatment and hghly poetic. We would protest against the adding of the dates of production to the verses; they mar the charm and, for a poet, mere dates should not exist. Let them be left for old dry-as-dust to root up in future ages.

* * *

There seems to prevail a feeling that certain author's works are sacrosanct, and that no words but those of reverent awe and praise should be used concerning them. Such an one is Katharine Mansfield; the volume of her verse, *Poems* (Constable & Co., London) comes with an introductory preface in which are these words: "For the whole of one week we made a practice of sitting together after supper at a very small table in the kitchen and writing verses on a single theme we had chosen." "Exactly," and "Camomile Tea,"

" The Town Between the Hills," and " Waves " are the result of this uninspiring method. She writes:

" Our shutters are shut, the fire is low,
The tap is dripping peacefully;
The saucepan shadows on the wall
Are black and round and plain to see."

We are compelled to continue:

" So here we sit and jingle rhymes,
The result of that camomile brew;
The wall are plain, the chairs are wood,
And so are our verses too."

" Waves " defeats us, unless it is intended as a rhyme for children of " godless " Russia. " Butterfly Laughter " is all too slight to bear the laurel crown of poetry and so is " Opposites " and many others. That these lines might be treasured as tender memories of a loved one we can well understand, but we are unable to discover any reason for presenting them to the public; even the approbation of " Elizabeth," either in her German Garden or out of it, scarcely provides a sufficient dictate. When Homer nods let us draw the curtains, and not invite all to observe his weakness.

* * *

We can only admire the ingenuity and devotion of Mr. Percy Allen, who discusses *The Case of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, as "Shakespeare"* (Cecil Palmer, 7s. 6d.), in 400 crown 8vo pages, and even then to appreciate him thoroughly, requires some previous knowledge of the subject and acquaintance with what is known as a " Shakespeare problem " which we suppose will never be settled. Mr. Allen is not the only Oxford advocate, but he has gone further into the matter than others, and has previously been responsible for discovering what appears to be Chapman's identification of the Earl of Oxford as Hamlet. We must leave such arguments and discoveries to connoisseurs, feeling relieved that we have not to come to any decision on these weighty matters, which further increase our pride in the possession of Shakespeare and strengthen the claim for a national theatre consecrated to him.

* * *

Mr. Cumberland Clark, with great assiduity and remarkable verbal knowledge of Shakespeare's plays and poems, has collected in *Shakespeare and Science* (Cornish Bros., 7s. 6d.), with an agreeable running commentary, all the references by Shakespeare to natural phenomena with an account of the astronomy, astrology, and alchemy of his day, and his attitude towards these sciences, a work which further increases our astonishment at the remarkable range of Shakespeare (or was it Oxford?) and will be found of great value to other students and lecturers—a work which is much more apt and worth doing than the long drawn out argument as to who really was responsible for the extraordinary combination of knowledge and insight, imagination and skill, combined in Shakespeare's plays. The thoroughness of Mr. Cumberland Clark's study is further increased by a comprehensive index.

* * *

John Todhunter's *Selected Poems* (Elkin Matthews & Marriot, 6s. net) will be a revelation to many because of their harmonious charm and Celtic atmosphere, clearer and more definite than that of his better known contemporary. This one-time doctor of medicine, who became a professor of English literature in Dublin, for which he was admirably fitted by nature as well as by scholarship, brought with him in his early retirement to Bedford Park the deep-rooted influence of the Irish Celtic revival which was responsible for the beautiful Irish songs and legends and haunting bardic tales included in the present volume. The miscellaneous poems indicate the range of his interests as well as his artistry, dignity, and sincerity of expression, and would make one wish that his prose studies were similarly available, and that the public was sufficiently sympathetic and sensitive to justify the republication of his really notable verse dramas which were perhaps his most ambitious work and did see production in London as well as in Dublin, although this did not realize his justifiable ambition to see poetry brought back to the stage in his day and partly by his own efforts. Readers who have the soul of poetry in them will appreciate this collection, and will not willingly let such work pass into oblivion.

* * *

In *Youth and Other Poems*, by John Linnell (Macmillan, 6s.), there is a forcefulness of thought and colouring not yet quite in harmony with each other. As his technique grows, and his many vivid metaphors are brought more closely to bear on his theme, his poems will develop a unity which they lack at present. Already in the sonnet, " Gather Ye Rosebuds," imagery and application are moulded into a satisfying whole—

Or should loved themes by time be overworn,
Mourn not their loss nor grieve that youth has fled;
For each leads on another, then is dead,
Beyond reach. Nor in your later knowledge scorn
What e'er seemed foolish-young. From such was born
This present tale, itself soon brought to bed;
Mother of beauty richer, blood more red,
And joy to heal where vulture life has torn.

Even as old songs, folded, and put by,
Their value tested, lie beneath unseen,
Treasured and praised, nor ever thrown away.
So live what's past in honoured memory;
Let sleep what's yet to make or might have been.
Only perfect the songs you sing to-day.

Mr. J. A. Short has taken exhaustive pains over his arrangement of *A Time Scheme for Shakespeare's Sonnets* (Mitre Press, 8s. 6d.). His deductions are instructive to the scholar, and to the poetry lover, who already so cherishes the gems of the collection that he does not greatly care to whom or when they were written, he shows that information given on these points is to enhance enjoyment rather than to gild refined gold.

* * *

The posthumous volume of *Poems* by Isabel Chase Owen (George Owen, 5s.) cannot be better introduced than by quoting Wilfred Gibson who has written the foreword, " We do not find in the technique of her verse any especial novelty. She was content to give expression to her emotions in verse which, while it does not show any striking lyrical invention, is always quietly melodious and is an entirely adequate medium."

* * *

On the other hand, the author of *Winds of Fate* (Erskine McDonald, 3s. 6d.), Mina Charlotte Martin, shows considerable ingenuity in the use of verse forms. The content and diction of her verse are more uneven in quality; exquisite lines, such as are found in " Requiem," are often companioned by commonplace ones. I give the last three verses of this tender poem :

Pure beauty of the maiden dead ;
O rose of Life that flushed the tender brow,
    Where art thou blooming now ?

The heart that all its wealth outpoured,
And giving, but increased its hoard,
So cold to earth, in some new blest abode
    Is beating warm to God.

Thus wan beneath an Eastern sun
Once lay God's own beloved One ;
Even He, the loveliest of mankind,
    No other way could find !

* * *

Miss Kathleen Conyngham Greene is assured of a welcome for *More London Jingles* (De La Mare Press, 1s.), which have the same capacity as her former verses for ringing merrily in the head and yet of belying the superficiality of their title because they also strike a deeper note all the while. " The Spring Conquers London " is a beautiful lyric which was included in *Best Poems of* 1928.

The black magician's hand
  Is loosed again,
The Spring has stormed the land
  In wind, in rain.

Even to the rigid street
His hosts break through,
The pavements at our feet
Are drenched in blue.

Over the rain-swept roofs
His chargers race,
Stamping their silver hoofs
In furious pace.

His cohorts sling their rains,
Their lances throw,
They strike our sooty panes
With sun-drawn bow.

Only the incurious crowd
Have missed the thing;
These see the sun, the cloud,
But not the Spring.

* * *

In *Fowls o' the Air* and *Other Verse in Scots* (Ryerson Press, 50 cents.), Mr. Wm. P. McKenzie treats his homely scenes with a sense both of humour and pathos. Rab o' the Fairm, in the poem of that name, shows a talent for practical philosophy:

Rab had a wheen sons and also mony dochters,
And a fine brisk wife, the ruler o' the roost;
Mony times, i' the clash o' her dinna's and her och-to's,
He'd feel that oot the hoose he had been coost.

. . . .

And then he made the bonniest o' cages for canaries,
An' sune i' the kitchen had the wee birds thrang;
And ever when the women-folk were arguin' contraries
The birds wad droon the clatter wi' their sang.

* * *

The Corydon Press, Sidney Street, Cambridge, may be congratulated upon its first production, *Between Dawn and Sunset* by Lionel Birch. The poems, mostly well-made sonnets, are intensely virile, and, though they harp almost entirely upon the one theme of unrequited love, they never fail in interest and appeal. The shorter poem, "To You," is typical of the prevailing discontent and its colouring:

God forged the floating hills of ice
To foil the burning sea;
And raised the snow-capped mountains
To windward and to lee.
And gave to you a heart of stone
To break the heart of me.

God sent the fiery sunbeams
  To search the land below;
And gave to you a witching smile
  That I might never know,
That though your eyes were sleeping fires
  The heart of you was snow.

* * *

Mediterranean Ports (Palmer, 6s.) contains the best poems Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett has done. She has passed from fondness to mastery of the sonnet, in which form she finds truest expression on every inspiring occasion, with frequently a line that is exquisite as well as apt. She has become a wandering Sappho, neatly recording historical and topographical impressions, and when dealing with more intimate or personal subjects expressing limpidly, eloquently and warmly the aspirations and emotions of a very human personality.

* * *

D. H. Lawrence, we learned with regret, died at Bandol on March 3rd. This is neither time nor place for full discussion of his prose work; we can only say that his ideal of "self-fulfilment" has always seemed to us impractical rather than reactionary. Not only man's supremacy, but his very survival, appear to depend upon his social qualities which arise from that discipline of instinct and that use of intellect to serve the will which Lawrence strenuously opposed. Individualists of the Lawrence type are parasitic on society: a commonwealth of such individuals is a contradiction in terms. Even those primitive societies which he admired and whose consciousness he interpreted so vigorously, have their own evolving structure, their totems and their taboos. They too are inevitably treading the path of progress. Yet despite his lack of realism in the presence of civilized human beings,[1] his attitude to "Birds, Beasts and Flowers" showed a realism which renders inappropriate the label "introvert." We cannot forget: "In the pause towards the end of April, when the flowers seem to hesitate, the leaves make up their minds to come out. For some time, at the very ends of the bare boughs of fig-trees, spurts of pure green have been burning like little cloven tongues of green fire vivid on the tips of the candelabrum. Now these spurts of green spread out, and begin to take the shape of hands, feeling for the air of summer. . . ." and dozens of such passages. Too often poets and fabulists have ascribed a human consciousness to all living things but, as Lawrence's biographer, Mr. Stephen Potter,[2] says "A fox is never cunning, it is fox-like. A cow is never placid, it is cow-like. A jackal is never craven, it is being a jackal. . . . Lawrence . . . is able, in some degree, to describe animals in terms of themselves." His "Snake" and "Kangaroo" are unforgettable poems; they provide us with a new and more satisfactory method of apprehending these diverse forms of life. But not content with that, Lawrence tried to persuade us to apprehend our fellow-creatures similarly. Between that animal awareness and a more conscious cerebration the choice must be direct; and if for us civilization represents, however poorly, some recognition of those things we value, then, though we may love his "Flowery Tuscany," we must reject and strenuously oppose the main contention of his novels.

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[1] D. H. Lawrence. A First Study. Cape, 5s. net.

[2] Since Lawrence's death Faber and Faber have published *Nettles*, a number of disappointing and rather childish satirical poems. Lawrence, as might be expected, showed no understanding of the things he sought to attack. (*Criterion Miscellany*, No. 11. 1s. net.)

* * *

The Times accorded a generous notice in its "Obituary" of April 14th to Mr. Alfred Williams, the Hammerman Poet.

"The sudden death, at the age of 45, of Mr. Alfred Williams, who was known as the hammerman poet, is announced. On Wednesday he cycled from his home at South Marston to Swindon to visit his wife, who lies seriously ill in hospital, and then seemed to be in his usual health. But on Thursday he was found dead in bed.

"Williams's real poetic gift came to maturity in spite of poverty and in the midst of hard work. Born in the little village of South Marston, he had scanty schooling, and at the age of 11 was earning his living on a farm. Soon he was attracted to the great railway works at Swindon, where he became a steam-hammer driver and later a 'hammerman.' His education did not properly begin till he was about 20, when he began to study with extraordinary zeal while still working full time in the factory. His first book of poems, *Songs in Wiltshire*, appeared in 1909, and at once attracted attention by the freshness and musical quality of its lyrics. This was followed by *Nature and Other Poems*, which showed an even keener appreciation of the whole country scene, and in places achieved a rare beauty. His *War Sonnets and Songs* (1915) must be accounted a failure, like much other War poetry composed from a sense of duty. An edition of Williams's selected poems, with an introduction by Mr. John Bailey, appeared in 1926, and here is to be found his best work. It has natural literary power, melody, life, and passion, the work of a lover of poetry for its own sake. Williams also produced some delightful books in prose, especially *A Wiltshire Village* and *Round About the Upper Thames*."

Alfred Williams was an early contributor to this journal. His first published work appeared in *New Songs*, a collection of unpublished poets which set a fashion. His contributions attracted the attention of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, then Member for the Cricklade division of Wilts, who encouraged the publication of *Songs in Wiltshire*, the first book to bear the Erskine MacDonald imprint. It was generously received by the leading newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and other papers making a feature of articles on Williams and his work, and the *Times Literary Supplement* paid him a specially high tribute repeated on the publication of *Poems in Wiltshire.*

* * *

Dr. G. G. Coulton's anthology of extracts from original documents illustrating " Life in the Middle Ages," has now been completed by the publication at the Cambridge University Press of Volume IV, entitled *Monks, Friars and Nuns.*

* * *

Mr. F. Irving Taylor has fulfilled the promise given by his eloquent and dignified ode on the occasion of the Poets' Descendants' Dinner—it was selected by Mr. Alfred Noyes from many submitted in open competition—by the completion of his epic, *Azal and Edras*, which Mr. Arnold Bennett has characterized publicly as being written in the grand manner, rare in these days, with passages of very considerable beauty.

The Reviewer and Mr. Whiffen

To the Editor of The Poetry Review

Sir,—Mr. Whiffen (author of *Cosmogony*) is doubtless aware that what Eddington calls " The Principle of Indeterminacy " and Whitehead's concept of " Process " are, with the Theory of Relativity, likely to characterize the science of this century as Dalton's *Atom* and Darwin's *Natural Selection* did the last. Yet this phase of Mr. Whiffen's knowledge is nowhere apparent in his poem and I cannot regard his " books read " as anything but " vulgarizations " (in the French sense) of nineteenth-century ideas. This view explains Mr. Whiffen's unquestioning belief in the inheritance of acquired characteristics, but no biologist, not even Lamarck, has ever conceded that there was any scrap of evidence that Variation has ever been the result of conscious effort. On this point Mr. Whiffen is as mistaken as Mr. Shaw, and further, though one may accept M. Massis' *Defense de l Occident*, there are dozens of works such as Sir Arthur Evans' *Palace of Minos* and Mr. Woolley's *Sumerians* to show that human progress is not one continuous line: civilizations crumble and die, and the height of man's present achievement is no evidence to urge against Spengler's contention that Western European (and American) culture has inherent instability. A reviewer is not a critic: it is his duty to give his readers such information as will enable them to decide whether the volume under review is one which they would wish to purchase: I tried therefore to show the historical context of Mr. Whiffen's ideas and I quoted a passage to illustrate his somewhat unusual use of language.

It is only fair to The Poetry Review to add that, before writing my notice, I went through Mr. Whiffen's epic twice, reading long sections aloud, despite its polysyllabic dissonance.

I remain, Sir, faithfully yours, Your Reviewer.

THE POETS' FELLOWSHIP:

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S REPORT

We again refer contributors to the remarks made in this section of THE POETRY REVIEW during the past two years. We still get a large amount of fair work marred by occasional lapses and clichés. The writers have not worked themselves into complete artistry, and too often give a suggestion of artificiality. More of them should understand what is required of them and how difficult is the attainment, as is expressed in A. Doris L. Wilson's little lyric, " Need ":

" I envy you this power to write,"
   So sighed a friend,
"And how you save in words
   The thoughts we spend."

And disbelieving smiled, when I
   Confessed how few
   The coins ring true,
Nor understood my need of more
Counting my shining little store.

We don't encourage metrical exercises, but it is refreshing occasionally to come across something that shows a mastery of rhythm and rhyme, and we print E. Joyce Harrison's " Violets " (A Study in Initial Rhymes) as an example of careful craftsmanship and exquisite expression:

Under the glooming trees,
Where the uneasy wind
Pillows her tired head,
Wonder and wait awhile;
There where the beetles lodge,
Billows of grass among,
Peep the shy violets
Blue-eyed and delicate,
Weep they for loneliness,
Dew-bright their petals are.

Only the earthworm knows:
Blind, he can feel their tears,
Shares in their loneliness,
Lonely himself he is,
Kindly would comfort them,
Cares in his blindness for
Lonely and weeping ones.

Rarer they surely are
Than any mortal thing,

Fair as an angel's eyes.
Can they be such, and yet
Lonely and weeping ones ?

One-third of the Premium is awarded to Mrs. Beatrice Eve (Weybridge) for a group of charming poems, and another third to Nancy Pollok (Glasgow) for the seasonable vignettes embodied in "Heritage." The remaining guinea is divided between E. J. Harrison (Lincoln), E. Alcock (Lampton), and Mary A. Woodward (Portland, Ore.) for delicate lyrics of a somewhat similar nature, and Evelyn Couchman (Mentone) for a poem with a topical reference to the Virgil celebrations.

The following are highly commended :

Vera Arlett, Worthing.
E. Alcock, Hounslow.
E. Binnington, Louth.
K. O'Neill-Bailey, Harpenden.
A. Collinge, Bolton.
S. Dobson, London, S.E.
A. Dewey, London, S.W.18.
E. Dreyfus, California.
N. Lassen, London, N.W.11.
D. Freeman-Larkin, Brighton.
R. McKie, Brighton.
I. Ormesby, Addiscombe.
M. Posegate, Cincinnati.
K. Solloway, Bedford.
H. Slade, Ramsgate.
J. Stuart-Young, Nigeria.
A. D. Wilson, Bedford.
E. Walker, Bournemouth.
M. A. Woodward, Portland.
C. Wright, Milan.

The following are commended :

E. F. Alden, Haddenham ; N. Alport, Tamworth ; F. Belville, Dayton ; J. Stark Brown, Bexhill-on-Sea ; M. Greenwood, London, W.11 ; P. Casey, Colorado ; E. Cullabine, Worksop ; J. Cannings, Melksham ; J. M. Dougall, Hereford ; S. E. Green, Aberdeen ; Peter Garell, Chelsea ; H. Hamilton, Torphine ; M. Head, Concord ; A. Heward, London, S.W.11 ; J. W. Heaven, Ealing ; F. E. Hodder, Uxbridge ; F. Jaquet, Surbiton ; E. M. Johnes, Chester ; I. Kemsley, Rochester ; J. Lamont, New York ; W. K. Lewis, Ramsgate ; I. Mills, Whetstone ; E. M. Mason, Belvedere ; D. Major, Hendon, N.W.4 ; K. Munday, Salisbury ; L. D. Mills, Northampton ; E. I. Morley, Derby ; G. E. Merrick, Warminster ; Harold Moorhouse, Leek ; M. Newton, Purley ; K. Norman, Bournemouth ; E. Nolan, Naples ; John Purdie, Paisley ; D. E. Greville, Wakefield ; F. Ray, Bedford ; N. T. Riddell, British Columbia ; M. Robinson, Eccles ; G. Talbot Robinson, Edmeston ; V. Smith, Independence ; B. M. Skeat, Sedbergh ; E. Samms, Luton ; L. C. Thomas, Croyde Bay ; A. H. Thurlby, Burton-on-Trent ; M. K. Toovey, Amersham ; M. Whitehead, Woking.

We call the attention of contributors who have replied to the request at the foot of page 149 to the notice on another page with respect to interference with correspondence, and express regret to them that in most cases the MSS. appear to have been lost entirely.

THE LEWIS "TOUCH" PREMIUM.

The entries for the Lewis Premium covered the whole range of "Touch," with particular concentration on the touch of feeling and of affinity. Some contributors attempted to cover too large a field and to summarize in a sonnet the power of touch in the general and the particular, from that of affection to that of the conductor, while others, including John Purdie, Bertha Skeat and Warren Liddle, were inspired to write a sequence of poems on this very wide and suggestive subject.

We have to divide the Premium between several competitors who give undoubted evidence of a lyric touch :—

I. Sutherland Groom,. Clifton, who really deserves the premier place for a fine treatment of the subject imbued with exquisite lyricism ;

Katharine Harrington, Lexington, Mass., who alone deals with "the fatal touch," and that very simply and poignantly ;

Florence M. Bradford, London, S.W., Helen Trafford Moore, Asheville, N.C., Helen Hendricks, Rome, Cora Warburton Hussa, Montclair, N.J., and Alfreda H. Cooper, Paignton, for eloquent surveys, exquisitely expressed ;

The Hon. Mrs. Garton, Lincoln, for a more personal application of the power of touch ;

Florida Watts Smyth, St. Louis, for an elusive lyric ;

E. Hall Hains, London, W.12, who in a sonnet celebrates the bliss of being "in touch" ;

Margaret E. Rose, Derby, who sings melodiously the touching power of music, and

Dulcie Eden Greville, who recognizes the mysterious touch of affinity.

The following are highly commended: Estelle Hartt-Dreyfus (Redondo Beach, Calif.); M. W. Fry (New York); Mabel Greenwood (London); Dulcie Eden Greville (Silcoates, Yorks); Mrs. Hall-Haines (London); Helen Hamilton (Torphins, Aberdeen); K. Harrington (Mass.); Miss F. Jacquet (Surbiton); Mary E. Moynahan (Indianapolis); Irene Ormsby (Addiscombe); Teresa Robb-Smith (Webster Groves, Mo.); Dorothy Rose (Pikesville, Md.); Gwen Simons (London); Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth).

We should not fail to commend the following for thoughtful work: J. W. Anderson (Skegness); Elizabeth F. Alden (Haddenham); E. A. Cullabine (Worksop, Notts); Helen Hendricks (New York); Aline Heward (London); Agnes MacCarthy Hickey (New York); Emma B. King (Indianapolis); Warren Liddle (New York); Agnes Macklin (Pender, Nebraska); Doris Major (London); L. D. Mills (Northampton); K. O'Neill-Bailey (Harpenden); J. E. S. Old (Nyasaland); C. Endymion Porter (Boston, Mass.); Marie Tello Phillips (Pittsburgh); John Purdie (Paisley); M. C. Pollard (Worthing); Grace B. Talbot Robinson (Otsega County); Mrs. Marietta Robinson (Indianapolis); Bertha Skeat (Sedbergh, Yorks); Toovey (Amersham); Elizabeth Wild (Berkeley, Calif.); Mrs. Garton (Lincoln); Cyrille Wright (Milan); Alethea Woodward (Portland, Ore).

* * *

(Will contributors please add not only their names but also their addresses and membership number to MSS.)

* * *

Wanted a claimant for a batch of unsigned poems: *The Heathen's Litany*, *The Boarding-House Spinster*, *The Accountant*, *February*, 1929, etc., etc.

* * *

The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is increased to £3. MSS. should be addressed to "The Premium Editor," the Poet's Fellowship, THE POETRY REVIEW Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5, before June 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if, criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.)

* * *

Our erudite and genial friend, Dr. William Lyon Phelps, in his delightful "As I Like It" pages in the February *Scribner* asks: "How many of my readers have heard of THE POETRY REVIEW, published at 44 Bramham Gardens, London? This blessed month of February the Poetry Society, of which this Review is the organ, completes its twenty-first year. Among the presidents have been G. K. Chesterton, Lord Coleridge, and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. THE POETRY REVIEW is an excellent periodical, and I had the pleasure in the editorial office in London of meeting not only the staff but Professor Olivero of Milan, who had published in that magazine a notable and highly interesting appreciation of the writings of Thomas Hardy. The Review, unlike some others, has fought a good fight and kept the faith. I recommend it to Scribnerians, and suggest that they make a personal call on the editors when in London."

* * *

We hope there still remains an opportunity for readers, who take a delight in the fine speaking of poetic drama and the swift vigorous presentation of Shakespeare, to see the Macdona Players at the Court Theatre in "Hamlet." Mr. Esme Percy loves the fine phrases with which the part of Hamlet coruscates, and he makes them sound sincere as well as pregnant and beautiful, never falling into the trap of glibness or giving the impression that the speeches are in any way hackneyed or detached. And we do not think the Polonius of Mr. Macdona could be improved upon; his very tediousness and sententiousness are a delight.

* * *

"A vote of thanks to THE POETRY REVIEW for giving Scott his due. He is the most Homeric of our poets. I greatly appreciated a remark in THE POETRY REVIEW: 'Homer possibly *fought* in the Trojan War.'"—D.R.F.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S MAJORITY:

COMMANDER BELLAIR'S ON THE POET'S OFFICE.

Commander Bellairs, M.P., in the course of his speech from the chair at the " coming of age " luncheon on February 24th, said, after various complimentary references : " The Poetry Society among other things does much to encourage verse speaking. Good verse speaking as it becomes widespread must help poetry. Are we quite sure that because no play in verse has been produced since Flecker's *Hassan* that the fault is with the poets ? May not the fault be that however good the plays may be it would be difficult to do them justice here and in America. . . .

" Poetry is more appreciated in America than Great Britain at present, but since nothing ever happens on one side of the Atlantic without a repercussion on the other I hope to see the impulse spread here.

" An interesting work could be written on the words invented on one side of the Atlantic and adopted on the other. We have, for instance, to mention two that are frequently used in British politics, adopted bunkum and jerrymander and both came from America long before steam and the telegraph. That leads me to a point that seriously concerns us. We all hope our language will not split. Simplify by all means like the Poet Laureate has done in the *Testament of Beauty*, but let us simplify in common. Why should we not have the first great joint commission of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations to consider this heritage of English undefiled and how we may keep all that is best and yet develop on right lines.

" As for America, she is so fertile in every respect, so much so in daring experiments, so materially prosperous that by a natural law of reaction it seems she must in the long run provoke and invoke a poetry as great as the English-speaking world has yet seen.

" The whole of poetry is in revolt against things and tools being made chief over mind and thought, in revolt against the answers of the man in the motor factory that he was bolt No. 21. You remember Wolfe at Quebec, how he said he would sooner have written Gray's *Elegy* than win the greatest battle. Depend on it, Wolfe was the greater in his profession for his love of a great poem.

" At present, following on too intimate biographies, there seems to be an idea that poetry leads to a lack of balance. Let us take the worst case, Shelley, on the score of useful work. Of the practical men who were the young man's contemporaries and who were so busy making national wars, it would be difficult to trace much good still remaining such as Napoleonic Law, etc. Shelley is still a help to many, many thousands. England, however, is still a dangerous country for poets who desire a successful career though not so dangerous as when two doctors put John Clare in a lunatic asylum because he had been ' for years addicted to poetical posings.' It is not so dangerous as when Wordsworth and Coleridge became suspect to Pitt's spies because of their enthusiasm for scenery. It is inimical to a man's career in the same sense as it was to poor Mac Creevy at the hands of General Grant. His appointment to a coveted civil post was drafted when an enthusiastic admirer described him to the President as a poet and read Mac Creevy's best poem. The President tore up the appointment because, he said, ' experience and observation showed that a man who was good at making poetry was not good for anything else.' James Russell Lowell and John Hay were among the many who lived to confute him.

" Most men are absorbed in the present-day aspects of their surroundings whereas the poet is the reconciler of the future with the past. He holds the mirror up to the world's progress to interpret, to indemnify and to inspire. He writes of the future in the language and the images of the past, and rightly so, for as the age tends more and more to materialism with the progress of invention, the greater need to redeem it by emotional beauty transmitted from the past infused into the ideals that belong to the future. He exposes our present-day pretentions, tyrannies and deceptions in language like the old propnets who stood before kings by virtue of the fact that they were nearer unto God.

" One can go a step further than Matthew Arnold who said that ' by nothing is England more glorious than by her poetry, and say if Great Britain cannot remember her poetry and reach forward to an even more glorious future she is on the downward path to Avernus whatever may be her material triumphs. Poetry makes men transcend themselves and that is the way to breed supermen. People talk of land hunger and the desire for love and happiness, but it is all part of the prayer for a better world and he who sings it best is the greatest among us all.

" Shelley concluded his essay on ' Poetry ' with these words :— ' Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of this world.' Like the M.P.'s absent from their House, the poet has of late neglected his unofficial duties for the delights of leafy lanes and country beauties. Surely the poet should be reminding us of our goal in these days when politicians are busy creating more and more machinery until they come to believe that the mechanism is the goal. The poet should make us passionately and romantically desire the goal, and he will then be leading Parliament.

" Let me point to another political influence of poetry. Looking to drama and romantic novels as nearer to poetry than prose, I say that it is through poetry that nations are coming together. It appeals to something deeper in man than mere reason, education, or literary taste. Many years ago I read a most interesting article in the *Edinburgh Review* tracing to the English appreciation of Sir Walter Scott the healing of the old antipathies of Scotland. May we not yet hope that something of the same sort will yet happen in regard to Ireland. Sir Walter Scott was also a great patriotic influence. He put poetry into the prose of Edmund Burke. For a poet to have revived national spirit as well as to have healed national differences was a triumphant contradiction of Macaulay's dictum that 'as civilization advances poetry decays.' If Macaulay had said we cannot worship mechanism, charlatanism, and pessimism without losing poetry I should have agreed, but poetry is the corrector of these evils. The fight goes on. It was not ended with the American poets' campaign against slavery. It was not ended with Elizabeth Browning's indictment of child labour. As for science the circles of the unknown mysteries that surround us are larger and larger with every advance of knowledge. Therefore we may confidently say that the future Shakespeare has a greater field, a more inspiring message, and we who know that the greatness of English is in Shakespeare as the greatness of Greek is in Homer know also that there is no more inspiring toast than that of Poetry which I now associate with the Poetry Society."

The Foreign Poetry Challenge Cup Competition

The Spanish Ambassador, el Marques Don Alfonso de Merry del Val, was present at the second competition for the Poetry Society's Challenge Cup (given by Mrs. Minshall) for the reading and speaking of poetry in a foreign language held on April 7th, 1930, at 44 Bramham Gardens. Last year the cup was won by Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Bt., who recited two beautiful Spanish poems; and the bronze trophy or second prize was carried off by a young Dutch candidate, Miss Gratia Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, with one French and one German poem.

This year the Diplomatic Service again came out with flying colours, the Challenge Cup being awarded to Sir Rennell Rodd, Bt., M.P. (our ex-ambassador at Rome) for his fine rendering of a canto of Dante's *Inferno* followed by a sympathetic and charming interpretation of a poem (long unpublished),of Heinrich Heine's, which was given to Sir Rennell Rodd in East Africa by the German Governor. Sir Rennell Rodd being himself a well-known poet had of course the great advantage of inward poetical understanding, as well as that of easy and practised public speaking, and he gave much delight to the listeners.

There was a moment of tense excitement when it was found that *two* candidates had tied for the bronze trophy with 90 per cent. of marks. These were Miss Audrey Russell and Miss Constance Street, the latter (aged only sixteen years!) having been trained at Benfleet Hall, Sutton. It became necessary to "work off the tie" and as the result of this further test, Miss Audrey Russell won the bronze trophy, and the third prize was given to her talented rival.

The fourth prize with two stars and special commendation for her artistry and beautiful voice, was awarded to Miss Molly Wynne Jacob who was trained at Normanhurst Court School, near Battle. Miss Diana Minshall, also of Normanhurst, reciting in Italian and

Miss Sylvia Oldfield in Spanish, were highly commended; while the Swedish scientist, Dr. Are Waerland, Miss Catherine Spiller, and Mr. Arundell Esdaile, of the British Museum, were all commended for the interpretation of the poems.

His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador, in presenting the prizes, said: " Before officiating as the High Priest of this assembly, I should like to say first how sweet has been the pleasure of my visit to you. To hear spoken with pleasure your own beautiful language, so refined and full of sincerity, or else that tender German, the flute-like Italian, and that crisp and wonderful French, brings to mind what the Spanish poet has said." After quoting a beautiful poem in Spanish, the Ambassador continued: " Let me tell you how much I admire you for meeting here and keeping up in this brilliant fashion of yours this Society which raises one high above the level of the turbid life of our modern times; and allow me to pay double homage—one to Mrs. Minshall to whom you owe so much pleasure, and to me also, this evening; and the other to those ladies and gentlemen who have spoken in their admirable manner before us."

In the absence in Madeira of the President of The Poetry Society, the Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Chalmers, a member of the Council, gracefully performed the part of hostess.

Colonel Minshall proposed a vote of thanks to His Excellency for his great kindness in coming; and to Cavaliere Tullio Sambucetti and Mrs. Charles Merz, who gave their good services as adjudicators.

Mrs. Minshall, in conclusion, expressed her happy joy in poetry (shared, she believed, by most of those present) in Dr. Knox's words:

" From the caves of gain, the toils of Ambition,
the noise, the hurry, the vexation of a disordered world,
we rise on the wings of Poesy
to ethereal regions where all is tranquil."

The judges in their report state: " This year the standard of achievement has been even better than in 1929. In fact the only candidates who did not do very well were of those who only decided to enter at the eleventh hour and had practically no time to study their poems, but showed a splendid sporting spirit by taking part in the contest. As we said last year, be it understood, first of all, that 'your critic is your best friend in the race for success,' so none of you will take offence at the criticisms of your achievements which are intended to help each and all.

" The most remarkable fact about the 1930 contest is that no one fell below 70 per cent. of marks, as against 58 per cent. last year, which is highly encouraging.

" We wish to remind all candidates that these markings are relatively unimportant and that the only thing which greatly matters is that they should develop in their own minds and hearts, a real love for good foreign poetry and find time for the study of it.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRIDGES

THE death of the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Seymour Bridges, O.M., on Easter Monday, April 21st, at a greater age (85) than that attained by any of his predecessors, ended a distinguished career which reached its crowning glory almost at the end with the publication of " The Testament of Beauty " (which was the subject of our last issue's leading article). Etonian, Oxonian, famous oarsman, Doctor of Medicine (for some time a physician at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street), this brusque, tall, finely proportioned, virile man, with leonine head, deep eyes and resonant voice, never courted publicity of any kind and was little known to the public when he was appointed Laureate 17 years ago and has remained a somewhat nebulous figure to the world at large, yet (as Mr. E. V. Osborn pointed out in a discriminating memoir in *The Morning Post*) : " he was no academic poet living aloof from his fellow-creatures, as so many superficial critics said when he was made Poet Laureate in the place of Alfred Austin. He was not ' popular '. nor ever will be—but it is seldom indeed that the rarer kind of poetry is acclaimed by the crowd. . . .

" Dr. Bridges was a consummate artist and, in his artistry, a living link between the older and younger schools of English lyrical poetry. He was always kind to the Muse's apprentices, and his kindness was really helpful. . . .

" He was a keen experimentalist, and some of his experiments were certainly a waste of time, even though they may have helped him to attain his mastery of hitherto-unexplored possibilities of English prosody. Nevertheless, he could not achieve the impossible —his quantitative English hexameters, elegiacs, alcaics, and so forth, are not saved by their profound philosophy and occasional quaint humour from being as discomfortable to ear and eye as the works of earlier toilers, such as A. H. Clough, in that alien field. . . .

" Dr. Bridges was also an admirable composer of sonnets, though the thing never became a trumpet in his hands or even the instrument for presenting the vicissitudes of passion which the author of ' Modern Love ' made of it.

" His lyrics are his true title-deeds to immortality ; they will give him a high and eternal place in the long succession of English singers. Whether, like Herrick, he is dropping amber beads into a silver basin or, like Christina Rossetti, playing a fugue on blue-bells, there was never a singer more musical, more magical. . . .

" Wisely he refrained from striving to make his voice heard through the dust and uproar of the great ordeal by battle. He was too old to master a more martial music, too much shaken, perhaps, by the so long doubtful struggle between right and might ; so consoled himself and other poet-patriots by making an anthology of spiritual poems.

" With him patriotism was more than an 'ism—a part of his very soul, not a thesis to be proved or a theme of crowd-compelling rhetoric. England was in his every thought; the pages of his singing-book are full of the innumerable music of the English green fields, of the soft skies above us, the delicate rain and the mild sunshine, the misty shore-lines, the long levels of the chanting seas.

" And he has the art of concealing his artistry; he never pounces on the *mot juste* with a cry of triumph, never hurls a palette at your head, never tries to be strong and succeeds only in being rowdy. In a word he was an English poet and an English gentleman.

" But was he capable of the passion that looses the 'lyric cry' and can change mere words into an ecstasy? According as posterity answers that question, so he will be placed among the greater or lesser immortals. The answer must be deduced from a study of his love-poems, for he is not greatly moved by any kind of *saeva indignatio* or by zeal for any reform of mankind and their institutions. He was well content with the happy world about him, and though he felt that the keenest joys are lost too swiftly, he never fell into the pessimism of Matthew Arnold, much less into the abyss of a despairing heart."

In saying farewell to a great poet, whose reputation may be confidently trusted to look after itself, a leading article in *The Times* finely declared the world also says farewell to a man who, though he was never a popular figure, was as fine an Englishman as it could desire to see, and to a scholar whose influence on English scholarship was marked. . . . Apart from craftsmanship, a poet must have as rich a mind as any in his age, or he can hardly be accepted as its prophet; and the standards of intellectual riches become more and more exacting as the world grows older. That Bridges was as much a match for the age as Milton was for his, is one of the guarantees for the permanence of his poetry; in this respect, leaving all other considerations, cogent as they are, alone, there are the best grounds for believing that as time goes on he will be recognised not merely as a true English poet, but as one of those poets which nations, or circumstances, produce only at rare intervals.

A short appreciation of Mr. Bridges (he objected to being described as Dr. Bridges), appeared in last January's POETRY REVIEW, supplementing some earlier introductions to his work and articles on him that have appeared during our 21 years.

As we close for press arguments are raging over the office of Poet Laureate, and the names of various candidates for the post are being canvassed. As we are concerned with poetry rather than with individual poets, it is not our business to suggest who should wear the laurel crown, but we do emphatically affirm that the continuance of the office is most desirable as an honourable national recognition of the power and place of poetry.

"THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY".

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I supplement Mr. Casson's admirable review with the following appreciation in rhyme:

Our Laureate singer once again has played
The wise "Cunctator's" rôle to prove that speed
Lends not itself to lofty thought arrayed
Like solid phalanxes that victor's lead. . . .
"The Testament of Beauty" wills to show
How Instinct sense to Spirit sight may grow.

The flow of "Alexandrine," long, "loose" lines
Gives to the Poet ample scope and power
To feed his stream of thought which ne'er confines
The soul's high urge to win the treasure dower
Of Beauty—the eternal essence found
In all God's works, with Truth and Goodness crowned.

Convinced that Nature's teaching is the base
Of human building wrought from Reason's plans,
The Poet perceives in Instinct's groping ways
The glimmerings of the conscient power that scans
The yawning gap dividing "must" from "ought,"
And builds the bridge of Reason's ordered thought.

He sifts the subtle stuff of saint and sage;
Loved Plato's chariot with its winged steeds
Provides the text for many a noble page
Of wise and skilful argument that leads
Through "Selfhood," "Breed," through "Ethick's" training school
To Beauty, Truth and Love, the Spirit's rule.

In presence of illuming Beauty's fire
We sink in silence as on holy ground;
Before this Testament's flame-kindling lyre
Whose Epic splendour in rich gems abound,
We stand in reverent worship, bared and bowed—
All critic crudities restrained and cowed.

JOHN PURDIE.

Paisley, March 31st, 1930.

WHAT IS POETRY?

To the Editor, THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—You have printed various attempts to define poetry; may I reply in verse?

Then what is poetry if not the cry
And clamour of the heart that must be heard

Voicing the wonders rich and deep which lie
About us everywhere in flower and bird ?

The poet is imperial who shows
The truth, yet with solicitude and plan
Erases the unseemly to disclose
The lovely and place beauty in the van.

But poetry can scarcely be defined.
Intangible and formless it defies
A rounded definition, for man's mind,
Though it can soar aloft into blue skies

Is forced to come to earth. Mind can not trace
Ethereal emotion to its spring
Whence it emerges garbed in magic grace
To be the poet's rhythmic flowering.

It is an efflorescence free to all
Who have appreciative hearts that care
For music in the lonely waterfall,
Or feel the inspiration of a prayer.

I feel that you are extremely kind to those who are in need of encouragement, and I would be very loath to be without my Poetry Review, for I have received more inspiration and help from it than from any other source. Thank you very much for your kindness and courtesy to me.

MABEL POSEGATE.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 17th.

The Fourth Annual Poetry Week celebration in New York will take place from May 18th to 25th, 1930. Anita Browne, founder and organizer of Poetry Week, again asks members of The Poetry Society of Great Britain to participate in the celebration which was inaugurated through the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, of which Miss Browne is Chairman of Poetry. Alice Hunt Bartlett, American Editor of The Poetry Review, arranged a programme last year in New York City, as representative of English poets, and has been asked to be Chairman of another similar programme this year. Poetry Week is not only national, but many foreign countries are participating in the celebration, including poets of France, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Germany, China and Brazil.

[The Printers of The Poetry Review regret the unfortunate delay in the issue of the March number, due to building extensions at their works which interfered with mechanical operations.]

"THE POETIC PRINCIPLE"

TO Poe more than to any other poet or critic, our modern conception of poetry and the function of poetry is due. In an age when the romantic poets were in rebellion against the discipline of analysis, Poe perceived the value of the scientific principle of economy and extended that principle beyond the field of science. The subject matters of didactic, historical and scientific poetry being, he maintained, discursive and empirical knowledge, are capable of adequate expression in prose, and when that is so, versification is an irrelevant and distracting frippery.[1] M. Paul Valéry, in a recent volume[2] of penetrating studies of Verlaine, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Stendhal and others, writes :

> Poe a compris que la poésie moderne devait se conformer à la tendance d'une époque qui a vu se separer de plus en plus nettement les modes et les domaines de l'activité, et qu'elle pouvait prétendre à réaliser son objet propre et à se produire, en quelque sorte, *à l'état pur*.
>
> Ainsi, analyse des conditions de la volupté poétique, definition par *exhaustion* de la *poésie absolve*,—Poe montrait une voie, il enseignait une doctrine très séduisante et très rigoureuse, dans laquelle une sorte de mathématique et une sorte de mystique s'unissaient. . . .

Allowing for the difference of terminology, the poetic principles enunciated by Mr. Richards to-day are essentially those of Edgar Allan Poe. In the *Poetic Principle* he says :

> I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of a poem is in the ratio of this elevating the excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags—fails—a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.

Mr. Richards would say that poetry produces a harmony in the psyche by reconciling conflicting impulses and that the energy we use when calling these interests into play and resolving them is so great that it prohibits a prolonged series of resolutions. Poe makes it quite clear that the object of poetry is not merely to arouse feelings (" passions ") but to effect such a harmony.

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[1] *The Poetic Principle*, p. 7. (Works. Vol. IV. Harper's Edition.)

[2] *Variété II.* Librairie Gallimard. 1930.

The *Iliad*, Poe insists, is a series of short lyrics and *Paradise Lost*[1] is " a succession of poetical excitements interspersed *inevitably* with corresponding depressions." Poe, clearly, did not perceive that quality in a composition which we call " structure " or, if he did, he regarded it as an intellectual, not a poetic, element, for the feeling which it arouses is not the immediate result of the awakening of a series of emotional responses, but arises from a perception of unity, comprehensiveness and imaginative order, which since the conscious memory is involved, may be apprehended even when the reading of the work is spread over a considerable period.

In his introduction to the English edition of the *Anabase* [2] of St.-J. Perse, Mr. Eliot says :

> There is a logic of the imagination as well as a logic of concepts. People who do not appreciate poetry always find it difficult to distinguish between order and chaos in the arrangement of images ; and even those who are capable of appreciating poetry cannot depend upon first impressions.

Anabasis is " a series of images of migration, of conquest of vast spaces in Asiatic wastes, of destruction and foundation of cities and civilizations of any races or epochs of the ancient East." It would be easy to show by quotation the extraordinary vigour of this poem, and the felicity of Mr. Eliot's translation ; it would not be difficult to lighten its occasional obscurities ; but the critic can do nothing to demonstrate the rightness of the order of the images : only repeated reading of the poem can do that, for the rules that govern the " logic of the imagination " are not the rules of the logic of concepts : the rightness of the imaginative order of Dante's visions cannot be logically demonstrated, and *Anabasis* is a poem for readers of Dante.

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[1] *Philosophy of Composition.* (Works. Vol. V, p. 4.)

[2] *Anabasis.* A poem by St.-J. Perse, with a translation into English by T. S. Eliot. Faber & Faber. (10s. 6d net.)

It is a weakness of the æsthetic of Poe and Mr. Richards that it gives no account of poems too long to be completely "held in mind" in a specious present. The modern neglect of "structure" or "imaginative order" as well as the common denial of the title of "poem" to long works of satirical, didactic or narrative verse may thus be traced to Poe, though the general loosening of belief through the nineteenth century must inevitably have produced an increasing neglect of all works which require as background a definite moral and intellectual creed.

By this restriction of the title of poem to short lyrical verses we are, as frequently happens in Poe's analysis, reminded of the relation between poetry and music: a work which lasts longer than forty minutes (the Choral Symphony for example) leaves all genuine listeners utterly exhausted. In opera the tension is relieved by long intervals of recitative, narrative passages in which the music is an ornament, an accompaniment not strictly necessary and therefore, Poe would say, not music; for the only music which can be "restful" is that which arouses the most trivial of stock responses. The value of poetry and music for the individual depends in some measure on the difficulty of the intellectual and emotional resolutions which they effect in him. A delicate adjustment requires a more careful exercise of all the faculties through which technique produces its effect. Those poems and compositions which are most highly valued (not most commonly) are difficult poems; to those who do appreciate them they are of literally vital importance and the exhaustion which their appreciation entails is a triviality comparable to the fatigue of a successful mountaineer.

Poe, it is true, aimed to write poetry which should have the widest possible appeal, but he perceived clearly the subjective nature of that beauty at which he aimed:

> When indeed men speak of Beauty, they mean, precisely, not a quality, as is supposed, but an effect—they refer, in short, just to that intense and pure elevation of *soul.*

and for Poe, this effect was to be attained by the vision of those aspects of the world into which the discords and hatreds which arouse desire for action never enter. His "Pure Poetry" ignored Ethics as completely and deliberately as Science ignores both Ethics and Æsthetics. He strove to produce internal harmony, "that intense and pure elevation of soul," not to establish those ideals which make men struggle to rebuild things nearer to their hearts' desire.

Pushed to its logical conclusion, this cult of Pure Poetry is in danger of becoming heretical. In Protestant countries there has been a tendency to forget that a religious faith has logical implications which extend into all domains of human thought. Liberty, superstitiously reverenced, has permitted its romantic sons to hold beliefs which, when logically examined, can be shown to be mutually contradictory. It is a cardinal virtue of the Catholic Faith that its philosophers have consistently endeavoured to construct a self-consistent synthesis to cover Science, Ethics and Æsthetics. Of such attempts the most successful was that which is to-day the orthodox philosophy of all Catholic colleges, the scholastic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas; and though the Schoolmen composed no special treatise of the Philosophy of Art, such a philosophy was implicit in their system and has been expounded by M. Jacques Maritain in his *Art et Scholastique.*[1] He summarizes the scholastic position in *An Essay on Art*:

> We are told by the philosophers that the essence of art is not the performance of a moral act, but the making of some thing, some work, some object, with a view not to the human good of the agent, but to the requirements and proper good of the work to be done, by using the means of realization predetermined by the nature of the work in question.
>
> Art so appears as something in itself outside the line of human conduct, something very nearly inhuman, whose requirements are nevertheless absolute, for, needless to say, there are not two ways of making an object well, of realizing well the work conceived; there is only one and it must not be missed.

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[1] An admirable translation by J. F. Scanlan of these and other essays by M. Maritain has been published by Sheed & Ward (7s. 6d.).

Here Poe is at one with the Schoolmen :

> I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty.* Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally it has no concern either with Duty or Truth. . . . It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage ; for they may subserve, incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work :—but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that *Beauty* which is the atmosphere and real essence of the poem.

This is perfectly orthodox Scholasticism : " the artist may work for any and every human intention he likes, but the work taken by itself be performed and constructed for its own proper beauty alone." To Baudelaire, Poe's views were so acceptable that he even published as his own work something which was virtually a translation of *The Poetic Principle.* And as Poe says :—

> Contenting myself with the certainty that Music, in its various modes of metre, rhythm and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in Poetry as never to be wisely rejected. . . . I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality. It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal Beauty.

So M. Valéry can say of Baudelaire :

> Le premier parmi nos poétes, il subit, il invoque, il interroge la Musique. Par Berlioz et par Wagner, la musique avait recherché les effects de la littérature. Elle les a supérieurement obtenus ; ce qui est aisé à concevoir, car la violence, sinon la frénésie, l'éxagération de profondeur, de détresse, d'éclat ou de pureté qui était dans le goût de temps—la, ne se traduisent guère dans le langage sans entrainer avec elles bien des niaiseries et des ridicules insoluables dans la durée ; ces elements de ruine sont moins sensibles chez les musiciens que chez les poètes. . . .

From Baudelaire, Parnassians and Symbolists alike learned the value of music in poetry ; but Baudelaire appears as a rock in the stream of romanticism which has been French poetry of the past century. Romanticism is an attitude which becomes necessary when the existing traditional beliefs became outworn : it is essentially individualistic, denying, however regretfully, all outside authority.

The romantic poet exploits his personality to the fullest extent, his work is the poetry of immediate perception. Baudelaire, in so far as he was self-critical and inclined to analyse his immediate feelings (many of his poems are poems of intellectual emotion, poems involving the feelings which arose when he contemplated his immediate feelings) stood out against this flood; but lacking any firm beliefs he could not, despite his ultimate conversion, elaborate a system acceptable to his successors. He was an enforced romantic, as distinct from those voluntary romantics who have, at heart, a faith but deliberately prefer immediate sensation to reason: in them we find invariably melancholy, not the pessimism of the enforced romantic who is seeking classic standards. In Rimbaud and Laforgue we find this search continued, but the effort becomes more and more an attempt to avoid belief altogether: and this enforced romanticism has become the predominant attitude in French poetry. To many critics French literary history in the nineteenth century seems a course of reckless degeneration; each revolt against romanticism shows no return to an abiding standard, but rather a fresh and more violent assertion of that individualism which is essentially romantic.

Mr. P. Mansell Jones in *Tradition and Barbarism*[1] has surveyed the quarrel which has raged since M. Lasserre opened the attack on Romanticism in 1905. " His criterion of health," says Mr. Mansell Jones, " is that implied in Aristotle's refusal of the character of humanity to whatever is vague, confused and uncontrolled in the conscience of the individual. And he insists, with the generality of classical philosophers, upon a hierarchy in the psychical faculties, an order based on the subordination of sensibility to intelligence, of imagination to reason, of the effective to the reflective faculties. Romanticism is just the reverse —— " the *Songeur, le penseur flottant*, of Victor Hugo. The Neo-Classical critics urge that romanticism not only raises sensibility and instinct above human reason (the reason of tradition, not individual intelligence) but is, despite its religious exterior, essentially materialistic, like the eighteenth-century movement towards nature worship which was its precursor and which was, of course, of English origin. To Messrs. Maurras, Daudet and Lasserre the quarrel is no mere literary squabble : given the external conditions, romanticism was inevitable. These conditions must be removed : *Politique d'abord !* They stand for Nationalism and Royalism in Politics, Catholicism in religion, Classicism in literature. Their position is formidable, but it is possible only if it is built upon unshakeable articles of faith. As Catholics they accept the Scholastic view expounded by M. Maritain, but they are somewhat less intransigent than he, and realize the difficulty which many people experience in accepting a faith the symbols of which have been made conscious by modern science and are therefore no longer effective.

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[1] Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.

Apart from these critics but no less opposed to Romanticism, stands M. Benda who finds Bergsonism, in so far as it attempts to transcend intellectual knowledge and to attain the absolute through a " sensational " intuition, the expression and excuse for the malady from which French thought has been suffering. " Present-day society in France demands that works of art should provide emotional and sensational experience ; it is assumed that no kind of intellectual pleasure is to be asked of them." It is, he says, *faite par les femmes.*

Despite the vigour of this attack, the bulk of French literary production remains romantic and the critics themselves, it is admitted, have produced little of what is called " creative " writing, but it must be remembered that after a century of increasingly violent romantic revolts against older romanticism the work of preparing a medium in which a classical poet could appear must be exceedingly arduous. There are undoubtedly many writers who feel the force of the Neo-Classical arguments but cannot perform the requisite act of faith. All classicism requires a basis of belief ; romanticism, which is an exploration by sensibility, might be expected ultimately to provide some stable attitude upon which a classicism could be built. M.

Paul Valéry, who may be described as a disciplined romantic, has written: "*Tout classicisme suppose un romantisme anteriéur.*" And immediately before that he says "*classique est l'ecrivain qui porte un critique en soi-même.*" But a critic must have standards, and the romantics in general have signally failed "eriger leurs impressions en lois" as Gourmont put it. The practitioners of "Pure Poetry" however—Poe, Baudelaire, Mallarmé to M. Valéry himself—have stood a little apart from the other romantics in that they subjected themselves as far as possible to the critic within themselves. Poe's account of his method of composition of *The Raven* would serve for all these writers:

> It is my desire to render it manifest that no one point in its composition is referable either to accident or intuition—that the work proceeded step by step, to its completion with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem.

Readers to whom French poetry is not well known may study the *Poems and Translations*[1] by Mr. R. D. Norton, to whom M. Valéry has written: "il me semble qu'on ne peut être plus fidèle, ni suivre plus poétiquement les intention de l'auteur que vous avez fait." Something of musical beauty is certainly lost in the translation, and sometimes the obscurities and inversions of the original are faithfully rendered when the particular effect which was their justification has not been paralleled. "Pure Poetry," depending so much on the "accidental" properties of words, is naturally far more difficult to translate than that in which only the primary prose meaning and the associated feelings are used. Mr. Norton, however, is a skilful translator, and his rendering of Mallarmé's *Sea Breeze* is specially notable:

> The flesh is sad and I've read all the books!
> Away, away! I feel that seagull flocks
> Are drunk between the nameless foam and skies!
> Nought, not old gardens mirrored in the eyes,
> Shall stay this heart from plunging in the sea.
> Ye nights, nor yet my lamps lone clarity
> On the bare sheet the white keeps undefiled,

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[1] Medici Society, 5s.

Nor the young mother suckling her child—
I'll hence! Packet with masts and stars asway
Up anchor, for exotic climes away!
A weariness, by hopes implacable
Brought low, still heeds the kerchief's last farewell;
Haply the masts that call down tempests be
Such as o'er wrecks the wind sets slantingly
Lost, with no masts, no masts, no rich isles in the offing,
Yet oh! my heart list to the song the sailors sing

That is not quite "Pure Poetry"; it shows the typical romantic nostalgia, the desire to escape.

Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

This malaise is reflected in the romantic vocabulary: "immense," "vague," "infinite" are words so common in French romantic poetry that at length their recurrence becomes sufficiently annoying to make them definitely comic. A passion for vague infinities is natural in those who will not face the precise, finite world of reason. M. Valéry is not entirely clear of this romanticism, but he can also write an *Interior*, translated by Mr. Norton:

A slave on whose long lids mild fetters lie
Waters the flowers, swims in the mirrors nigh,
Busies pure hands with the beds' mysteries,
Behold, within these walls a woman is
Who, going discreet among my reveries,
Moves through nor breaks in on, my absent eyes,
Even as the glass may pass across the sun
And leave pure reason's implements alone.

Remembering, that it is not the attaching of labels which is important, but the examination which precedes that labelling, we may nevertheless call that "Pure Poetry," the *Poésie pure* of the Abbé Bremond who, with M. Duhamel and the Comtesse de Noailles, is among the few opponents of neo-classicism whose critical work is of note.

M. Bremond, following Poe, makes poetry a fragile blossom which he defines in terms of pure sensibility. In *Prière et Poésie*, his latest book, he concludes that there is necessarily a *rapprochement* between the poetic experience and the mystical experience. Here he treads on dangerous ground; for returning to M. Maritain's volume we may quote:

> I have said that contemporary art, in tending to become "abstract," while running the risk of suicide because of the inhuman conditions in which it becomes involved, tends to approximate to its first principle and to acquire a higher consciousness of its spirituality . . . . The search for the absolute purity of art will so at the same time be the search for the abstract substance of poetry.[1]

For the Pure Poet, all things have a structure of amazing beauty. To the Pure Poet, as to Leonardo, the operations of disease itself exemplifies abiding principles; below the surface world of brown and green (immediate sensation) these artists see the white world of harmonious relation. Their art is almost classical but, lacking one thing, is perilous: having no faith in any human end the pure artist finds beauty in good and evil alike, and has no motive for action, but is content to contemplate the miracle which is the world. In Thomistic terms we may say:

> It is a deadly error to expect poetry to provide the super-substantial nourishment of man.
>
> The quest of the absolute, of perfect spiritual liberty, combined with the lack of any metaphysical and religious certitude, has caused many of our contemporaries, after Rimbaud, to fall into this error. In the midst of a despair whose occasionally tragic reality ought not to be overlooked, they expect from poetry alone an improbable solution of the problem of their lives, the possibility of an escape towards the superhuman. And yet, Rimbaud has said it, *Charity is such a key.*[2] Despite this luminous phrase, he remains the great personification of the error mentioned.

And again, M. Maritain reiterates:

> However true the observations of Poet and Baudelaire, Wilde and Valéry on the creative importance of the critical spirit may be, the estimate still fails to take account of the most divine . . .

Here then, was the dilemma which faced Mr. T. S. Eliot and others of our generation: they perceived the desirability of classicism, and Mr. Eliot, though he developed technique to suit his needs, made no break with tradition; yet, like others among us, he lacked the inner core of belief. To the empirical laws of science he could give unqualified assent, but one effect of the advance of science has been the destruction of the validity of those religious symbols which depend for their efficiency on their unconsciousness. A conscious symbol is no longer a symbol, it is merely a logical sign.[1] But science itself cannot fulfil the functions of religion.

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[1] *Art and Scholasticism*, p. 98.

[2] Ibid., p. 101.

> "It can never answer any question of the form : *What* is so and so ? it can only tell us *how* so and so behaves. And it does not attempt to do more than this. Nor, indeed, can more than this be done. Those ancient, deeply troubling, formulations which begin with 'What' and 'Why' prove, when we examine them, to be not questions at all ; but requests—for emotional satisfaction. They indicate our desire not for knowledge but for assurance. . . ."[2]

In defiance of the Christian doctrine Mr. Richards urges that

> Poetry conclusively shows that even the most important among our attitudes can be aroused and maintained without any belief entering in at all. Those of Tragedy, for example. We need no beliefs, and indeed we must have none, if we are to read *King Lear*. Pseudo-statements to which we attach no belief and statements proper such as science provides cannot conflict.

As an example of a successful poem independent of belief we may take Richard Aldington's *Dream in the Luxembourg*.[3] It is a long poem—as long as Poe would allow—yet it satisfies Poe's conditions. It can, and must, be read at one sitting. There are no transition passages connecting separate lyrics, the poem is the unit, the single "short" lyric which Poe has taught us to regard as the only true poetic poem. It contains no quotable passages ; not a word not a line, is allowed to stand out in a way which would disintegrate the poem. The tone throughout is quiet : the quiet of suppressed excitement :

> For there were so many reasons why I should not love again,
> And so many reasons why I should not love her.
> So I fought against my love, trying to be "honourable,"
> And I was so miserable and in such agony of mind
> It was like the dark night of the spirit.

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[1] *Cf.* Herbert Read : *Reason and Romanticism*, p. 106.
[2] I. A. Richards : *Science and Poetry*, p. 52.
[3] Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

Rhyme would clearly have been intolerable here, either slowing the pace to common jog-trot or jangling the music to the military clamour appropriate to *Lepanto* or *Barrack Room Ballads*.

The theme is idyllic love, seen in a day-dream in the gardens of the Luxembourg, but there is no belief: even in the dream there is no romantic illusion that love has any certain permanence; and always the reader is called back to that hard metal chair under the trees in Paris. The range of experience invoked in the poem is limited, but nothing in the poem clashes with scientific beliefs. Knowledge of Jung or Westermarck or Adler is irrelevant to the appreciation of such poetry. Mr. Aldington's poem will probably prove satisfactory to more diverse classes of reader than any other which has been written in this century.

This limited field but wide range of appeal distinguishes it from the works of other enforced romantics who, like Laforgue, endeavoured to write poetry independent of belief. Laforgue insisted on the "reality" of the external world; his aim was to produce a psychal harmony not of some selected "poetical" part of experience, but of the whole range of human experience. But his work remains fragmentary: he cannot reconcile his poetry and his science:

> Quand ce jeune homm' rentra chez lui,
> Quand ce jeune homm' rentra chez lui;
> Il prit à deux mains son vieux crâne,
> Qui de science était un puits!

Mr. Eliot stands in the direct line of descent from Laforgue who, directly and through Verhaeren, exerted a profound influence on the English vers-librists and imagists; F. S. Flint, who, with Messrs. Eliot, Pound and Aldington, was a leader of these movements, was the translator of Verhaeren.

Mr. Eliot's poems: *Prufrock*, *Gerontion* and *The Waste Land* are remarkable because they suppress nothing nor invoke a religious system to give a meaning or value to the world, but are nevertheless, by the very precision with which they describe a certain experience, extraordinarily satisfying poems. Now a satisfying poem makes life endurable; it endows the world with value the enjoyment of which becomes a prime motive of existence and therefore a god. *The Waste Land* for many readers fulfils the functions of myth: because that poem was possible, life was valuable. From a rejection of all belief we return to a position indistinguishable from a belief in a god. Mr. Eliot has now identified that god with the God of Christianity; somehow the symbols have taken on a new life. *The Visit of the Magi* showed something of that reintegration, and it is now impossible that Mr. Eliot, having found the faith which he was seeking as a basis for his classicism, should write another *Waste Land;* and it is no longer necessary to differentiate Mr. Eliot the neo-classical critic and Mr. Eliot the romantic poet. *The Waste Land* was the apotheosis of enforced romanticism, and his new work[1] is a Hymn of Thanksgiving, a Prayer, and not as Aldous Huxley says of the slow movement of Beethoven's A minor quartet, a theorem which of itself establishes the existence of god.

> Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree
> In the cool of the day, having fed to satiety
> On my legs my heart my liver and that which had been contained
> In the hollow round of my skull. And God said
> Shall these bones live? shall these
> Bones live? And that which had been contained
> In the bones (which were already dry) said chirping:
> Because of the goodness of this Lady
> And because of her loveliness, and because
> She honours the Virgin in meditation,
> We shine with brightness.

Recurrent in the poem we find this symbol, but quotation can do little to show the musical effect of variation and development of images and rhythms. We quote the ending:

> Blessed sister, holy mother, spirit of the fountain,
>   spirit of the garden,
> Suffer us not to mock ourselves with falsehood
> Teach us to care and not to care

---

[1] Ash Wednesday

Teach us to sit still
Even among these rocks
Sister, mother
And spirit of the river, spirit of the sea,
Suffer me not to be separated
And let my cry come unto Thee.

This is no longer " Pure Poetry," the god is no longer the god such poetry can make. Something has been added; and the symbol?

And yet, Rimbaud has said it, *Charity is such a key.*

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

FRUSTRATION.

IT has taken tired years
Of puzzlement for me to see
Behind the curtain of my tears
That God has made a fool of me.

He put a hunger in my dreams
For power over mighty throngs;
He filled my brain with worldly schemes
And then he filled my mouth with songs!

SEYMOUR G. LINK.

IF I FORGET THEE.

IF I forget thee (to my lasting shame)
Keep not my memory nor speak my name;
Raise not a stone to make my faithless head,
But let me lie in darkness, unrememberèd.

If thou forget me and would know me not
I would not hate thee nor lament my lot,
But in thy path would wait the moment, when
Thou'd turn and yet remember me again.

And yet can I forget or thou forget
When out of all the world we two have met,
Knowing that we have seen, as we are wise,
Immortal recognition in each other's eyes.

BEATRICE EVE.

THE SPIRITUAL LANDSCAPE IN RAINER M. RILKE

RILKE reminds us of the savage imagination of Browning in the description of two wild beasts clawing and biting one another, and in the figuration of the orphan soul of David and the troubled soul of Saul. From the description of the fighting beasts he suddenly passes to the description of the stars ; the soul of David and that of Saul when united, like this, are like a constellation which revolves on itself[1]. In Orpheus, Eurydice and Hermes we have a fantastic landscape of the Land of the Dead ; " that was the wonderful mine of Souls—in the subterranean world amongst the rocks ;—they went like calm silver minerals—a dazzling splendour surrounded them, while like veins of metal they moved in the earth—through its darkness ; amongst the roots flowed the blood which comes forth and goes to mankind " ;—our strength as living beings and our blood come from the Dead ; " and in the darkness it seemed heavy like porphyry "—red, crimson, violet ; the poet retains the exactness of colour in imagination—" otherwise there was nothing red "—in the spiritual and symbolical landscape ;—there were rocks and intangible forests—bridges on emptiness, " and that great blind pond which hung over its bed like a rainy sky over a landscape," and amongst the extended, soft and languid fields—in the melancholy of the Kingdom of the Dead—appeared a bleak streak of horizon—

Rainer Maria Rilke was born in Prague in 1878. His great poetical gifts first obtained recognition with the publication of *Das Stunden-Buch* in 1905, where the music of the lines makes a wonderful accompaniment to the mystic melody of the thought. But already in *Das Buch der Bilder* (1902) he had manifested his pictorial power and his verbal orchestration, which set him among the greatest. In the *Neue Gedichte* (1st series, 1907, 2nd series, 1908), in *Requiem* (1909) and in the *Duineser Elegien* his technique assumed a refinement which is especially appealing to minds fond of exquisite symbolism and subtle emblems. He died two years ago in Switzerland, and his glory is daily increasing in the most refined circles of poets and critics.

[1] *Neue Gedichte*, I, 13.

Life !— " like a long pallor"[1]. The poet attempts to imagine the future dwelling of the soul after death. " What am I—placed under this infinity—giving off fragrance like a field moving to and fro ? " In these verses there is a kind of spiritual landscape, in which the soul of the poet is figured like a flowering field, under an immense sky, moved by divine winds, fragrant with prayers and adorations.

"Then what is life?—Do things live their life, the things which exist in the evening, like an unplayed melody in the harp ? " In this beautiful image, the idea that the life of things is incomplete, is enclosed ;—silent in their beauty, like hidden melodies in a musical instrument, are such things in the supreme hour of melancholy home sickness, the evening ; they are melodies but not heard ; they are not finished but they are a future, a potential beauty which cannot be completely understood.

Rilke makes use of the image of a garden to explain death ; the Lord will bring about the end " solitary and rustling like a large garden " ; the poet refers to the beauty of death, full of fragrant calyces, green and rustling trees. Also from the image of a garden, is taken the symbol of vague and intense hopes, while he seeks in a spiritual landscape—an emblem of the soul—to suggest the mystic evening breeze with the image of angelical wings ; he would wish, " when something similar to the gentle opening and spreading of wings rests in the evening breeze, to go far away until he reaches the valley where eternal hope is extended like a garden and deeply gathered in the vermilion-hued solitude of the evening. The poet's dreams in their magnificent colours and richness of strange and beautiful forms, obtain their vital power from the intimate power of the mind ; they seem to be orchids, and like the latter, strange and of many colours, and similar to orchids, " they obtain their strength from the gigantic stem of the lymphs of life, and they rejoice, wane and give off their fragrance on souls and gently float above worlds.—Do you not notice a breath of perfumes ? "

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[1] N.G., I. 88—*Cf. Duineser Elegien*, 38-9.

"Leave dreams which flutter in the depths of your being and come forth from the darkness," he says, " they are like fountains and lightly fall again—in the intervals of song—in their beds," they are like water which is allowed to freely come out from the obscure depths of the spirit to burst out like springs ; they sing while they rise and fall—in the intervals and silences of his creative work—in their basins[1].

An image taken from the symbolism of religious paintings, the mystic Lamb holding the Cross around which is wound like a banner, the writing of the Passion, is introduced by him, with strange effect in the passage where he describes the silent company with a child, and he remembers that they conversed in silence, like the Lamb with the speaking elliptical scroll containing the hieroglyphics of divine names. Every word for us is like a dark forest and full of possibilities of hidden grandness, of life and mystery in the roaming imagination of the poet. The face of the Angel who announces spring is like a country, sometimes with joy and sometimes with darkness ; the landscape assembles, reconciled, in one supplication, and sometimes it is lacerated by deep torment ; the penetration of the image with the subject is perfect, and the expression of fervour corresponds with the new light which invades the scene and the sadness to the last clouds on the awaiting earth. With a resemblance inspired by sculpture[2] the poet expresses his desire for a serene, infinite and tranquil contemplation of nature ; he longs to be like the white statues which stand out high among the roses, and with their calm, look more closely into the various seasons of years without number, reflected on the ponds, and into the innumerable vespers among the old oaks, and in the innumerable nights,—absorbed in the vision of the mystery of the blue starry night shadow ; he longs to watch like the immovable statues with their stone gestures, over things which change around him.

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[1] N.G., II, 91—St. 57, 84—E.G. 129, 31—F.G., 18—M.z.F. 19.
Cf. Mallarmé, *Soupir* :
Mon âme vers ton front où rêve, ô calme sœur,
Un automne, . . .
Monte, comme dans un jardin melancolique,
Fidèle, un blanc jet d'eau soupire vers l'Azur.

[2] Son. an Orph., 42—F.G., 93—M.z.F., 24, 37.

The scattered clouds in the morning's sky, slowly pushed ahead by the wind, suggest to him the image of wandering tribes in the green solitude of the plains and he compares them with a sky speckled with clouds in the morning, with a happy richness of imagination[1].

An image taken from a simple fact is applied with strange effect to life; the person was far off glory and was unknown, and had retired his beauty, like a banner on work days. The garden at the fall of eve, is like a moored boat; it wavers and hangs just as if it were rocked by the wind on the pale twilight. Who will undo and free this boat? The wavering of the boat corresponds with the wavering of the garden with the wind; the pale twilight with the pale waters; it is an original picture of a twilight effect in a garden whose trees and flowers seem to be trembling, vanishing and almost ready to dissolve while fluttering in the night shadows; and night will free these prisoners from their fetters and let them go astray rocked on its darkness. A figuration is taken also from a garden to fix fleeting psychological moment—a homesick sadness which has flowers but never spring, like a garden closed in by high walls in the heart of a city[2], melancholy not without sweetness but lacking the strength to become life.—The image of the boat which we have seen applied to the garden, is used to show a room which appears to fluctuate when covered by the silvery rays of the moon and to go adrift from the abandoned days, rocking like a boat in the night[3].

Rilke remembers the vague and intense impressions of the landscape of Verlaine with " changeable reflexes which come and go—and in the air there is a fragrance of dying roses—and like repressed weeping."[4] The image of the pilgrims' hands like shallow cups in which the flowing water comes like a soul reminds us of a comparison of D'Annunzio.[5]

In the picture of the maidens at Confirmation, in *Buch der Bilder*, an engraving—like many other lyrical engravings in this volume—retouched with light colours—the transformation of reality—the array of the maidens in their white dresses—in a sumptuous vision, is produced by the stress given to some particulars; the long wax tapers are like avenues and all the lights shine like precious stones[1]. The gradual movement of the dead leaves which fall almost as if they were sliding from one aerial floor to another, is finely described[2].

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[1] *Stundenbuch*, 88.

[2] Req., 16—St., 76—M.z.F., 34, 115.

[3] M.z.F., 115.

[4] E.G., 77.

[5] St. 71—Poma paradisiiaco, 116.

In the landscape contemplated from the top of a tower, he sees the bridges start out like hounds always on the scent of the clear way;—the bridges continue the road interrupted by canals and therefore jump when crossing the waters. A suggestive uncertainty appears in the comparison "roses like legends of a sunken city arise from the depths"; the roses acquire a magical unreal beauty.—The firefly hangs motionless on the flower with an eternal light—like a sacred lamp; and the little white rose bears the splendid red of a saint—the inside light surrounds it like a halo of glory; in the picture there is a sanctification of things and the universe is changed into a sacred temple. Magnificent palaces, proud like peacocks, were not so rich as a sheik of tribes in the desert as he says with a synthetic comparison in the part where he glorifies the wandering life since the latter is in constant and close contact with the beauties of nature[3].

A slight and strange, but exact relation between the image and subject is discovered in the verses on the two sisters who, although their appearances were alike, understood differently the events of their lives, like someone who sees different periods pass through rooms alike to one another.

The image of the crack in the goblet is very subtle, where the dark uncertain flight, at sudden angles, of a bat in the white sky of twilight is represented like a small crevice in a white porcelain cup.

With a fine and original comparison, he chooses and extracts the spiritual character and the expressive features, leaving aside the material parts; the landscape—in a storm—is " seriousness, fury and eternity like a short verse in a psalm book "[1].

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[1] B.d.B., 31. [2] *Neue Gedichte*, II, 71.
[3] N.G., I, 75—E.G., 116—E.G., 38—*Stundenbuch*, 88.

Rilke is also very fortunate with the comparisons which he introduces in his prose; in *Worpswede*, he says: " A human being stood in front of the landscape—of a pictorial art of the Renaissance—and covered it, the Virgin Mary with her Child and a Heaven and earth with a few tones like the first words of an Ave Maria." The human being was the chief thing, the real theme of art, and was adorned like beautiful gentlewomen of rank adorn themselves with precious stones, with fragments of that nature which surrounded him[2]. The description of a battle is all a texture of comparisons and metaphors; a sea of sombre steel appears in the twilight, with high waves; the movement to and fro of the mass of warriors and the uprising of some of the groups fighting, give the idea of a mountain just as if the earth rose up; the iron of the armours was first solid and unmovable like basalt and then waving like a forest in the evening, in a tumultuous mass and vast upheaval; and the stars come out over the far away buildings in flames[3]. The trite image of the complexion compared with snow and ivory and roses is renewed by the epithet "many" in a passage of *Buch der Bilder*[4]. Also there is renewed with simple elegance, the resemblance: " the sapphires still gaze in the silver trays—like deep women's eyes." The richest of gold and purple of the trees and heavens at sunset are compared with robes of gold and crimson brocade[5]. This comparison also helps him to give an exact description of the effects of light[6]. He uses notations exactly taken from simple things for hid metaphor design[1]. A resemblance—mystical figuring—is added to a metaphor where he describes a lamp in the inside of the Prague cathedral :—a white drop of silver, in which an eternal slender light, hanging from the dome, almost makes the angel's hair fair.—The ivy on the grave of a baby girl as an array of nuns—with its dark leaves, as holy sisters dressed in black—which are guided by a black cord—of the root of the ivy and of its twisted stem—as if in a pool in the grave, and crowd in the halls and wander as if in prayer in the baby girl's heart, where her gentle griefs meet with wan joys and memories—in the heart, dark and silent in death, is now opened up to Remembrances of those left behind, the poet and the family.

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[1] N.G., 89—El. 32 B.d.B., 153. [2] *Worpeswede*, p. 8. [3] *Buch der Bilder*, p. 89.

[4] So waren diese Frauen elfenbeinern,
Von vielen Rosen rötlich angeschienen. p. 117.

The exactness of the epithet is notable, together with a mystical sense of nature in the hour of twilight " in the white springs of the fields, there is a murmur—a stammering of infantile prayers." *Traumgekrönt*, 26.

[5] B.d.B., 111—*Stundenbuch*, 55: " You inherit the autumns,—that rest in the memory of the poets like royal robes."

[6] " During the night the storm rages and in the heavens lacerates the night in black and white pieces while the light of the moon passes like a long streak of lightning." Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christophe Rilke, Leipzig, Insel-Verlag, 1912, p. 27.

The fantastic image defines the vague outlines of the object when Rilke says that in the shade of evening, in the sad rapture of vespers all things were " like cloisters in which he was a prisoner." Sometimes the image taken from vague colourings and lights, assumes definite sculptural forms ; the twilight burns through the woods like the statue of a white marble god. He transforms the whiteness of the praying maidens' hands burning with mystic fervour, in the night, into white flames ; and compares the monks in the underground monastery, who never communicate with the outside world, or with one another, closed in their internal life, with a house without windows. The old lady with such a sweet and grave face, very rarely smiles, but all the same in her inmost being, she is capable of feeling joy, which can be seen in her glance, and sometimes in the lively sparkle of her eyes, like someone who takes out of a secret drawer some beautiful hereditary jewels.

From infinite longings arise accomplished actions : " like weakly fountains which soon bend and tremble," on the depth of the waters ; the facts seem miserable when compared with the intense longing which gave them birth, with the dream which generated them ; " but our sprightly strength which lays dormant in us, shows itself in these tears which dance."[1]

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[1] He compares the domes of the Prague cathedral with scaley and scaled acorn cups—and some domes tapered in points with a tapered pear.

These lyrical effusions better reveal the intimate power of spirit than what actions can ; and no matter how sorrowful these drops—tears—may be they will also join in the measure with a rhythmical dance feeling the delight of their sparkling grace.

A resemblance to describe his state of mind, in which, as in all these lyrics,[2] there is a contrast between the beauty of the spirit and the reality of mortal life, a tragic psychological condition illustrated by beautiful things which die in terror, painted in miniature, with craft in invention for the particulars, with epithets which gives life to things, and with sumptuous images, is in the figuration of the tall, thin and scarlet flower of mid summer, which dies suddenly " in the caressing breeze of the fields because its root touches the turquoises in a dead woman's ears." A vague sense of tenderness and affection in souls is expressed with the image of a garden which " the perfumes of the flowers reveal in the darkness," and the sensation of the sweetness in this divine love, and of rest always more soothing in the resemblance of the " velvet cushion placed under our heads while we are sleeping." An image full of life and truth, exact as regards the resemblance corresponding to the subject, is where he expresses the idea that the young prince, still very little more than a child, has many past destinies in himself, like " a large garden party is reflected with its numerous lights in the bewildered pond,"—the likeness between the noble generations of the past and the party is true,—between the pond and the still unenlightened soul of the Prince, surprised by the memories and inheritance of rich states of mind which symbolize the passions and hopes of the race; and the epithet "bewilderment" gives a faithful interpretation of the idea.

The symbol of perfume is woven to a sensation of sound where he says that the sweet fragrance of numerous and various flowers was incomprehensible " like many voices talking at the same time." " The nuns remain in the silence of the convents like an unknown melody in the heart of a bed of violets " ; the beautiful souls unknown to the world, in a life of sacrifices are visions and closed in prayer, are unknown melodies. There appears before him a pyre, a holocaust in the Tuscan garden under the vivid rays of sunset which is " ancient in the tradition of races," in the silence of vesper time, and the spring darkened by shadows invade the laurel leaves ; and " the quivering cypress groves, trembling under the wind " arise like smoke of the sacrifice. The world is compared to a gigantic and fabulous flower, splendid and fragrant, on which is released—like a butterfly with blue wings—a night of May, and in the quiet landscape only beckon its silvered feelers, the stars, and its wings which will soon wane, carry it towards the East where it sucks death from a flower of fire —the sun. In the convent some of the nuns come out of the building and " stand as if they were woven in the air," immovable and ethereal like figures in old tapestry, and some follow the walks " as if they were woven in the evening's sun," and penetrated by the splendour of the luminous sunset. Those things which are dear and intimate for the poet, are the flocks which graze and he is the shepherd on the slope of the pasture land before whom they pass in the evening ; the comparison is in two parts ; the flocks graze before him in the evening and it almost seems that he takes them to their resting place[1]. Elsewhere the comparison is based on a contrast, like all the resemblances in this lyrical poem[2], and the poet intends to portray a very refined and exquisitely tender mind, both beautiful and nourished with art and dreams, but cast away to suffer in the painful reality of life ; " like fully opened roses, artificially grown in the blue hot house where the air feigns, and then scattered outside for pride in a great arch in the thickly falling snow driven by the wind. . . . "

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[1] E.G., 6—B.d.B., 181—St. 50—E.G. 84—M.z.F.81—St. 63 —N.G., 11, 97—B.d.B., 37.

[2] " Fragmente aus verlorenen Tagen," B.d.B., p. 129.

[1] M.z.F., 79—B.B., 118—Malte, II, 36—St. 66—M.z.F., 30—*Traumgekrönt*, 32—St. 66, 25.

[2] " Fragmente aus verlorenen Tagen," B.b.B. p. 128

Rilke explains metaphorically, with curious oddness, the characteristics of the *Worpswede* idiom[1].

The ensign bearer Rilke saves the banner from the burning castle and carries it " like a white lady in a swoon "; " white " refers to the candid silk, and a " swoon " to the soft and falling folds of the rolled banner. The image of the crevice in the goblet which is found in the *Duineser Elegien*, is already met with in *The Blind*, who " roams and interrupts the joyful and fervid life of the city like a black crevice pierces a transparent goblet." In the *Foreign Family*, a portrait of mysterious shadow in which the poet asks himself what is the meaning of these four figures, a curious resemblance is met with, where he says that these creatures are formed by means of a long cycle of different lives and that they occultly gather together in the same family without being noticed, " like dust which commences in some place, is in no place, and is gathered in an angle of an empty morning, in which one looks around in a moment of idleness." Behind the dark forest, the sky which is still clear, is similar to a fabulous building ; the last rays of the dying day form a kind of white castle between the sombre forest and the darkness of the heavens. There is a series of strange images in the verses : " His smile was sweet and delicate—like the glory of a Christmas night in a dark village—like a turquoise surrounded by a circle of pearls." His roving imagination gathers images from many various subjects, sentiments and landscapes to express the warrior's smile ; the sentiment of nobility and melancholy is expressed in the old ivory—the mystical joy in the darkness of life from a night of divine splendour—and the pureness of the pearls around the blue of the turquoise.

In *Bangniss* he listens to the call of a bird, which seems to be without sense in the dead forest ; but " the call of a bird in the moment when it arose, rests like a vast sky on faded woods ; everything is becomingly adapted in this cry ; it seems that all the country lies silent in it." The cry is like a sky ; from the sensation of sound it passes to the visible image ; in the sadness of death, this cry seems to be without meaning, but it is hope, the sense of life, in which everything rests and waits.

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[1] " This idiom of *Worpeswede* with its brief and intense words full of colour, which, like heavy wings and legs of grallae (he alludes to the swampy nature of the region), moves heavily like birds and has its own natural development. It is ready to fall asleep and passes promptly on to a loud and noisy laugh." *Worpswede*, 17.

In dark hours, like old letters, he found his past life and his memories : this past life is vast and surpassed like legends. The simple comparison of hours with letters, is accompanied by the fantastic and suggestive resemblance of the substance of the legends.

The feverish rush and haste of big cities whose crowds flee to business, gain and pleasure with a maddening impulse are portrayed by him with the likeness of a panic-stricken flight from a vast fire ; the biggest city is like flight from flames. In order to describe the dazzling brightness of the windows of a deserted villa in the glowing rays of sunset, he gives life to the image with the presence of human beings ; " the villa becomes more and more radiant in the reflections of the setting sun, just as if a great festival were taking place therein." In the comparison : " Where great cloisters stand—like mantles—around lives which have never been lived," for this idea of the many coloured cloak, he refers to Slave churches sumptuously adorned with their variously painted domes and gilded walls. The subject acquires vastity in the resemblance and grows in fantastic beauty ; in the darkness of their underground cloister, the monks " gather together before a golden door as if before golden gardens." From birds hanging on branches rocked by the wind in the shade, he finds a resemblance to bells[1] " which clutch one another in the towers and hand like birds," in stormy nights when " the black cathedral seems to waver."

FEDERICO OLIVERO.[2]

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[1] Die Weise der C.A.R., 31—N.G. II, 47, 44—E.G., 134—B.d.B., 13, 45—St., 4, 80—F.G., 139—St., 80, 64—D.d.B., 161.

[2] For recent notable studies by Dr. Olivero see THE POETRY REVIEW, Vol. IX, p. 9 (Francis Jammes), Vol. IX, p. 107 (Thomas Hardy), Vol. XX, p. 1 (The Poetry of Hardy), Vol. XX, p. 237 (J. K. Huysmans as a Poet), Vol. XXI, p. 171 (Virgil in 17th and 18th Century Literature).

VIGIL BEFORE PILGRIMAGE

WHY do these things
Come out of the heart of me,
Out of the heart
Into the light of the day,

Burning themselves into words—
Into spears that slay
The proudness within me,
That pierce the womb of my brain,
Bringing forth children of laughter
And children of pain ?—

Why do these themes
That had never been known of me
Open like flowers
Like buds that were folded dreams,

Blinding my eyes
With beauty of perilous rhyme,
Giving me gleams of thought,
That are valiant, true ;
Making me old in time,
Yet nascent in time :—
As the winds that blew over space
When the world was new,
That are blowing now—

There are things that were unfulfilled,
Dust in the air,
That the flame in my heart
Has molten to iron of care ;
That the flail of my mind
Has beaten and winnowed and won
To a desolate story, finished
Yet scarcely begun.
To
The tale of a shadow
A mutable radiance that gleams
On this stronghold of wonder
This turret of dreams ?

SILVIA DOBSON.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION

ROMANTICISM OF BYRON'S *CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE*

I

IN the year 1921 there appeared a book by Max Deutschbein entitled *Das Wesen des Romantischen*—an interesting attempt to evolve a new theory of Romanticism in conscious contrast to all previously accepted theories. Deutschbein endeavours to free himself from all entanglements with historic-genetic sources, but here and there we find certain definite historical allusions.

It is not enough to infer the characteristics of the Romantic movement from *empirical* material. But a study of environment and development gives us a certain basis for research even more than this book of Deutschbein, which is written with such complete reliance on the deductive method. We cannot fully understand such a movement as Romanticism without its historical development. Poetry and philosophy, for instance, were never so closely bound to each other than at the time of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Schleiermacher.

In particular the word " romantic " itself is a *relative* term. The history of this work makes clear the variety of its modern meaning (see L. Hirzel, *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum*). The origin of " romantic " takes us back to the post-classic age. At any rate this term is older than the romance epic. We already find the grotesque-romantic in Greek mythology (Odyssey, faun, satyr), the mild-romantic we find in Roman literature (the growing dusk of the moonlight, etc.). Moreover, there was an Oriental-Byzantine production, " fabulæ romanenses," with which the Crusaders became acquainted. By the same adventures the inclination for romantic tales was brought from the East to Europe. Romances of the adventurous type were also brought by Arabs into Europe through Spain. The one important fact is that this word " romance " not only designates the style in which such works are written, but it also describes certain characteristic features : the mixture of heterogeneous elements, something universal, which goes beyond time and space. This universality which takes no account of national boundaries is an essential characteristic of Romanticism.

In the twelfth century the French word " roman " signified a rhymed tale. The name " romance " was applied to tales of chivalrous adventure, the fantastic improbability of which attracted readers in the Middle Ages. Hence the common acceptance of the word " romantic " in such phrases as " a romantic man," etc. The application of the abstract " Romanticism " came very much later and was not so definite in England as in Germany.

To the fifteenth century belonged the " liber romanticus," consisting in a great measure of imaginary exploits in poetical form and written in French. Gradually the term " romantic " acquired its present-day meaning.

In the seventeenth century it signified not only deeds of daring, but also poems of love, of heroes and of shepherds. According to the latest researches, the word " romantic " is used much more frequently about 1700. The *Dictionary of the French Academy* (1694) did not then include it. It first came into general use in the latter half of the seventeenth century and the early years of the eighteenth century—at first with the secondary meaning " romance," e.g. fictitious. " Romantic " began to signify the antithesis of reality in life and art, something fantastic, something unreal.

Finally " romantic " became identical with the term "*poetical*." The fantastic and the sentimental are the extremes of this movement. Nature is given a soul, inanimate objects are endowed with personalities. But not every landscape is " romantic." We are more inclined to call a mountainous region " romantic " than an open plain or we are accustomed to regard giants and dwarfs as " romantic," but not " a man in the street." Also landscapes of rivers or hills can be " romantic."

Compare *Ch. H. P.* I. 30 ; " O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills. . . . " or : III. 55 etc. :—

> The castled crag of Drachenfels
> Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine . . .

Moreover " romantic " is to us that which awakens our desire to get out of the monotonous round of every-day life—for instance, weather-beaten castles, a splashing fountain, the magic of the wood, loneliness. Such a desire attracts us into remoteness, but also back to the love of folk-lore. Therefore the word " romantic," when used as a term in literary nomenclature, also implies its opposite the classical.

Thus the romantic movement has passed through various phases. The term is vague and always changing in shades of meaning. O. Spengler calls " romantic " the expression of our life, a vital power, a spiritual type, our own fate. In his work " Der Untergang des Abendlandes," he shows that the Western culture will never free itself from the vague longing for the infinite.

But to sum up, it is not easy to find a unity in the abundance of expressions, although we feel that there are some essential features common to all these phases of " romantic." Deutschbein seeks this essential characteristic by his deductive method. In spite of the above historic-genetic basis of Romanticism he rejects completely the traditional inductive method in favour of his *deductive* one.

He builds up his inquiry on the principle of synthesis, in which he finds the essence of Romanticism. According to Kant there are three syntheses which rise from the general consciousness ; the first synthesis depends on " associations " (that which we are aware of through the senses becomes a perception), the second synthesis depends on transcendent " apperception " (the perception becomes an object of our thinking—for instance, " tree "), the third synthesis depends on reason (it seeks the " idea ") .

Deutschbein compares these three functions of our general human consciousness with the subjective and creative synthesis of our individual consciousness : fancy and imagination. *Fancy* is a carefully-planned synthesis. *Imagination* is, according to Deutschbein, higher and creative. It produces the ultimate union of man and nature. Deutschbein calls these two functions the characteristic of the romantic genius who by means of these faculties achieves a higher spiritual form of existence. Fancy is the synthesis of variety, it rests upon choice, it produces only a loose aggregate, it moves in the definite and presupposes an objective attitude of our consciousness. Imagination is the synthesis of the "definite" (das Endliche) and the "infinite" (das Unendliche), it produces a real unity, merging the infinite with the definite, that is a synthesis of objective facts and the ultimate reality which the mind sees behind those facts. Its consciousness is "subjective-objective." Without imagination there is no Romanticism.

This rigid distinction between imagination and fancy, which Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria*) claims to have first made, is the starting-point of romantic criticism in England (see also Littré, Webster, Ruskin, W. P. Ker, etc.). The older critics do not yet distinguish between these two conceptions (cf. Addison's *Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination*). Nowadays, moreover, fancy and imagination are often used without the above nuances which Deutschbein derived from romantic criticism, but in the *New English Dictionary* we find this distinction made, "fancy being used to express aptitude for the invention of illustrative or decorative imagery, while imagination is the power of giving to ideal creations the inner consistency of realities. . . . The fancy sees the outside. The imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt."

The *New English Dictionary* makes a series of distinctions on the same lines as Deutschbein, but less rigidly, between imagination and fancy. The romantic synthesis which has just been explained remains the fundamental principle in Deutschbein's theory. He discusses the synthesis of the contrasts: infinite—definite, eternity—temporality, from which arise two forms of Romanticism: (*a*) spiritual Romanticism (it gives visions); (*b*) realistic Romanticism (it gives colours and shapes). This unity of the infinite and definite is always in a state of growth. Compare Fr. Schlegel's *Athenaum; Die romantische Poesie ist eine progressive Universalpoesie*, and Fr. Gundolf's *Shakespeare und* *der deutsche Geist : Die Schöpfung war Bewegung. Dies ist das Urerlebnis der Romantik*, p. 325. Hence the motion and unrest in romantic art as contrasted with the repose of classic art.

Thus " Romantic " implies the synthesis of *universality* and *individuality*. The realist portrays the particular object, the classical author has for this basis a general idea, the romanticist seeks neither the individual alone nor the idea alone, but the immanent idea of every empirical form, the universal in the individual in short—the individual idea. Hence the " Realidealismus " of Romanticism.

Besides imagination *love* merges the contrasts between the spiritual and the sensual, the divine and the human, the objective and the subjective, into a higher harmonious unity. There is significance in the remark that an entire dissolution of the definite into perfect mysticism of the infinite is contradictory to the romantic idea of organic unity. *Kant* finds beauty in the harmony of the understanding and of the sensitive faculty, Deutschbein in the harmony of perception and feeling.

Finally, there are two principal types of Romanticism : the *intuitive-contemplative* Romanticism, and the *volitional-active* Romanticism. The former submits passively to the influence of the infinite, the latter tries to become one with it. The third and last degrees of Romanticism is the *productive* romantic type which unites the infinite and definite in a mutual inter-relation. The poet appears a demonic organ of a transcendent power ; he builds up the greatest things from the least suggestions, and raises every thought and image from a human to a divine plane by his converse with the spiritual world.

From Deutschbein's survey of empirical Romanticism, Scott and Byron are definitely excluded :

> Sie besitzen nur fancy . . .
> Kein Organ für das Metaphysische. (p. 117.)

Whether he is right in attributing to Byron only the faculty of fancy is a question which the following essay is an attempt to answer. Above all it has to be decided whether

Byron has a metaphysic faculty, for this is of fundamental importance. Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* will be the subject of the inquiry.

II

First it is necessary to separate all the external influences on Byron from his own conception of life. In the main Shelley's influence is confined to the following points: animation and spiritualizing of nature, man as part of creation, is emphasized more than formerly, pantheism of love, music of nature. But one must not overestimate Shelley's influence. There can be no question that in such a short time (in the few weeks from May 25th to June 27th, 1816, that passed from Byron's arrival at Geneva to the conclusion of Canto III) Shelley could not have had such a revolutionary spiritual influence on Byron who had an exceedingly difficult task in wrestling with his soul. In fact, before Byron and Shelley met, Byron was well versed in pantheistic feeling. Mysticism of nature we already find in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* II. 25, and III. 14. With regard to his pantheism of love—" it is the great principle of the universe" (III. 99, note), we notice different influences: Shelley, Pope (*Essay on Man*), Rousseau (compare *Ch. H.*'s *P.* III. 77 etc.) and Wordsworth. Eimer in his *Englische Studien* (Vol. 43) adds to this Buffon, whose works Byron had most likely read. It is important to call special attention to the fact that before Byron was influenced by all these poets and philosophers he had communed with the stars and the spirit of the universe. Was Byron before being subjected to these influences only sceptical, a pessimist, a rationalist, without romantic feeling towards nature? Deutschbein contrasts the world of the infinite (imagination) with the world of the definite (fancy) and attributes only fancy to Byron; but see III. 10:

> . . . such as in a strange land
> he found in wonder—works of God and Nature's hand.

That was written *before* his sojourn at Geneva.

Byron found his highest inspiration in nature. There *mysticism* was not far from him. Among men he was " a wild-born falcon with clipt wing " (III. 15). " True Wisdom," III. 46) lies only in the creation of " Maternal Nature." He is under the spell of the Universe. Yet before the second departure from England nature was an intimate friend of the poet. Cf. *Ch. H.'s P.* I. 62 : "Some gentle Spirit still pervades the spot." . . . Therefore, the thoughts and feelings of Cantos III and IV are not new, but only a development of his former ideas. To him nature is immortal, IV. 3, " but Nature does not die." In this way, through the animation of nature, Byron arrived at cosmic deism instead of his former scepticism, the merging of his soul in the universal arises from his imaginative faculty, which Deutschbein calls a characteristic attribute of Romanticism. The present life is to Byron no more than one form of our existence (III. 74), " elements to elements conform." Death can annihilate substance, it redeems the soul which rejoins the universe. See IV. 151 : . . . " as our freed souls rejoin the Universe."

Here we find the necessary unity of the definite with the infinite, the romantic union of the individual with the universe clearly expressed. To be sure Byron had a firm conviction of the imperishable substance, but he could not bring himself to believe in a pure idea of this immortality in *Ch. H.'s P.*, but there remains a *pessimistic undertone* in his last cantos.

In this Byron differs notably from the other romanticists. During his *ordinary life* he could not arrive at a synthesis of the " infinite " and " definite." IV. 126: "Our life is a false nature—'tis not in the harmony of things." In life he could not reconcile these contrasts. Only what is sublime, grandiose and primitive in nature is to him an image of the infinite. The world of his imagination *is his high spiritual reality*, consciously different from everyday things, in which he could not see symbolical reflections of the infinite. From this unbridgeable chasm arises Byron's morbid pessimism. Compare also Strindberg's conception of life, a quite modern symptom, in his *Entwicklung einer Seele : Bewusstes Leben ist Schmerz.*

Byron's pessimism has deeper roots than only personal disappointments. It is the effect of the overbalance of his imaginative power.

This, then, is the sum of the matter: Byron has a metaphysical faculty. His religious feelings culminate in a belief in God, as the animating principle. His pessimism did not permit a complete surrender to the universe, yet his attitude to nature is "subjective-objective," therefore, romantic in the sense of Deutschbein.

AUGUST CLOSS.

THE LIBRARY

I

RE-CREATION

You took a score of words,
And with them made
A picture and a story,
Music and perfume:
Just as a Japanese will take
An iris and a bud,
A leaf, a vase,
And with them make
A world of beauty
In a quiet room.

II

AN APPRECIATION

To all those ancestors
Of ours
Who toyed with words
And left to us
The legacy
Which makes our lives
Seem
Most miraculous.

III

MALEDICTION

God gave us words
That we might show
Thoughts far too beautiful
To screen:
Why, then,
Must we fools
Hone them to a cutting edge
So sharp and keen?

ALICE HALE.

Mr. Henry Harrison, of New York, announces the publication of *They Rise Accusing*, a notable first book of poems by our contributor and vice-president, Clyde Robertson. Mrs. Robertson's poetry has appeared in numerous publications, and she has won various prizes for plays, poetry, stories and essays, among them two prizes in international contests conducted by The Poetry Society.

BYRON THROUGH FRENCH EYES

WE congratulate a brilliant Frenchman on a remarkable achievement—*Byron*, by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. (Jonathan Cape, 12s. 6d.) It is fitting that as Byron interpreted the spirit of revolutionary France to his own countrymen (and at times suffered great unpopularity therefor) so in turn Byron should be interpreted by the genius of a Frenchman.

That is not to say that we agree everywhere with M. Maurois' judgment. The book or the biography turns largely on the relation between Byron and his half-sister, Mrs. Augusta Leigh. There we believe the author to have been entirely misled. He makes great use of *Astarte*, the unhappy production of the late Earl of Lovelace. But he seems to be quite unacquainted with *Byron : the Last Phase*, by Richard Edgcumbe. Again, writing in 1929 he was just able to include Miss Mayne's *Life of Lady Byron* among his authorities, but he could not have seen Lord Ernle's rejoinder in the *Quarterly Review*. In each case the refutation of the libel is complete. The French writer may be pardoned his mistake, since the mistake itself arose in England ; but the reader who takes this as a serious life of Byron, must be on his guard against constant misinterpretation of the poet's life and action at the very height of his career.

Modern biography begins with genealogy. The history of the Byron family, generation after generation, makes an amazing story ; and M. Maurois tells it perfectly. And at once it may be said that on any eugenist principle Byron ought never to have been born. In that perfect world to which we are coming, when our lives and our loves will be ordered by a committee of experts, " Mad Jack Byron " and Catherine Gordon of Gight would never have been allowed to marry, even supposing they could have been licensed to exist. So when our poetry is supplied by the municipal factory, and sold like butter at Cambridge, by the yard, there will be no poets. Byron, Shelley, Keats—the eugenist voice of authority forbids them even to be. We prefer Plutarch's Themistocles " Boy, you will be nothing common or indifferent. You will be either a great blessing or a great curse." Fate was preparing something for the world indeed, when she matched the Byron blood with that of Gordon of Gight !

M. Maurois is quite admirable in his account of the Calvinism that cast its shadow over the tender years of the boy's early life. There is something noble in Calvinism. A man needs tremendous self-confidence to regard himself as the instrument of God in everything he does or undertakes. As such it is a religion for men of iron purpose and gigantic achievement. But there is a darker side to Calvinism, and it is the darker side that was pressed on Byron's soul—the terrors of a God of Wrath, the doom of the rejected among mankind. Byron's quick sympathy was with these,—with those who lay under the sentence of doom from their birth ; with Cain, and with those who perished in the Flood. And sympathizing with the oppressed, he sometimes felt himself a rebel against the Oppressor. If so, there was no escape for him into easy atheism or the idle indifference of unbelief. (" The worst of it is, I do believe " —he once said to Lady Byron.) If he was ordained to be a rebel, he would fulfil his destiny and be the complete rebel. And as such he saw himself—a Prometheus, an Ajax defying the lightnings, a Cain bearing the brand upon his brow. All Byron's love of liberty and hatred of oppression blazed up against this harsh presentment of God. At the same time he learnt his Bible well, especially the Old Testament. To this Aberdeen training we owe the glorious *Hebrew Melodies*. In after-life he was to experience the compelling magnetism of Rome. He expressly desired Allegra to be brought up as a Catholic, and Medora chose the same faith for herself. But his early training remained, sometimes as a dark shadow, sometimes as an inspiration ; but always something terrible in its mystery and power. Yet all this was shaping him for his life's work and his death at Missolonghi.

There is another circumstance in Byron's upbringing that deserves especial notice. Byron was born in 1788. The next year the French Revolution began ; and war was practically continuous till 1815. We ourselves have passed through a World-war and know its destructive effects. Yet our war lasted only four years, and for the most part the armies lay locked in an immovable embrace. All through, we felt that peace was the normal order of mankind, and war a shadow that would quickly pass. But Byron belonged to a generation to whom war was normal. Peace was a fairy dream, a thing to be read of in books, but never experienced in life. And the War was universal. All Europe was one battlefield from the Atlantic to the steppes of Russia. Every continental capital (except in Scandinavia) from Lisbon to Moscow was taken and occupied, once or oftener, by enemy forces. Even Washington in faraway America was occupied by a hostile army. War was everywhere. Boys played war-games at school: they watched soldiers drilling in the streets, and the press-gang scouring the villages. By all the traditions of his family, Byron should have been among the foremost. As a child he dreamt of it—" I will raise a troop which shall ride on black horses. They shall be called Byron's Blacks, and you will hear of prodigies of valour." And it was his cousin's death at the siege of Calvi that actually made him heir to the peerage. What kept him out of the war? The tragedy of his lame foot. Hence all the wild recklessness of a fiery nature disappointed of war, and condemned to inglorious peace,—like a sick eagle looking at the sky.

The effects of war are widespread. Women attuned their moral standards to the upheaval of revolution and war. They showed themselves as passionate and reckless as men. When we read of Byron's passionate loves, we should remember that it would have needed a St. Antony to resist the equally passionate temptation with which he was surrounded. And herein is the true story of Byron's relation with Augusta Leigh—the very antithesis of M. Maurois' view. With Augusta alone could he find rest or relief. With passion blazing on every side, Augusta alone remained calm. And with Augusta he found calm for himself, a haven of refuge for his storm-tossed heart.

Byron, the prince of lovers, loved but once. The object of his affection was Mary Chaworth. Between them lay the river of a kinsman's blood. In spite of this, they might perhaps have married. But Mary was a little the elder, and inclined to be disdainful of her boyish lover. She married John Musters, a foxhunting squire of good family, and settled down to a life that promised every happiness. Byron went abroad.

When Byron returned in 1811 he was famous. The world lay at his feet. Throughout 1812 he went from conquest to conquest. But meanwhile things were going ill with Mary. Her foxhunter was a popular man in the county and with his tenants, yet he had not been a faithful husband. There was a separation. Too late she realized that the boyish love she had rejected was the most precious thing in the world. And Byron's love still burned. Mary was still the Star that shone over all his work. M. Maurois is guilty (though not alone) of an extraordinary misreading of these passionate poems, in thinking they relate to Augusta or any other. It is Mary all the time. And at last the long-separated lovers met once more.

In these lax days people would think nothing of it. Mary could have got her divorce, for Musters had given ground enough. And so Byron might have had his love, and died a respected and respectable Deputy Lieutenant for Nottinghamshire. *Dis aliter visum*. The law was sterner then, and Fate had something nobler in store for Byron himself. But first it must needs be won at the cost of suffering and pain.

Augusta offered to adopt the unborn child, and bring it up as her own. It was a generous offer of impulsive love, and Mary gladly and gratefully clutched at it. True to her Byron blood, Augusta never stopped to count the cost or think of the consequences. But in that tangled web of easy and amiable deceit, Byron and all his dependents were soon to be cruelly involved; and critics are wrestling still with the problems it presents.

It was high time Byron married himself. He had the world to choose from, and he chose Anne Isabella Milbanke. The choice was unfortunate, and the marriage turned out unhappily. We speak not one word against Lady Byron; but if oil will not mix with water, there is no good in complaining of the water, and no use blaming the oil. It is best not to criticize. Yet at this distance of time one can enjoy M. Maurois' cruelly amusing account of Byron's journey with Hobhouse to the scene of his wedding. Lovers are always early. Yet the two days allowed for the post-chaise were spun out to six. And ever as they approached Seaham, " the Bridegroom more and more *less* impatient "! The deed was done. Byron drove away with his Annabella, but Hobhouse was left with the feeling that he had buried a friend.

We need not follow the " Treacle-Moon " or the painful story of the one-year's marriage, but a tribute should be paid to M. Maurois' entertaining description of finances. We are dealing sometimes with wild vicissitudes of fortune, and sometimes with people of great wealth who can never get hold of their money. The bag of gold is always at the rainbow's end. Byron has a rich estate—but it is in Chancery, and the suit is not decided till after his death. Newstead itself is a noble possession—but it is ruinous, and the cost of upkeep exceeds the income. Newstead is offered for sale, and the faithful Hobhouse (with twenty-one shillings and sixpence) bids the price up to £140,000. At that substantial figure it is knocked down; but the buyer cannot pay either. So Newstead is left, and Byron worse off than ever. Sir Ralph Milbanke is also a man of wealth. But he is " dipped in politics " (O ye landowners of to-day, who complain of super-tax and death-duties, think what politics cost your great-grandfathers a century ago!) and cannot pay the agreed marriage-settlement. So the Byrons are stranded in London with £700 a year for Annabella (which is swallowed up in rent), and a rent-roll for Byron (which is swallowed up in expenses), and the bailiffs in the house! Later on, after the separation, we are to find Byron really wealthy again, according to Italian standards, but so surrounded by clients and satellites that he needs a fleet for their transport. All this is very well written and amusingly told. If the book were offered as a satire on Society a hundred years ago, with Byron as a figure on the stage, it would be admirable. But offered as a biography or a study of Byron himself, it never even touches the man.

Ex pede Herculem. But are Byron's new biographers never to rise above the feet? Are we never to be shown the noble head; or the mighty spirit fretting the puny body to decay? With Byron, surely, we expect to soar the empyrean on eagle wings; are we always to be put off with the chirr of grasshoppers on the ground?

M. Maurois tells the story of Byron's boyhood extraordinarily well. But when the boy is grown to manhood, he is drawn away from the poet himself to his surroundings. Had these surroundings been what we might expect—sailors with Nelson and Collingwood at sea, or soldiers with Wellington in the Peninsula—all would have been well. But the artificial society of the Regency was made up almost entirely of women, and of that peculiar type of male that chooses home duties when the country is at war. In such society the real Byron is in eclipse. His journeys abroad rather than his adventures at home make the true story of his life.

Bearing this in mind, the story of Byron's life may be re-written, and instead of a series of idle philanderings, we shall have presented to us the generous soul, that hated injustice and tyranny and wrong, and was ever ready to sacrifice itself rather than endure the sight or thought of cruelty and oppression. We shall see the fulfilment in manhood of the promise of that little boy at Harrow, and a lame little boy at that, who offered himself to the school bully to "take half" of the torture that was being inflicted on a school mate, afterwards Prime Minister of England. And if we needs must talk of lameness, we will talk of the way he fought and overcame his infirmity, till he was chosen to play for his school in the Eton and Harrow cricket match, till he became an accomplished boxer, till he swam the Hellespont. Byron's life is one long story of a battle against odds, and of victory won against infinite suffering and death itself.

Let us think what Byron did. When the mists in which these new biographers and novelists delight to dwell are brushed away, what do we find? It was Byron who voiced the hopes and aspirations of the New Age to a worn-out civilization. It was Byron who interpreted to his own countrymen the true spirit of Napoleon and of revolutionary France; so that though Napoleon might be an enemy in war, we might understand in time of peace the purpose he fulfilled. Byron was the founder of the party which dominated English politics for a hundred years after his death. Byron roused the spirit of liberty in captive Greece, shamed all Europe into action, and gladly gave his own life that Greece might be free. No man can live a life so full and active as Byron's without making some mistakes, or doing some things to be repented of. What we are entitled to ask is that the life be judged in due proportion, and awarded the crown of glorious achievement.

And so the God of the Hebrews, or the Destiny of the Greeks, is justified at the last. The iron that entered into Byron's soul is forged in the white heat of agony untold and of suffering indescribable, into a two-edged sword for the deliverance of mankind. The poet who was a rebel all his life finds his very rebellion turned into an instrument for achieving a task from which the rulers of the world had shrunk. Perhaps M. Maurois' last sentence is the best in the book. " The fisher-folk of Missolonghi still live in their huts of platted reeds. They do not know Byron was a poet; but if asked about him, they will answer—He was a very brave man, and he came to die for Greece, because he loved freedom."

Behind that simple sentence lies a Homeric tragedy. To tell the life of Byron we need a second Æschylus.

D. R. FOTHERINGHAM.

Secretary of the Byron Society.

[For another article by Mr. Fotheringham on Byron on the stage and in fiction see p. 140, Vol. XX.]

OPENING CUPBOARDS

WHEN the day was just begun
And the first lark found the sun,
I lay half asleep in bed
Opening cupboards in my head,
And a whisper lost itself
On a high forgotten shelf.
Then I lifted one more latch
Trying drowsily to catch
Once again the little sigh ;
And the lark sang in the sky,
And the lost thing suddenly
Gave its secret back to me.

Downs along Freshwater Bay,
And a little boy at play
In the seaweed on the shore
Five or fifty years before,
And a little dog to sniff
Rabbits on the windy cliff,
And a little cheerful chine
Chuckling to the distant line
Of the slow unhurried tide,
And a pool where crabs would hide,
And a little lark, whose song
Hid itself in me so long.

I lay half asleep in bed
Opening cupboards in my head.

K. F. SOLLOWAY.

CLAY FEET

I STAND alone upon a hill,
Surveying all the land and sea—
And I'm a god, for by my will
The sumptuous earth belongs to me ;
But when I climb down to the plain
I'll be a silly man again !

N. NEWENHAM TRAVERS.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

A Vision

FRANCIS walking to and fro
the fields of Heaven, pacing slow,
caught from this toiling, cloud-girt earth
a whisper breathed in poignant woe.

He sped him to the crystal walls,
and on his ears the cadence falls ;
" O me, unhappy ! Shut from God
in life, in death, my Woe appals."

At once that faltering voice he knows,
Swiftly to his dear Lord he goes ;
" Bid me thrust out from Heaven, Lord,
She is shut out who eased my woes."

Dear Christ turned His benignant face,
" And who was she that showed this grace ?
A woman rich ; secure from ill ;
who stooped to thee in thy sad place ? "

" Lord, a poor, tired harlot, she,
treading the town in misery,
to me food, shelter—pitiful—
she gave ; in utter purity."

Christ called (the gates of Heaven shook !)
Angel and Seraph radiant took
their way to earth and brought her in,
this one whom all the world forsook.

Sweet Mary Mother robed afresh
the sorry, soiled, and humbled flesh ;
Gay angels bathed the way-worn feet ;
And wound her hair in a golden mesh.

(With Mary's women, in company sweet,
she was borne along on eager feet ;
Magdalen, Beatrice, Dorcas, Ann,
the sorrowful child did cheerly greet.)

Dear Christ upheld her trembling soul,
" Lo ! thy tender pity made thee whole,
I saw thy gift, I have hid the sin.
On Death's highway I paid thy toll."

And our gentle Mother of humble view
over her cast her veil of blue,
gathered her close to pitying love,
whisp'ring, " Son Jesus died for you."

ARTHUR HOOD.

AGE

THERE is a rose within the rose
None but the blind may see,
A radiance hid beyond the dawn
Only the dark sets free.

Brave dawn, fair rose, you thinning veils
Of sunshine and of sight,
Fall, with my languid eyelids fall,
And bare me lovely night !

D. FREEMAN LARKIN.

THE BLACKTHORN TREE

THE blackthorn blossom is my friend,
In her the winter finds an end.
Daintily sweet those buds of white
Like starshine on a pond at night.
And virginal, and flimsy fair,
A flow'r for any maiden's hair.
Anemone and primrose are
The waking woodland's morning star.
The hyacinth and daffodil
The well-appointed borders fill.
But the glory of the spring for me
Is in a flow'ring blackthorn tree.

M. E. PYNE.

A CHINESE ANTHOLOGY.[1]

The bones of great writers are your brushes, in the School of Heaven.
LI PO.

"For our taste, used as we are to the operatic in poetry, the substance of Chinese poems seems often mild and trivial; but if we will be honest with ourselves and with our appreciation of what is lastingly important, we shall find these very same poems to be momentous details in the immense patience of beauty. *They are the heart of an intimate letter.*"

MR. WITTER BYNNER, in one revealing sentence, has summed up the whole appeal of Chinese poetry. For all the Italian asides that enjoin us to beat and blow, for the shrill soprano notes and the booming of baritones and the long-drawn-out tremolos we shall wait in vain. This immense patience of beauty, this heart of an intimate letter—what appeal will they make to an age of journalism and publicity? Is not patience the last thing a modern generation cares to hear about? And would any poet dare to hand over his really intimate letters say to Mr. Alfred Knopf? This is an age of short cuts; so to arrive at the lower slopes of the Jade Mountain we go bull-headed through all obstacles that intervene between us and the joy of the turf no other hoof has pawed. As for the summit neither Snort, who stands for so much democracy, nor Sniff, who stands for so much literary criticism, has either head or wind for heights.

But that is not the way of the Chinese poets, nor is it the way of Witter Bynner. They need not climb to conquest, though climb they will, for both they and he are great adventurers and travellers. But they have other means of possessing immortally the mountains of their desire, means that Mahomet never knew. They made room for all things within themselves and so the unsuspecting hills moved in, or rather were caught in a vacuum. Yet a lot of hard work is involved in the creation of a vacuum. There are so many cherished notions about nature in general and mountains in particular that have to be jettisoned before we can have our way with a single hillock. Especially is this the case with regard to man's place in nature. In the West it is Man with a large capital and nature with a small capital all the time. There is neither affinity nor kinship between this nature and ourselves. It is simply the insentient background provided by a gracious Providence for our ineffable selves. Only here and there does a Western poet adjust himself to the universal through nature. Mr. Laurence Binyon in his delightful little classic of Eastern ideals, " The Flight of the Dragon," M. Émile Hovelaque in " China " and now Mr. Witter Bynner have watched the Jade Mountain produce one Western poet—Wordsworth. But Mr. Bynner is careful to add the necessary qualification by pointing out that the poetry of the Chinese " cleaves even nearer to nature than his. They perform the miracle of identifying the wonder of beauty with common sense. Rather, they prove that the simplest common sense, the most salutary, and the most nearly universal, is the sense of the beauty of nature, quickened and yet sobered by the wistful warmth of human friendship."

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[1] *The Jade Mountain*, by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-Hu. Alfred Knopf, N.Y. (12/6).

This brings us to the second part of his most pregnant sentence—" the heart of an intimate letter." Many of these poems are indeed intimate letters between poet and poet. They are leaves set drifting down the stream, petals blown in the wind, a fall of flowers round the pillow of a dreamer. Beauty must be shared in the fellowship of beauty, there is no revelation without communion, so bowed in awe we taste and pass the cup that contains the Universe to our nearest. Never has the West come closer to the East than in the vision and quest of the Holy Grail. Friendship in the East is a transcendent word since it is hallowed by the communion of things shared, unpurchasable things, walks into the sunset, adventures beyond the moon. Here where the standard of friendship is still the money standard, the £5,000 a year man may only ring the bell of his approximate equal in worldly goods, the £500 a year man must knock at the door of his fellow resident in villadom. But in the East, where values are eternal and incalculable, the millionaire of nights and days embarks to meet his friend in a shallop of silver dreams, and the waters are jewelled in his wake. Meeting, parting, returning—these are favourite themes with the Chinese poets. But after all—light following darkness, dawn on dusk and the four seasons—this is life and the sequence thereof. And

> Only to wanderers can come
> Ever new the shock of beauty
> Of white cloud and red cloud dawning from the sea,
> Of Spring in the wild-plum and river-willow. . . .

yet when they are shared these beauties of floating colour and unfolding flower are enhanced, when thought unites with thought and melts into the cosmic dream of a thousand that are One. "Men are vexed and miserable," says Liu An, the prince of mystical philosophers, "because they do not use their hearts in the enjoyment of outward things, but use outward things as a means of delighting their hearts." Where there is no inspiration there is no harvest. The eventful hour comes floating in with its freight of pollen and a friendly wind that scatters the largesse of summer with lavish hand. It is the wind of inspiration that passes and is gone. But the heart that is used aright will retain here and there one from a myriad grains of fertile dust, and from a moment's glimpse of immortality the immortal moment will abide.

> I wonder why my inlaid harp has fifty strings,
> Each with its flower-like fret and interval of youth.
> . . . The sage Chuang-tzu is day-dreaming bewitched by butterflies,
> The Spring-heart of Emperor Wang is crying in a cuckoo,
> Mermen weep their pearly tears down a moon-green sea,
> Blue fields are breathing their jade to the sun . . .
> And a moment that ought to have lasted for ever
> Has come and gone before I knew.

Somewhere in the latter half of the eighteenth century one who signed himself "A Retired Scholar at the Lotus Pool" made this anthology of moments that will last for ever, or as long as poetry endures. The sunset passes and yet lingers in the memory of those who are privileged to share in its passing when

From the temple, deep in its tender bamboos,
Comes the low sound of an evening bell,
While the hat of a pilgrim carries the sunset
Farther and farther down the green mountain.

The door of the house may be locked for night or absence, but the keyless door of the heart should remain open and waiting on the lightest footfall. Mr. Witter Bynner has entertained strange guests through that open door. Yet they have repaid him a thousand-fold. And since our turn has come, and East and West have mingled at the banquet-board, how can we express our gratitude? Surely by returning not once but many times! A simplicity that covers the soundless depths of art, a clarity that comes like sunshine after rain and brings a far horizon into the range of our wonderment and delight, an appeal too intimate to be ignored needs recognition. We shall know all that we want to say, and cannot, if we follow Liu Chang-Ch'ing—

Walking along a little path
I find a footprint on the moss,
A white cloud low on the quiet lake,
Grasses that sweeten an idle door,
A pine grown greener with the rain,
A brook that comes from a mountain source—
And, mingling with Truth among the flowers
I have forgotten what to say.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

OLD JUNKS

OLD junks with silver sails still float
On moonlit waters in Cathay.
A spirit guides each graceful boat.
In front, a huge fantastic eye
Is carved, to help it see the way.
The crazy-quilted sails glide by,
Old junks with silver sails still float.

EDNA K. SETTLEMYER.

THE RISING GENERATION

The following article is from the pen of Miss Louise Burton Laidlaw, a young life-member of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) representative of the rising generation in American poetry. Miss Laidlaw, who is now in England taking a course of literature at Oxford University, has published numerous poems giving indication of marked talent, as shown by "Enigma" in the *New York Times*:

Hail! ninth encircling planet of the sun:
  Tangible symbol of sky-daring dreams,
Mute calculations, and a faith that seems
  Rashly prophetic till man's search has won.
Ancient as earth, cold sister, you have spun
  Your rhythmic æons, far beyond our schemes,
Faintly reflecting the sun's distant beams,
  Yet bound by laws that weld our system one.
What eery moons attend you where you lurk,
  A new enigma in the luring sky?
What rings surround you, what strange forces irk
  Your slow-curved path? Back from the giant view
Of suns and trillion-light-year nebulæ
  We swing blank telescopes to question you.

Also "Far Planet" published in the *New York Sun*:

Long we have searched for your illusive beam!
Now, eery wanderer, you first appear,
Faint, insignificant—a fleck of cream
Upon the whiteness of the Milky Way; the gleam
From an invisible, slow-moving spear
Near staunch Orion—little more you seem.
Yet in gigantic orbit you have spun,
Girding the limits of our solar sphere
Far from your sister planets, cryptic one,
Greater than earth—ninth daughter of our Sun.

A GREAT many people, when they discover that I am interested in verse, ask:

"Do you like modern poetry?"

Almost invariably I fall into the trap and assure them:

"Why yes, I do like much of it."

"Well, personally, I can't see anything in free verse," comes the answer.

But is ultra-free verse "modern" now?

Not alone in science and politics does the understanding of the mystified general public lag behind the machinations of the specialists! About seven years ago a school of feverish poets of America were suddenly overwhelmed by the discovery of what they considered to be a *new* form of poetry, but much has happened since then.

Free verse, free love, free lunch wagons ; flaming symbols of a rashly expansive and rebellious age ! This new practice raised a great furore. Everybody in the poetry world tried it with varying degrees of success. Its most earnest opponents took free verse seriously, and even prophesied the doom of poetry. The echoes of this tumult reached the ears of those who make a special point of never reading a line of poetry. It is these people particularly who have a vague notion that all modern verse is free verse, or as it has been approbriously called, blank verse without rhythm.

One significant result of this free verse upheaval was undoubtedly an eventual growth of interest here in all forms of verse. Many brave youths took to writing poetry who, without the facilities offered by free verse standards, would never have dreamed of writing a line. Some of these have, in time, actually adapted themselves to the grilling drudgeries of rhyme and rhythm. Most have fallen along the wayside, but while they lasted they each gathered their circle of admiring friends who became interested in poetry ; and of those who came to the temple of poetry to write, most have remained at least to read.

Thus poetry, like so many other commodities, has become a product of mass production ; and with this modern side of verse writing the old, old problem of literary markets becomes increasingly acute. The larger magazines are so bored with mediocre poetry that now they scarcely know a good poem when they see it. Publishers are frantic with verse manuscripts that they can scarcely find time to read, much less venture to publish ; therefore we find countless obscure but hopeful poetry journals springing up, dying in their infancy for lack of sufficient income, and being replaced within the year by a new crop, or consolidating by twos and threes.

And still the army of bards increases ; new recruits appear each year in schools and colleges and poetry clubs.

The country is literally infested with swarms of microbe verse. If, as so often is said, out of the weltering masses will rise the genius, we may safely prophesy that the advent of the greatest of American poets is not far off!

In the mean time free verse has had its popular triumph and seen its glory wane. Even very liberal poetry magazines now tolerate reviews condemning free verse as loosely knit prose, "zig-zagged down a page." The kindest thing that the critics can say of free verse is that it has been sorely abused—which indeed it has. Like modern art and modern music, verse has been imposed upon by groups of æsthetic quacks who lack the capacity to express themselves either musically or coherently. Some of us feel that even the finest examples of free verse will not withstand the test of time. Many free verse crimes have been committed in the name of our Good Grey Poet, Walt Whitman. But Whitman was breaking violently through a wall. What he had to say was vitally significant. And above all his freest verse beats with a perfect rhythm, like a full tide on a craggy cliff:

"I announce the man and woman coming
Perhaps you are the One.
I announce a life vehement, spiritual, bold,
I announce an old age which will lightly, joyfully meet its translation."

For instance, the work of Vachal Lindsey, unique and interesting as it is, is not real poetry except when read aloud, modulated and interpreted by the poet in person.

Though the extreme fad for free verse writing is over, let it not be thought that American poets are becoming atrophied or turning back to the past. In many ways the general trend of our poetry in more poignantly modern than ever before, not only in new adventure, true rhythm and form, but in substance. Even the most remote lyricists still strive, sometimes too obviously, after new effects and striking phrases that could not have been produced by any past era. The imagery is becoming more mellow, more genuine than it was a few years ago, perhaps because the feeling behind it is less superficial.

Of the newer poets, there is a group of individualists that are turning to a subjective lyricism, and another group that one might call the poet-crusaders. These latter are the torch bearers who are leading modern poetry into new fields of thought and expression. They are the singers who are responding to the throb of the machine age, the strife and idealism of modern democracy. Definitely reacting to a type of poetry that was about nothing much and could not be understood anyway, these poets are tackling actual problems of present-day society. The most radical among them, including the new organization in America called The Rebel Poets, go so far as to claim that no poetry is worth while that is not written for a cause; or for the liberation of labouring humanity. Unfortunately, propaganda seldom ranks as literature, and certainly not as poetry. However, among these poetry reformers there are certain ones like R. Merrill Root who do not merely rail at specific injustices of the present age, but proclaim with imaginative ardour the ultimate potentialities of man's present achievements.

At first these American poets tried to give graphic descriptions of the so-called machine age, emphasizing its most sordid aspects. Next they set up a wall against its crass oppression of man. Now a third attitude is slowly permeating the poetic mind—that which eulogizes the wonders of modern invention. We read personifications of the noble steam-engine and the Titan derrick. Such extremes of execration and praise are equally the result of the intense pressure of a new environment upon the sensitive poetic imagination. A poet's interpretation of these new forces is still apt to be distorted and self-conscious, perhaps because, while he is beginning to grasp them, he has not yet made them so much a part of him that his songs are instinct with their lyric import.

However, there are a wonder and a romance in scientific invention, research, exploration, industry, aviation and astronomy which in itself is irresistible to the poet who discovers " That nothing walks with aimless feet."

LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW.

POETRY OF THE INCAN PEOPLE

PROBABLY no other American people were so rich in poetry, song and music as the Peruvian races forming the Incan Empire and whose national language was the Quichua. Yet as these highly advanced people possessed no written nor recorded language, by far the greater portion of their ancient songs and poems has been lost, and with each year that passes more and more of those still remaining are being forgotten or so Spanishized or " jazzed " that, within a short time, no truly Quichua songs or poetry will remain.

Music appears to have been a natural and almost universal characteristic of these people. They used excellent musical instruments, they produced dramas and operas that were elaborate and magnificent ; they had innumerable songs and chants ; they were passionately fond of dancing and they were intensely poetical, often preferring to employ verse rather than prose when desiring to express any sentiments or ideas or to narrate traditions and folk-lore.

As nearly all their verse was primarily adapted to musical accompaniments, it usually is rhythmic, and blank verse is rare. All their music and poetry was necessarily handed down by word of mouth, and while many songs or verses were and still are universally known, and are as familiar as our own Mother Goose rhymes, the majority were sung or recited by strolling bards or minstrels (Checollos) who taught the people new songs, carried the poems and music from tribe to tribe and from place to place and improvised to suit occasions, or to perpetuate any event, or to deal with local conditions. To some extent this custom still prevails, and the majority of Quichua songs, chants and verses that I have collected were obtained from these Checollos, while others were secured from various sources during my extensive travels among the Indians of Peru and Bolivia.

No attempt has hitherto been made as far as I am aware to translate the Quichuas' poetry and songs into English. A few of their verses and a number of their songs have been translated into Spanish but without great success, the Spanish versions, as a rule, having none of the characteristics of the original Quichua, while most of the so-called Incan music has been so Spanishized as scarcely to be recognizable.

To translate Quichua to English and yet preserve the original sentiments, rhythm and character of the poetry and songs has not been a simple nor an easy task, and I fully realize that in many cases I have fallen short of the mark, but in interpreting these poems I have endeavoured to preserve their characteristic features even at the expense of words. For that matter a literal translation is impossible, for the construction, the syntax, the phraseology and all the details of the Quichua language are wholly distinct from any European language. The same word may have many meanings, and many words, or rather their equivalents, are non-existent. Thus willa may mean *to notify*, *blood*, *creator*, *sacred*, *corpulence*, etc., depending upon its relationship to other words ; mara may mean *star*, *time*, *year*, etc. ; kora, meaning herbage or verdure, may signify a *wild flower* or any *certain plant ;* tuppu is equally applicable for *distance*, *height*, *weight*, *space*, *measure*, *far*, and the same is true of countless other words. Moreover, as the Incans did not use money and had no idea of intrinsic values, and as their government was communistic, they had no words to express riches or wealth as we understand them. Their nearest approach to it was the word huillay, meaning *Divine* or *God-given*, and the same holds true of other expressions. Hence in the English versions I have used words which—as far as possible—convey the idea, the thought or the sentiment of the Quichua without interfering with the rhythm or metre. Also I have avoided, where possible, the use of Quichua words or terms, but here and there where occasion warrants it, or where there is no English equivalent, I have used the original Quichua.

In all likelihood all the Quichua songs and poems are very ancient. Many, no doubt, date back for thousands of years ; others probably originated in Incan days, while others that refer to the Spaniards or the conquest were probably composed after the downfall of the Incan Empire.

But in many cases there is reason to think that these are merely ancient themes changed and adapted to meet later conditions, a practice still followed by the *Checollos*.

It must also be remembered that the Incan or Quichua people were not all of one race or tribe, but were made up of many distinct tribes speaking as many dialects and confederated under the Incas. Hence the Incan people varied greatly in habits, temperaments and in their musical and poetical tendencies. But the fact that the Incas enforced the use of the Quichua language resulted in the music and verse of one tribe or district becoming common to all, although each retained its own while adopting those of the others. As a result, it is impossible to determine where, when or how a tune, dance, song or verse originated. And likewise the songs and verses varied greatly in their style, their themes, their character and other respects, depending upon the characters and environment of the tribes, although all appear to have possessed certain outstanding features in common. All were notable for their descriptive character, their ability to paint a word-picture with a few words, in their sentiments, in their symbolism and in the peculiar minor key of pathos that runs through most of the songs and verses—a characteristic of all the Peruvian Incan races, though normally they are neither sad, depressed nor pathetic.

Another peculiarity of many Quichua songs and poems is the omission of syllables, words or even entire lines or stanzas. When sung or recited the missing portions are supplied by musical notes of the quena or drum. As such verses, when written, appear incomplete, I have supplied words or syllables in order to preserve the typical form of the original. An example of this type is the Sumak-Kankakchask (a Beautiful Light) in its original Quichua form :

A-aa sumak kankakchaska - - - -
Kayniimitu way waykikuna haway -
Lupini kita kaysari munki - -
A-as sumak kankakumuchaska - -
Kay nimi toukay waywayki kuna hawa
A punkan ki - - ki - i - ayay.

ANCASH-TICA

(THE BLUE FLOWER)

Upon a mountain bleak and bare—
Within a cleft among the stones,
A flower grew.
A flower delicate and rare—
A flower blue.

Above it gleamed the snowfield white—
Below it yawned the precipice,
But where it stood,
The sunshine fell with grateful warmth,
A golden flood.

A condor soaring in the clouds—
Gazed down and saw the flower there.
He thought a fleck,
Of sky had fallen to the earth,
So blue the speck.

A butterfly on weary wings—
Dropped down to find the flower blue.
He could not miss,
Her upturned face awaiting him,
Begging a kiss.

A gorgeous humming bird flashed past—
With jewelled throat and flaming crest.
He saw the blue.
Swiftly he darted to her side,
Her love to woo.

A buzzing bee, all black and gold—
Searching for honey far and wide,
Espied her there.
He blundered down the sweets to rob,
From lips so fair.

A herder, searching for his flock—
His llamas that had strayed away,
Passed by the spot.
He plucked the flower from her stem.
How sad her lot!

A maiden fair with starry eyes,
Greeted the herder with a kiss,
Her lover true,
When he returned and gave to her—
The flower blue.

Blue for the symbol of our love,
He said, and gently laid the bloom
Upon her breast.
Far from its home amid the rocks,
It came to rest.

WARRIOR'S SONG

Look well upon the foe, my battle-axe, and smile !
For soon his blood shall redden thy bronze blade.
Hold muscles taut and ready, trusty bow !
So when I fit an arrow to thy string—
And strain my arms to bend thy arching back—
The missile may speed true to foeman's heart.
And thee—O gleaming spear—fail not to pierce,
Through shield, to bury deep thy head in flesh.
And if I call on thee—my whirling sling—
See to it that thy singing stone deals death !

Beat loud the war-drums, and unfurl the rainbow-flag !
Whose bright folds flaunt defiance at the foe
And warn him that the Inca's armies come !
Pray unto Kamak for such souls as speed.
Shout loud our war-cry and lift high our shields !
Of victory sing, O Children of the Sun !
For under Inti victory shall come.
Then hurl ourselves upon the Chimu's hosts !
Strike for the Inca, for our lord, the sun !
For gods, for homes, for land, for all we love !

Heed not the blows that rain upon us in return.
Heed not the agonies of gaping wounds.
Heed not if death walks grinning at our sides.
Death comes to all in time—our glory lies
In dying for our Inca and our gods !
Let no man live to say the Children of the Sun—
Born of the mountains and the snow-clad peaks,
Showed fear of death in facing Yungas' clans
Nor dreaded hordes of howling Chimu men—
Spawn of the sea, who reek of fish and dung,

Look well upon our foes, my battle-axe, then smile !
For soon their blood shall trickle down thy haft,
To run until it reddens all the streams.
To bathe the earth, to dye the sea with red !
Speed swift my arrow, on thy deadly flight !

Speed swift and true and strike the foeman down !
And thee, O spear, shine brightly in the light
Until thy gleam is dimmed with blood of men !
Beat loud the war-drums that like thunder roll !
Lift high the rainbow banner—let all know—
The armies of the Ince march to war !

Behold ! how Inti looks with favour on his sons,
How shields and weapons gleam beneath his rays !
Behold ! The Inca comes ! Chant to him praise !
Clash shields on spear-hafts till the welcoming din—
Startles the condor on the mountain top.
Then grasp our weapons for the moment comes—
When battle rages over field and plain.
Then on ! The Incas' pathway lies ahead !
There is no other road, no turning back,
Our way lies forward—over Chimu dead !

SUMAC-CHIPPITARCA

(WONDERFUL ONE)

Wondrous are you, my love—
  I wonder that such loveliness can be,
And yet I wonder more to think—
  You gave your love to me.

Upon you Inti smiled ; he lost a shining ray—
  It lingered in your eyes.
A circling condor dropped a raven plume—
  It floated downward to become your hair.

Your lips are petals from a scarlet passion-flower—
  The sea gave up its pearls to be your teeth.
Passing, the god of harvests stopped—
  To paint your skin the russet of ripe fruit.

A flitting butterfly mistook you for a bloom—
  Captive he lies within your heart.
Twin shells from ocean's depths became your ears—
  The arching rainbow gave your brows their curve.

Your body—moulded by the gods—
  Was given life by them and made for love.
The swallows loaned their wings unto your feet—
  That spurn the earth and never seem at rest.

The blushing dawn left stains upon your cheeks—
Two swelling rosebuds formed your fragrant breasts.
From the blue sky a soaring lark gazed down—
And seeing you forgot his song

Its silvery notes found in your throat—
A sweeter refuge than the throat of bird.
The gentle breeze caressed a lily field.
And filched the fragrance to perfume your breath.

Wondrous are you, my love—
I wonder that such loveliness can be,
And yet I wonder more to think—
You gave your love to me.

A. HYATT VERRILL.

TOGETHER

I GO about my usual tasks
In shine or shadow grey,
And now and then another asks
" What have you done to-day ? "

I answer ; they are satisfied,
Nor know that, dreaming true,
Each day since long ago you died,
I have been oft with you.

O vanished one, yet only one
Of all my life a part,
What are the things you would have done
With me to-day, sweetheart ?

For once we planned our future days ;
All should be done together . . .
But you have gone eternal ways,
And I known earthly weather.

Yet not from you so far have walked
My would-be-pilgrim feet
As from all those with whom I've talked,
With whom I daily meet.

ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

IN TOUCH

THE touch of hands by friendship proved is sweet
And lends its brightness to the weary day
We all must meet when hope is far away,
And all we do seems sterile, incomplete,
The touch of lips when parted lovers meet
Speaks more of joy than many words may say,
They all the anguish of the past betray
Which each has hidden in a dear deceit.
The touch of minds whose thoughts are all akin,
Who see the world with eyes that are one's own,
Is worth the striving of a life to win,
If by no less may such great joy be known,
The peace of perfect understanding lies
Within the mirror of another's eyes.

E. HALL HAINS.

MUSIC

PALE fingers sweep across the ivory keys,
The blending notes sweet melodies disclose,
Fragrant with memories of gold, and rose
Enchanted hours, ere yet we drank the lees
Of youth's red wine. The wind sweeps through the trees
Ruffling the leaves with vibrant, silken sound,
Or plaintive note, scatters dead leaves around;
Beating deep muffled drums on storm-swept seas.

In primrose-scented woods a burst of song
From myriad throats, with flute-like shake and trill,
The cuckoo answers from the pine-clad hill,
The murmuring brook, and waterfall belong
To Nature's music—the reedy pipes of Pan
Touch with mysterious power the heart of man.

MARGARET E. ROSE.

AUTUMN GOWNS

THE trees have shed their summer wraps—
Their gowns of olive green—
And now we see the crimson red,
Or yellow velveteen.

In summer days, when winds were warm,
They dressed in colours cool,
But now, because of Autumn frost,
The warmer tinges rule.

JOHN HARSEN RHOADES.

HUMBERT WOLFE, ROY CAMPBELL AND OTHERS.

HUMBERT WOLFE'S book, *The Uncelestial City* (Gollancz, Ltd.) is delivered into our hands with the following vaunting eulogium by Hugh Walpole :—

> " The most living, tender, and original poem that, with the exception of Dr. Bridges' great work, we have had for many a day."

This is superlative praise, but the coupling of *The Uncelestial City* with *The Testament of Beauty* reveals a strange lack of discernment. Dr. Bridges' work expresses a contemplative inward vision of the incentives to all life, put forward in calm, studious language. Humbert Wolfe writes of the streets, and from the streets; his vehicle is colloquial speech, familiar, chatty, vulgar in places. This is not to condemn it—slang may become classical (perhaps), but it renders any comparison of the two works an incongruity. Dr. Bridges has, at times, substituted fine prose for poetry in his argument on Beauty, but he nowhere forsakes it for mere rhyme, nor ever dons the " cap and bells," as in the following :—

" Or else we might be purely decorative
in the prevailing attitude of trusting
that somebody will find us means to live,
as long as we are languidly disgusting,
saying :

Up and down Pall Mall, and then
back to Piccadilly,
educated gentlemen,
exquisitely silly,
Sit about, and lounge about,
talking, eating, drinking,
and the only thing they do without
(I understand) is thinking."

It remains with the reader whether he prefers wisdom in prose or an ignoble phase expressed in rhyme, both equally assuming the mask of Poetry. Under any circumstances, Humbert Wolfe's book should be estimated on its own merits without reference to a work so entirely dissimilar. Nor should the reader too vividly recall to mind the author's magnificent " Requiem," lest he should feel himself to be in the position of a man who has been given wine, distilled on Olympus, and is then offered beer. Still, beer has its merits if it be well brewed.

At the first outset, the lines commencing, " Draw back the bolt ; swing the gate ; it is evening," have a haunting melody but are perilously akin to that tender poem, " Magdalen at Heaven's Gate," by Henry Kingsley. Compare

" He has brought his sorrow,
his failure, his sin
And therefore let him
enter in,"

with Kingsley's poem, where Michael asks Magdalen if she has brought any offering, and she says

" Naught, save sin " ;
" It is evening, evening," sang the throstle,
" Let her in, let her in."

Here the perfect simplicity rings like a chime of silver bells we miss the music in Humbert Wolfe's lines " to our woeful want." There are some beautiful verses in this book, such as " Trojan Women,' " Mrs. Jakes, Senior " (which is a picture in words), " Her Tears," and many of " The Fiddler " ; but the whole seems seethed in an atmosphere of somewhat bitter, fanatical excitation. He says

" his aim
is not to injure nor to shame
the broken, but to crucify
the things that they were broken by,"—

prison, and capital punishment, for instance ; but he actually proves nothing, for to condemn a judge for enforcing the law, as it exists, is ineffectual, since he is a judge solely to that end, and for no other reason. It would be as logical to condemn Marshal Foch for not being a pacifist, or a policeman for not being Christ. Mercy is in danger of becoming merely sentimental if it excludes law. Humbert Wolfe cries

" Here is a sheaf
of verses written in the belief
that to be violent and Russian
is clearly the prevailing fashion ;
that honour as the English know it
is not good business for a poet,
that the war-satiated public
need their heads hitting with a niblick
if they are to be moved or notice
any contemporary ditties."

This, though put forward in the case of a poet writing verses deemed to be blasphemous, is mainly his own position, and it is actually the " ditties " that irritate, and the " niblick " that is an insufficient weapon. A golden arrow flying irresistibly to its mark would be a more god-like weapon. And, at times, we find a mere smartness displayed, regrettable as a part gesture—

" ' Sir,' said Crayfish—his crossed hands most unpleasantly, like buttered toast," and

The House of Lords
are waiting for
the newspaper
proprietor.

Soap! Attention!
Listen! Beer!
" Glory to the
new-made peer."

This is scarcely to make " nectar of my ale with a sprig of laurel," and although it is conceded humbly that a poet sees not as the ordinary man does, yet, never could hands crossed " most unpleasantly " resemble " buttered toast."

It is with a sense of regret and of personal loss that these objections are put forward. Humbert Wolfe can think and write so nobly that he can well afford to leave smart doggerel to youthful Oxford scribblers. Witness how musically, like the deep notes of an organ that rouse to vibrating terror all the tragedy and all the beauty the heart has ever known; how profoundly he presses the stops of his instrument in the set of poems dealing with the woman and the judge.

" So much they spoke, four persons and not two,
uncertain which was shadow and which cast it,
hearing the echo before the voice broke through,
seeing a face after the light had passed it."

" And thus for a moment each the other sees
stripped of their bodies' temporalities,
not he a judge, not she a broken woman,
but each the human crying to the human;

" Man that is born of woman is only this:
a shadow and a cry between two mysteries
in the darkness of his heart, whose movement saith,
' Life ' on the upstroke, on the downstroke ' Death.' "

That this Uncelestial City is " tender " must be acknowledged, that it is " living " may be questioned; Jakes and his mother are first cousins to Masefield's " Widow of the Bye Street," and are too much drawn to " type." We are still, each of us, " the human crying to the human."

Roy Campbell, in *Adamastor* (Faber & Faber, 5s. net), has produced a volume of poems far more impressive than *The Wayzgoose* or *The Flaming Terrapin*. His fierce Old Testament denunciation has lost none of its self-confident vigour, but we begin to see not only those things which the poet hates but also those which he defends. We pass from the humorous tolerance of *Bongwi's Theology* and *The Pioneers* (early poems now reprinted) to the savage hatred of

The soul of Africa, the grey
Mushed emanation of her hills,
The drowsy poison of her day,
The hand that fondles while it kills,

The subtle anæsthetic breath,
The vengeful sting that gives no pain
But deals around it worse than death
The palsied soul, the mildewed brain.

As satirist or discontented poet, Mr. Campbell uses an astonishing mastery of metaphor to bludgeon or persuade the reader, but despite the speed of the verse the flow of phrases is always as controlled and ordered as in the passage quoted, where the hideous evil slowly emerges from the mist to culminate in an active metaphor: "The hand that fondles while it kills," and then recommences to achieve that "mildewed brain," an image more horrifying than is death. A poet less wary than Mr. Campbell would sometimes stumble into bathos or mere weariness; in *The Festivals of Flight* the craze for swift, aimless voyaging, travelling for the sake of speed, is shown as an absurdity, than as something worse, an attempt to numb all finer thought and feeling:

Valise of invalids on tour:
Refuge of refugees in flight:
Home of the homeless: sinecure
Of hunted thieves at dead of night.

Nirvana of the record-breakers,
Heaven in which our senses swim,
Aviary of aviators
And poultry-run of seraphim!

. . . . .

Mecca of all mechanic progress:
Destination, course, and goal
Of those who've none: Circean Ogress
Whose snouted trophy is my soul!

And so the poem seems to rollick along—achieving the speed which it despises—until we realize that the interest has been skilfully transferred from speed to the soul of its worshipper; a petty, self-pitying, posing soul, which is not a caricature of any type but a personification of a weakness from which none of us (least of all Mr. Campbell) are wholly free:

Far from the famed memorial arch
Towards a lonely grave I come,
My heart in its funereal march
Goes beating like a muffled drum,

. . . . .

And you shall lend me, if you please,
That in the mode I may appear,
Your shirt, tormented Hercules!
Laocoon! your bandolier.

It is a proof of Mr. Campbell's sound self-criticism that he lays aside this wit in certain of his poems and produces quietly and effectively the known effects of poetry without recourse to pyrotechnics which could, in such a context, only distract from the contemplation of essential structure, as in *Autumn :*

> I love to see, when leaves depart,
> The clear anatomy arrive,
> Winter, the paragon of art,
> That kills all forms of life and feeling
> Save what is pure and will survive.

" Save what is pure and will survive " ; those are the things he worships, whether it be :

> The timeless, surly patience of the serf
> That moves the nearest to the naked earth
> And ploughs down palaces, and thrones, and towers

or

> The curbed ferocity of beaten tribes,
> The sullen dignity of their defeat.

The poetic use of metaphor first reveals a similarity between the subject and the metaphor, and then secures a transference of the feelings aroused by words of the metaphor to the original subject. When the words which stand for the subject are themselves symbols and command the reader's feelings the poet can play upon those feelings without the use of metaphor. And because Mr. Campbell uses in these poems common words which have almost the same effects on all his readers, his poetry is not the poetry of any clique or class, but that of all who love the unchanging things he praises in a *Mass at Dawn :*

> I dropped my sail and dried my dropping seines
> Where the white quay is chequered by cool planes
> In whose great branches, always out of sight,
> The nightingales are singing day and night.
> Though all was grey beneath the moon's grey beam,
> My boat in her new paint shone like a bride,
> And silver in my baskets shone the bream ;
> My eyes were tired and I was heavy-eyed,
> But when with food and drink, at morning-light
> The children met me at the water-side,
> Never was wine so red or bread so white.

In the satires there are often passages which are not absolutely essential, they are amusing, but " they'd none of them be missed," but in these poems that the poet attains his own ideal, the strict form of a winter tree, and for readers who delight in this precision and economy a poem like " The Sisters " has a double beauty, the beauty of the vision seen, and the beauty of the craftsmanship and both are things that are " pure and will survive."

Cavender's House by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Hogarth Press, 4s. 6d.) is a psychological study, in the manner of the modern short story, of a man who has murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy and now, talking to the ghost which he has conjured from his own imagination, begs to be told whether his jealousy was justified. And the ghost, because it is a part of his own mind, cannot tell him.

Only at intervals does Mr. Robinson use his blank verse to achieve effects which prose could not attain, and as soon as the reader has detected the allegory and known that he is Cavender, he sees that there can be no " story " though

" It takes up about eighty thousand lines
A thing imagination boggles at
And night, Od's bobs sir, in judicious hands
Extend from here to Mespotamy."

Mr. Robinson has, in the past thirty years, made important contributions to American letters, but the present volume is less impressive than *Tristram* and *Collected Poems*.

Cambridge Poetry 1930 (Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.) contains work of so many diverse kinds that no general pronouncement can be made. Mr. Bronowski continues to attempt an imitation of his master—substituting disused drain pipes for empty cisterns ; Mr. Davenport expresses an honest "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may" philosophy, using more modern images ; Mr. Hugh Sykes continues to make a patchwork of Mr. Cumming's and Mr. Eliot's last style but one (though his " Rape of the Sabines " holds promise of better things and is no mere imitation). John Lehmann contributes three poems which are vigorous without violently dislocating tradition form :

Put by the promise of the urgent wheels,
Lost Eden is the vital earth of Spring ;
Six hundred miles the raucous engine steals,
No closer reft felicity they bring.

Arthur Tillotson's poems shows a subtle change from his earlier writing ; the meaning no longer stands between the reader and the poem :

Fathoms may err in spanning
The depth thy father lies ;
Coral may not reap those bones
Nor nacre seal the eyes.

No algoid metamorphosis
Breeds acetarious faming,
We shall descend beyond the power
Of decumanic maiming

Phosphorescent he shall sift
Gently through the curd,

. . . . .

As we find on reading poems in some foreign languages, the poem can be felt before the words are understood. The volume contains a poem in French, *Ganymede*, by Louis Le Breton, which might well have been written by any master of French romantic poetry. M. Le Breton (who is also an artist) is a poet to be watched.

There are few poets who can write of an icy world of unicorn and moonlight without collapsing into moonshine ; Miss Stella Gibbons, in *The Mountain Beast and Other Poems* (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), succeeds because, for her, the unicorns, the fabled ones, are not lay figures but stand for something vividly imagined. Her's is not the world of makebelief but the world of those thoughts which find no expression in prose. So her *Cunning Huntress* can say :

> Look, mountain leopard, see !
> Noose, arrows, knife, I put from me
> And with meek hands outspread
> I let you touch my bending head,
> Turn clear, unfriendly eyes
> Deep on my own, where no guile lies.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Caught, golden cat o' mountain, caught !
> Wrapped thigh-deep with a clinging thought !
> Nor rending claw nor angry pain
> Can win your mountain peace again.
> After echo or over snow
> Steady beside you my thought can go
> And bring you back, when the hunt is past,
> To the smoky quiet of the cave at last.

Occasionally Miss Gibbons attempts a direct statement and so spoils her effect (if the thing *could* be said directly there would be no need of a poem) but in *The Sentry* and *To a Deserted Girl* her restraint maintains an intensity which distinguishes her work from that of thousands of others who have attempted the same subjects. And if in some of her poems she pours vitriol on Mrs. Fand, and " a fat woman in Bond Street " it serves to remind us that humanitarianism, with its encouragement of the weak, the maimed, the foolish and the ugly, may yet prove to be short-sighted kindliness.

The Anglo-Saxon races have been seafarers so long that half a word, a hint, of a shipwreck, tells them the story ; the teller's work is easy, and our responses are so easily aroused that we cannot tell good work from bad. The plain story of the *Roosevelt* and the *Antinoe* is exciting enough, but Mr. Pratt (*The Roosevelt and the Antinoe* Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net.), is not content with straightforward narrative and, precisely because his verses produce from time to time the tension he requires, the ineffectual lines which follow are almost ludicrous :

Now drawing in, now clawing off, and now
Dead close, beam to the wind, just shadowing
The brute drive of the freighter, to allow
The boat with heavy lateral drift to steer
With wider berth into the wind and clear
The danger of the surge around the bow.

This passage, which starts effectively, can only be saved if the reader abandons all restraint and shouts :

The danger of the SURGE around the bow.

But this device is not always applicable :

Miller tried to close again but failed.
With water shipped as fast as it was bailed,
Seams leaking, twelve half-dead men barely stowed,

The tripping regularity of the first two lines is not ameliorated by the stumbling third which can only be saved from doggerel and contorted into rhythm by distorting accent or sacrificing sense :

Seams leaking twelve, half-dead men, barely stowed,

Despite such lapses the poem might have impressed many readers had the conclusion been a little less banal :

Meanwhile a nation which was never spared
The discipline of waters had prepared
Her subjects' hearts from foc's'le to throne
With this Atlantic record to attest
The valour of the eagle from the west.

It cannot be said that way; the emotion is more complex, and such dreadful garrulity belies the feeling which peeps through the laconic brevity of orders, radiograms, despatches and ships' logs, and that reserve on which, rightly or wrongly, we as a people pride ourselves.

Sir Gilbert Murray continues to do us immeasurable service with his translation of the Greek dramatists, and gladly we turn to them from some of the songs of modern speech. The *Supplices of Aeschylus* (Allen and Unwin, 2s.), the earliest extant Greek play, and less fine in content and technique than the later ones, is, however, treated with the same power and sensitiveness that we have learned to anticipate from him and in which we are never disappointed.

Welcome also is the 4th volume of Dr. Arthur Way's translation of *The Aeneid of Virgil* into English verse—Books X–XII (MacMillan, 5s.). The original text faces every page of the new, and the translator's long sweeping lines not only satisfy the desire for exactitude but sufficiently carry on the amazing speed of the action.

In *Pantalones and Anticks* (Elkin Matthews, 3s. 6d.) Joan Campbell has successfully caught the spirit of her themes, that of poignancy underlying the clowning of life. "The Ways of Misrule," here quoted, is written with a curious cruelty :

Seven splendid peacocks stood upon a wall
Listening to a Fool who sang how Love is Lord of all;
Seven splendid peacocks, and a proud princess who said,
"Their tails would make a wondrous fan to wave above my head";
Sweet, sweet sang the Fool, and the princess spoke again,
"His heart would make a bauble to hang upon my chain."
So they took and stripped the peacocks to please the proud princess,
And the Fool's heart dangled for a day against her golden dress . . .
Seven splendid peacocks, a princess and a Fool,
And no one cried for pity in the Kingdom of Misrule!

Another volume from the same publisher, *Serenity and Other Poems*, by Lilian Gunton (3s. 6d.), shows a writer who works in a less direct manner and with equal significance. She handles words well. "You Envy Me My Song" strikes an unexpected note in the quiet questioning of her verse:

You envy me my song!
I envy you your quiet hours of sleep
In innocence;
Your days that break as petals from the sheaf
Of night.

You envy me my song!
I envy you your happy thoughts that keep
Their boundaries;
Your mind's sure flight with havened horizon
In sight.

You envy me my song!
Ah! songs are made by reeds with pithless holes
For homeless winds;
By taut, dry strings that once were sentient things
Now dead.

R. D. Norton, in *Poems and Translations* (Medici Soc., 5s.) gives us English versions of many delightful French poems. The contributions from his own pen prove him to be a creative artist as well as a re-creative one.

Poems of Merioneth by Belfrage Gilbertson (Stockwell, 1s.) and *The Pool of Silence* by Dallas Kenmare (Cornish Bros., 1s. 6d.), are unambitious little volumes of verse that yet have the merits of clarity and simplicity. More ambitious is *The Flight of Icarus* by G. Edward Pine (Stockwell). The title poem deals with a legend that is too well known to require an "Argument," however, and the narrative is written in a style facile rather than fluent. There is a distinct lyrical quality in the diction of *The Starry Adventure* by Bessie J. B. MacArthur (Elkin Matthews, 3s. 6d.), though the significance of the allegory is less apparent.

A Book of Lincolnshire Verse (2s. 6d.), published by the Poetry Society for King Edward VI Grammar School, Louth, is compiled by members of the poetry club of that school and is the fruit of a competition inaugurated by THE POETRY REVIEW a short time ago. To repeat the words of commendation in the report of the competition : " It is a pleasure and a surprise to find poems selected from such various sources as Percy's *Reliques* and *Punch*, and from individual poets such as Drayton, Dyer, Tennyson, and Jean Ingelow." Verses by unknown authors also form an interesting collection and are supplemented by writers in the school itself, showing how highly developed is this art of self-expression among the youthful members of the Poetry Club, which includes the remarkable Miss Binnington among its members. Louth's brilliant examples could and should be followed by many similar schools.

The Spring Anthology (Mitre Press, 10s. 6d.) is a much better collection of miscellaneous poems representative of the large body of accomplished verse-writers in English, than are the majority of similar compilations, the editorial work evidently having been done more thoroughly and with better balance and more regard for actual merit. In consequence this very voluminous collection of contemporary verse, running to about 500 crown 8vo pages, may be regarded as representative of the very large out-put in England and the United States, both sections of the English-speaking people being fully represented. We cannot recognize any scheme in the arrangement and the title apparently indicates the period of publication without any reference to the subject of the poems. Numerous contributors are familiar to us as members of our own Fellowship. It is pleasing to see John Richard Moreland's " April " in the forefront, and to have Walter K. Lewis, Florence Bradford and Redcliffe M'Kie quite adequately represented.

An Hour of American Poetry (London, Lippincott) is an exceedingly refreshing book to read. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, the Pulitzer Biography prize winner, has a very fair and balanced mind and treats American poetry much more reasonably than the majority of critics, whether friendly towards it or otherwise. His sane treatment of Longfellow is particularly gratifying. He recognizes the nobility and sincerity of the passion that has been denied him by others, the superb eloquence of the little read but most beautiful *Michael Angelo* and the extraordinary sureness and facility of his craftsmanship. Mr. Russell's conclusions also seem to be soundly based. He recognizes the increase in authority and individuality in present-day work that seem closely woven, and a broader, graver, more sympathetic outlike upon life, leading to a certain development of the American personality and the expectation that since the product of this generation is so remarkable something really good and enduring may be expected of the next. His enquiry is leading him to realize that next to orchestral music poetry is America's best achievement in art. "The nation wherein materialism is believed to have reached its farthest advance shows at the same time along two lines of greatest cultural activity—the greatest, and, what is more important, the most widely diffused. The progress of poetry through the schools has almost kept step with the march of music. In no other country, with the possible exception of Japan, does poetry seem to mean so much to the generality of people. Great in bulk, the annual American output of verse is in its average quality of an unchallenged competence."

Walter D'Arcy Cresswell is a New Zealander of unbounded courage and self-confidence. Since the end of the war he has lived partly at the expense of his father, partly by occasional journalism and partly by the generosity of his friends. Having rejected those duties which the vast majority must accept in any community, he has been free to wander as his fancy dictated and the resultant limitation of experience combined with a narrowness of reading partially account for his sixth-form mentality. In *The Poet's Progress* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) he recounts his opinions and adventures which are not very unusual—most of us have known them—but his complete inability to see the other side of his picture makes the book uproariously funny. More young men than Mr. Cresswell imagines have found themselves penniless on the roads of France or Spain, and (temporarily) friendless, but most of them have a sense of proportion—it is good fun to be "down and out" in that sense, but to maintain a family on two pounds a week must be a vastly different experiment. Neither Mr. Cresswell nor the rest of us have any right to parade our experience of "poverty" if we have none but ourselves to care for. Yet it is tragic that, at a critical period of his life, a young man capable of writing quite pleasant poetry should be so isolated from his fellows and from books as to be compelled to elaborate his own theory of poetics. One man in a million might produce great work in such circumstances, but the rest, like Mr. Cresswell, would take years to make the progress which the ordinary undergraduate makes in his first term. Nevertheless, Mr. Cresswell's progress, though very slow, is sure. Perhaps he will cease, one day, to gibe at those who, though he does not know it, once thought and felt as he does. Meanwhile his book is amusing and interesting and might replace a novel on the library list.

We commend the following timely comment by "E.B.O." in *The Morning Post* to the attention of those who are inclined to let the defects of the individual obscure appreciation of his work :—

"I, for my part, should be well content if the perplexed lives of poets were forgotten and only their poetry remembered; having observed that a knowledge of the former too often involves ignorance of the latter. I can lay my hand on many persons posing as lovers of the noblest part of our English heritage, who can tell you the contents of the Keats Museum at Hampstead or repeat all the 'Chatter about Harriet' (recently, alas! renewed), but could not, even as a neck-verse, accurately recite even a stanza or two of the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' or the 'Ode to the West Wind.' Happy Shakespeare, whose life was so occluded that the scholar with a sieve (cousin of Bunyan's man with a muck-rake) can make nothing of it, for all his painful care in sifting the dust of circumstance, and is compelled in sheer desperation to read his Plays! The last stanza of Gray's much-criticised epitaph:

> No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,

points out the better way for critics whose most anxious ambition should be to persuade others to love all true poetry, old or new, and as a means to that end, to abandon the national sport of artist-baiting."

ON PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY

"WHEN smale fowles maken melodie,"
And summer draweth nigh,
"Then longen folk to go on pilgrimage,"
So says the poet-sage.

And thus it fell we modern pilgrims went
Adown the roads of Kent,
Amid the yellow broom and snowy May,
The olden pilgrims' way.

Oh, breath of spring, divinely green and fresh!
Thy magic wove a mesh
That drew us out of trouble, out of time,
To Chaucer's golden clime.

'Twas neither Then nor Now, for both were ours—
Till lo! the distant towers:
The longed-for, sacred shrine, the pilgrims' goal.
Our fabric of the soul!

MARGARET ORMISTON.

A golden and harmonious day of happy memories, sight and sounds, enhanced by the devotion of the guide at Canterbury, Mr. A. Coole, to the pilgrimage spirit.

* * *

We regret the title page and index to Vol. XX is again crowded out of this issue. It will appear with the next number.

THE POETS' FELLOWSHIP

PREMIUM AWARDS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

The eye that sees, the heart that feels, the brain that records are the cultivated possession of many within our fellowship, hence the developing individuality of expression and poems that cannot be dismissed as imitative echoes. We have suggested before that other poets than Keats and Shelley may be accredited with originality and that individuality may be infused in the use of much-used metres. We are getting away from the frequent use of cliches and unjustifiable preference for the adjective that has done similar duty on so many occasions. The irritating " oh " and " so " have been replaced by more pertinent phrases and inversions have been abandoned by all but the latest comers to an art they have not yet mastered. We have printed recently several poems found amongst our periodical pile that express our contributors concern for words as the raw material of their craft, and here is an addition from Alice Hale (Brooklyn, N.Y.), which emphasizes the conclusions mentioned above and is indicative of artistic economy employed by our very efficient word-builders.

We have another group of poems that further illustrate the above remarks and may be accepted as representative of the modern imagist school to whom words are plastic and animated with ideas peculiar to the writers. In consequence we place

A. G. Cooper (Paignton),
Isabelle Fiske Conant (Boston),
D. Freeman Larkin (Brighton),
Newnham Travers (Camberley),
M. E. Pyne (Chelsmford),
K. F. Solloway (Bedford),
Lucy C. Thomas (Croyde),

on the premium list, and to these must be added two "Pilgrimage Poems" by Silvia Dobson and Florence Bone respectively, which come very apropos now that The Poetry Society is reviving its scheme of poetic pilgrimages. Less careful in construction, but eloquent in tribute as well as topical are the verses at Virgil's Grave by E. Nolan (Naples). For one or another poems submitted by them we highly commend :—

Ernest Alcock (Hounslow),
Silvia Dobson (Herne Hill),
F. E. Hodder (Uxbridge),
Frederick Kemp (Catford),
Ida Mills (Whetstone),
Newnham Travers (Camberley),
K. O'Neill Bailey (Harpenden),
Lynette de Pasey (S.W.5),
I. Sutherland Groom (Clifton),
Vera Tomlinson (W.2),
Lucy C. Thomas (Croydon),
M. K. Toovey (Amersham),
Phyllis Taylor (Scunthorpe).

The following are commended :—

E. F. Alden (Haddenham), J. W. Anderson (Skegness), V. Arlett (Worthing), J. Cannings (Melksham), H. G. Carpenter (Ringwood), A. L. Collinge (Bolton), E. A. Cullabine (Worksop), M. Davies (Bath), E. M. Fison (Felixstowe), P. E. Goodman (Belvedere), D. E. Greville (Wakefield), I. Gray (Cairo), N. Grose (Kingham), P. Garell (Chelsea),

S. V. Green (Aberdeen), A. Heward (S.W.11), M. Greenwood (Strand), F. M. Goodliffe (Leicester), K. Harrington (Lexington, U.S.A.), C. A. Home (Harrow), E. Hall Haines (W.12), V. Kelsey Smith (W.1), W. K. Lewis (Ramsgate), D. Major (Hendon), R. McKie (Brighton), E. A. Madden (New York), V. Monkhouse (Denham), A. K. Norman (Bournemouty), M. Newton (Purley), E. Nolan (Naples), P. O'Donnell (Burnham-on-Sea), I. Ormsby (Addiscombe), N. Pollock (Lanark), M. E. Pyne (Chelmsford), N. H. Padwick (W.C.), J. Purdie (Paisley), M. Pollard (Worthing), F. Ray (Bedford), J. Seccombe (S.W.14), H. M. Slade (Ramsgate), B. M. Skeat (Sedburgh), A. Smith (E.11), J. Silver (Norwich), A. M. Waters (Chepstow), A. G. Williams (Linthorpe), C. Wright (Milan), E. M. Walker (Bournemouth), W. Earner (Leicester).

The Lewis Gold Medal for Narrative Poems

Our good friend Mr. W. K. Lewis has extended his generous offers of premiums, and now proposes to provide an annual Gold Medal for members of the Fellowship (any verse-writing members of The Poetry Society). As at present arranged, this Gold Medal is confined to this year in commemoration of the Society's Coming-of-Age but may be extended, if the interest taken in this first offer shows appreciation of it above that of the ordinary cash premiums, and associated with the birthday of the donor. The medal on this occasion is offered for the best short story in verse. The Sands of Dee, Auld Robin Gray, Annabel Lee and The Three Fishers are cited as examples of this genre. Aptness and beauty of expression, brevity and originality are particularly desired, and the length of the poems is limited to not more than 100 lines each. In addition to the Gold Medal, Mr. Lewis provides two guineas to be used at the judge's discretion among one or more competitors other than the winner of the medal. The usual conditions apply :—MSS. must remain at the disposal of the Editor until the award is announced and he may use not only the winning poems but any others submitted in this competition. All MSS. (accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope) must be addressed "The Lewis Gold Medal," 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5 ; closing date November 27th.

A "Coming of Age" Commemoration Premium.

Mr. G. W. Eustace provides a premium of £3 (divided into £1 10s. 0d., £1 and 10s., for 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively) for odes commemorative of the coming of age of the Poetry Society, the form to be that first introduced by Cowley and well explained by him in the stanza from his Ode on Liberty :—

"If Life should a well order'd Poem be,
In which he only hits the White,
Who joins true Profit with the best Delight ;

The more heroick Strain let others take,
Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make :
The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free ;
It shall not keep one settled Place to Time,
In the same Tune it shall not always Chime,
Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme.
A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all with out Offence,
Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.
Nor shall it ever from one Subject start,
  Nor seek Transitions to depart ;
Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
  Nor thro' Lanes a compass take,
As if fear'd some Trespass to commit,
  When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
  'Till the whole Carcass he devour,
  That's fall'n into his Pow'r,
As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,
That he can never want Plenty of Food ;
  He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
And to fresh Game flies cheerfully away,
To Kites and meaner Birds, he leaves the mangled Prey."

The length should not exceed 52 lines in all. To allow over-seas members to enter, the closing date for receipt of MSS. at the *Poetry Review* Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5, will be October 29th. Competitors must be members of the *P.S.* or registered subscribers to the *P.R.*

The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is increased to £3. MSS. should be addressed to " The Premium Editor, the Poets' Fellowship, THE POETRY REVIEW Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5," before August 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, or international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.)

THE ALVA LANE MSS. DESTROYED : NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

The MSS. submitted by six hundred and forty-three competitors in the Sixteenth International (Alva Lane) Poetry Contest perished in a fire that burned the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Lucien H. Tyng, at Southampton, Long Island, during the night of Sunday, May 25th.

Mrs. Bartlett, chairman of the American Section of The Poetry Society, and American Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW, under whose auspices the international poetry contests have been held, had taken the poems to Southampton to sort preliminary to submitting them to the judges for final adjudication. The fire also destroyed the manuscript of the poems written by Mrs. Bartlett on the recent trip around the world, from which she and Mr. and Mrs. Tyng returned six weeks ago.

Mrs. Bartlett asks that the competitors should re-submit duplicates of their entries under the original conditions, for which purpose the contest remains open until October 1st.

The prize of $100 offered by Mr. Charles Alva Lane, of Alliance, Ohio, will be divided between the four best poems " dealing with the hidden walls of fact and feeling, and their strange inter-relation in the lives of men."

Manuscripts should be typed and the name and address of the author written on the upper left corner, and should be addressed to Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett, THE POETRY REVIEW, 299 Park Avenue, N.Y. City.

* * *

To the Editor of " Everyman."[1]

May I be allowed to make a few comments upon the challenging article, " What is wrong with English Poetry ? " written by Richard Aldington in a recent issue of *Everyman* ? I know it is like the puny midge endeavouring to move the gigantic elephant for me to intervene, but I also know that I should not be true to the spirit of the " Poets' Fellowship " were I to remain silent. Mr. Aldington makes many wise remarks in the course of the article both upon " American " English poetry and " English " English poetry, and with many of these I most cordially agree ; I especially thank him for the illuminating explanation of T. S. Eliot's " Waste Land," which has been a great puzzle to me, and yet I recognize that it is a very remarkable poem which I have not yet stopped reading.

Says Mr. Aldington, " I don't recollect any trial-grounds of poetry in modern England comparable with ' . . . ' (a Chicago monthly pamphlet)." Surely he has overlooked that well known bi-monthly called THE POETRY REVIEW. Many young poets in these islands (I am anxious to include Scotland) will be prepared to support me in the contention that THE POETRY REVIEW is a splendid training ground, and offers easy facilities for all those who are endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Aldington and other modern British writers who have made names for themselves in the realms of literature.

As for our lack of knowledge of American poetry, may I suggest that all the readers of THE POETRY REVIEW have a magnificent opportunity of correcting this supposed lack of knowledge of what is being done in America by a host of writers who wish to maintain the traditions of the English Tongue in Prose and Poetry ? In every number of The Poetry Review regularly appear ten or sixteen pages edited by the well known writer and editor, Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett. I have been looking over recent numbers of the Review, and note that the majority of the names listed in Mr. Aldington's article as " American Poets " appear more than once in Mrs. Hunt Bartlett's excellent resumés of the literary activities in America. Besides, there are frequent contributed articles by able writers on subjects which may be reckoned American. In a word, readers of The Poetry Review are kept thoroughly in touch with what is happening in America so far as poetry is concerned. Did not the *Morning Post*, not addicted to paying empty compliments, recommend The Poetry Review " as a reliable and most readable guide to current expressions both here and in America, and the growing interest in the most readable of the Arts"? I am not quite sure that this habit of classifying poets as " English " and " American " may not be a very pernicious one. To be thoroughly consistent we should have to be prepared to acknowledge many other classes, e.g., Scots, Irish, etc. We are all trying to use the language to the very best purpose, and hence we may all claim to be English authors.

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[1] A reply to an article and refused hospitality by our contemporary. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Purdie for his spirited defence and advocacy.—ED.

Mr. Aldington quotes a paragraph from the letter of a " most intelligent young American " who evidently has a very poor opinion of English writers. In the current number of The Poetry Review there is the report of a competition for poems on " Power," for which America offered prizes to the extent of 250 dollars. This sum was divided among four competitors. The second place was taken by Miss Edith M. Walker, Bournemouth ; the fourth place by Mr. G. W. Eustace, Arundel, Sussex. Surely this is not a very bad record for a company of " English fools "—the complimentary appellation of Mr. Aldington's " most intelligent Young American." Of course, this very clever young man would get out of the controversy by asserting that the poems in this competition possessed " least character and are most like tenth-rate verse," but readers of The Poetry Review know that both of these successful English competitors have already won a very honourable and conspicuous place in the hierarchy, and that The Poetry Review recognizes merit wherever discernible and is not obsessed by reputations.

Finally Mr. Aldington has come to the conclusion that " what is wrong with English poetry " is that it is cursed with " *insipid good taste*." In this oracular pronouncement, it seems to me, we have a very good example of the curse of collocations of adjectives to which you, as Editor of *Everyman*, recently directed the attention of your company of " fools," who are striving to learn in as pleasant a manner as possible how to write English poetry and prose in such a way as to uphold the dignity of those " who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake." The condemnatory phrase is meaningless on ultimate analysis of its terms, and is certainly no aid to me or to anyone else looking for help from those who occupy the position of literary teachers among whom I have always placed the gifted writer of the article I have been criticizing. Would it be fair criticism to describe D. H. Lawrence's poem, " Virgin Youth," or T. S. Eliot's poem on " Whisperings of Immortality " and containing this verse :

> " Grishkin is nice : her Russian eye
> Is underlined for emphasis ;
> Uncorseted, her friendly bust
> Gives promise of pneumatic bliss "

as *savoury bad taste* ?

JOHN PURDIE.

Paisley.

AT VIRGIL'S GRAVE

(*To the Editor of* THE POETRY REVIEW)

SIR,—To Mrs. Bartlett's article may I add a tribute in verse.

For centuries past, the rain and sunlight came,
And drench'd the structure, known as Virgil's Grave—
Long gone ! the dust of ages now,
There mingles with his dust,
At rest, beneath the mountain's brow.

And spring oft brought her gifts of sun and shower,
To his last resting place against the hill.
The summer gave her golden sheaves,
Blue mint and silver dew,
With Autumn's crown of copper leaves.

For nature's poet and the peasant's friend,
Each rolling year had greetings and regrets ;
His spirit wanders with them too,
Around the noble bay,
The rocks, and distant isles in view.

The empire that he served has long since gone,
And gone, the cultures that he knew—unused—
The notes to which his lyre was strung,
And his dear country knows
Another rule—another tongue.

And where is now the Naples of his day ?
The Roman architecture, villas, domes,
Or Doric temple's marbled pride ?
Are all destroyed by strife,
Worn out by time, and cast aside ?

A modern city sits upon the hill,
And spreads her skirts along the water's edge ;
Still, from the past some gem she holds,
Beneath her mantle crushed,
Or hidden in its ample folds.

Not least of those, this old and empty tomb,
So far from Mantova or Brindisi—
With some small care kept free from rust—
Within there lies a name
Preserved two thousand years from dust.

Virgil dying at Brindisi desired to be buried in the gardens of his villa at Naples. The villa has disappeared ; but the antique conical hut built of Roman bricks is still there, and may have been the tomb in which the urn was deposited. It stands a little way up the hill near the entrance of a cave, and has been restored from time to time—thus, in 1546-1548, 1800. Now, it is said that it cannot be restored any more. Lower down on the same hill is a large marble slab (built into the rocks) on which Virgil's Epitaph is written in Latin. This is of more recent date.

E. NOLAN.

Naples.

The Virgil Celebrations in Italy

The Italian celebrations of the 2000th birthday of Virgil, which are of world-wide significance and appeal, began on April 21st in twenty or thirty of the principal cities in Italy, specially chosen speakers commemorating Virgil, the poet of Country-Life and of the Roman Empire. From October 1st to the 15th Virgil feasts will be held, culminating in three stately celebrations—in Mantua, on October 1st, with Senator Giuseppe Albini as principal speaker, the academicians of Italy being present in their beautiful gorgeous academic robes ; in Naples on October 7th under the auspices of Dr. Luigi Valli; and October 15th in the Campidoglio at Rome, when Ettore Romagnoli, the Academician, will preside.

At Mantua, where the arrangements are organized by the Royal Virgilian Academy, will be inaugurated " Virgil's Grove," the idea of which was conceived by Giacomo Boni and now made a reality by the work of Arnaldo Mussolini, and there will be a show of the earliest printed editions and other relics of Virgilian work in the restored Ducal Palace.

At Naples the Path of Access leading to the Sybil's Grotto will be opened ; there will also be ceremonies at the Tomb of Virgil, a visit to Lake Avernus and to those places in the neighbourhood mentioned by Virgil. At Rome " A Hymn to Virgil " will be sung, the culmination of two competitions. There will also be a series of lectures (preceded by a general introduction given by Ugo Antonielli), on Ostia, Laurento, Lavinio, Ardea and all the places recorded in the last cantos of the *Æneid*.

Under the charge of the Royal Virgilian Academy of Mantua the following books will be published: an Edition-de-Luxe of all Virgil's works, edited by Giuseppe Albini; a Volume of Virgilian Essays, which will include writings by students of Virgil, both Italian and foreign; a volume of Researches recording the place associations of the great poet, and, under the auspices of the Ministry of Education, a *Facsimile* of the precious *Codex Mediceus*, 39, 1, from the Laurentine Library, which contains practically all the works of Virgil, will be published.

A Virgilian Pilgrimage or Cruise is to take place, between the end of September and October 15th, in order to visit all the places in Italy mentioned in the *Æneid*; particularly Scilla, Etna (the Cyclops), Syracuse, Pacino, Gela, Agrigento, Selinunte, Trapani, Cuma, Gatta, Circello and Ostia.

Every day on board this "Crusaders' Ship" a student chosen by the Italian Academy will give a reading with illustrations of various extracts from the *Æneid*. At all the places touched by the cruise lecturers chosen from among Italian Archæologists will give illustrated lectures co-ordinated so as to form a volume about pre-Roman Italy which will be published by the Italian Academy.

The participation of The Poetry Society in these celebrations has been invited through the Italian Embassy; further details of arrangements are awaited, and will be sent to any reader who is sufficiently interested to apply for these to the Director of The Poetry Society, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5. The organization of special school and college parties is suggested.

The Rawnsley Gold Medal Competition

The 1929 Rawnsley Memorial Gold Medal for the Reading of Poetry was awarded by Mr. Guy Pertwee on May 29th to Mrs. L. Y. Humfrey, Upper Norwood.

This was the second competition, the date of which had been carried forward owing to the change of offices and other interferences. The first medal was awarded to Miss Esther Samms of Luton, by the Lady Margaret Sackville, who acted as adjudicator at Lady Beecham's house in Grosvenor Square, in November, 1928.

The reading on the present occasion was not exhilarating, proving the truth of Pompilia's aside, "Poetry is a difficult thing to read." Sincerity was associated with a too deliberate seriousness, bordering on a laboured sententiousness and a too great care for the individual word from which the spirit of poetry had been eliminated. Only Mrs. Humfrey wove the words into lyrical beauty and cast the spell of glamour over the audience.

It is proposed to hold the third annual competition in November, when we hope to have more centre and group entries as the result of local eliminating competitions.

In announcing the award of the Rawnsley Gold Medal for the reading of poetry, Professor Pertwee said: "In such a recital as we have just listened to one has to judge partly by the choice and partly by the rendering of that choice. On the whole there was not sufficient vitality shown and not sufficient sense of colour in the renderings that were given. The pieces were not always individual and suitable for the reader. When I was sitting at the other end of the room some lines in a book (*The Biography of Edward Gibbon*) I was reading the other night came back to me. He says that when in Geneva he attended a meeting at which Voltaire read some of his poems which Gibbon said showed more enthusiasm for poetry than for the realization of nature. That struck me to-night that that criticism rather covered a good many of the readings we have listened to. They were all very earnest and obviously lovers of poetry, but they needed to get some more of the sense of rhythm. Sometimes I was conscious of the metre and not of the rhythm. The diction was not always good—I did not catch all the words. I am sure, and my fellow judge agrees with me, that the reader who got nearest the heart of the poem, the best feeling for it, was Mrs. Humfrey—I am glad to hear your applause and to know that you agree with me. I think Mrs. Humfrey had a very good sense of poetry and a good sense of colour and atmosphere and appreciation. Sometimes the diction was not always what I should wish it to be, but it was an extremely good rendering on the whole. I noticed one thing which I missed in some of the others that is what one so often finds in poetry—a word repeated. It makes it so dully monotonous if the same word is repeated again unless it is done musically. Mrs. Humfrey did this and she also had an extremely musical way of producing her voice. I feel that for natural rhythmical fluency it is necessary to be conscious of the rhythm but not of the metre."

THE SPRING GOLD MEDAL EXAMINATION

Professor E. Guy Pertwee, F.G.S.M., in announcing the awards at the Gold Medal Examination on May 29th, said "I am very happy to be able to express what a very pleasant evening I have spent here. The greatest pleasure it has given me is that the majority to-night spoke their lines as if they were enjoying themselves and that their relations with poetry is a splendid thing. This is much better than showing the agony of the soul as was the habit on some earlier occasions. Is there anything more suffering than the average person reading poetry over the wireless? A big school now has sprung up—I don't know how old it is but it has come to the fore lately, which thinks the individual does not matter in poetry, that vitality must be left out and all you have to do is to open your mouth and play tunes upon your voice. I feel of course personality must come through. Returning to the wireless I always feel inclined to send a postcard to them to read my favourite quotation, ' Poetry like Beatrice was born under a dancing star.' There is very little dancing about the poetry read on the wireless ! Another line that appeals to me is ' Poetry has a double birth—it has a utilitarian father and an æsthetic mother.'

" We have here some extraordinary earnest performers, but I would like to say to one or two of the candidates they must just make sure of the difference between what is verse and what is poetry. They must have fallen into the error of mistaking verse in some of their selections for poetry. It is a very subtle difference but it is a very important one. I say nothing of the technique, which is necessarily of a very high order, but I must impress upon you that one does want to hear true poetry.

" There were three outstanding performers to-night. One was Miss Peggy Osborne. I admire her work enormously ; she does get that atmosphere of concentration ; even though her second choice was not particularly good her manner of expressing it ' got across.' She has a fine sense of colour with tone and imagination behind her words. I think, and I am happy that my experienced colleague agrees, that Miss Peggy Osborne should certainly be let loose on the world as a Gold Medallist of The Poetry Society. And so I think should Miss Molly Winmill. Personally, I enjoyed every word of Miss Winmill's ' De Gustibus '—it was a most vital performance and seemed to just get the very spirit of the splendid piece, with vitality in the face as well as in the voice.

" Now if only we could get these two ladies down to Savoy Hill it would be most interesting for the world to hear their recital.

" I also think that certainly Miss Hilda Vincent should have the Gold Medal. She gave an admirable performance of ' The Patriot ' and she proved to me what she could do with less imaginative material in her second piece.

" I would also like to commend Miss Barbara Pearce. I don't feel yet that Miss Pearce is quite the up to Gold Medal standard of The Poetry Society, but I don't think there is an atom of doubt that one day she will get it. Her work showed good thought ; her voice was admirably produced and had a most musical quality in it. I feel that with some maturity and further experience she will make a very charming verse-speaker. I would like to say to the others who have taken part they nearly all gave a very earnest performance.

" I would like to stress the necessity of using the voice God has given you to get a sense of colour, and for goodness sake let your imagination have a chance because poetry without imagination is no use. I would like to mention three little points about ' elocution.' The first is a plea for the letter ' r.' I was rather disappointed in some cases not to hear it more pronounced. When it precedes a vowel or a neutral consonant it is such a pleasure to hear it and it gives finish to the performance and makes a difference to really admirably spoken English—the standard of English that we are all aiming at—not only the love of poetry but its help to raise the standard of our splendid language. I don't mean that you must stress it abnormally, that would be going to the other extreme, but do let it be heard in its own place.

"I would like to say one more word about the neutral vowel—the vowel sound in the non-accented syllable of the word should take the sound approximating to the sound 'er'; it will take away anything like the pedantic or affectation in speech.

"Another point is the standing of the candidates. There was a lack of ease about one or two of them to-night that rather spoilt the rendering. That is one of the most curious things that occur. Real artistry demands a complete co-ordination of mental and physical faculties."

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

The 21st annual general business meeting of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) was held on May 6th at the office of The Society, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5, the President-General, the Lady Maud Warrender, in the chair.

The Hon. Treasurer (Mr. C. Oscar Gridley) in his report stated: "In presenting the Annual Accounts of the Society I have pleasure in again reporting a satisfactory financial record for the year ending December 31st last. Though general expenses have considerably increased, as was anticipated when we removed to our new Headquarters, the result of our Income and Expenditure account shows a balance on the right side of about £225, and our investments and reserves stand at £1,269. THE POETRY REVIEW publication account almost balances itself, being no longer an expense and charge on other and more general work of the Society, printing charges being met out of advertisement and sales revenue.

"It is also satisfactory to note that the first three months of this year our finances continue to show equally good results. Though membership subscriptions do not increase as rapidly as one would wish to see, the general work of the Society is widening, and its influence spreading, not only at home, but in almost all English-speaking countries. We are particularly grateful to America, and especially to Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett for her generous gift of 1,000 dollars to be devoted to the furnishing of our new Library and Reception Rooms. This amount is not included in our account for the past year, as the sum received awaits Mrs. Bartlett's visit to England, when details are to be submitted for her approval.

"It is natural and right that our Expenditure for Management and Secretarial work should increase, and your Executive Committee are pleased that we are now able to remunerate our Staff more in accordance with commercial requirements, and not rely upon so much voluntary assistance as we had to do in past years. We must look forward to carry on the work of the Society on strictly business lines in order to justify our existence as a sound proposition, whilst welcoming every voluntary effort to spread the light that can show a result commensurate with the expenditure made.

" In conclusion I beg to again ask you to relieve me of my duties as Treasurer as soon as possible. This decision is, I am sure, in the interest of the Society which appears in a good financial position, and needs less anxiety and labour to a Treasurer than in the past. I shall be pleased to continue with your permission, my duties on the Council and shall still have the same enjoyment and interest in the Society's work as I have had for so long."

The Financial Statement was adopted with acclamation, and the Treasurer stated that if any member wished to see the Statement or raise any questions thereon they may communicate with him. He would be very glad to answer any enquiries.

No new nominations to the General Council had been received, but it was reported that Miss Lilian Lloyd, who had been a member from the formation of the Society, regretted that she had to resign owing to the situation of the offices making it almost impossible for her to attend the meetings. The Executive Council had accepted her resignation with regret, and in recognition of her devoted association with the General Council for twenty-one years it had been decided to elect her an hon. Vice-President.

It was reported that during the past year Lady Chalmers and Lady Tenterden had been elected to the General Council to fill vacancies caused by the death of Lady Meyer and Mr. Ashton Jonson. The General Council to serve with the representatives of Centres was re-elected as follows :—Commander Bellairs, Captain Cranmer Byng, Miss Julie Huntsman, Mrs. H. Minshall, Mr. F. Irving Taylor, Lady Chalmers, Lady Tenterden, the Hon. Eleanour Norton, the Countess van Bylandt (Holland), Mrs. Alice Hunt Bartlett (U.S. America), Judge I. I. Kazi (India), Mrs. H. Osborne (Canada), and Baron Pilars de Pilar (Poland).

Votes of thanks were passed to the Hon. Solicitor, Hon. Auditor, and the Centre Presidents and Secretaries. The General Meeting confirmed the Resolution passed by the Executive *re* the Laureateship.

The question of the proposed resignation of the Treasurer was raised. The Treasurer stated that he was willing to continue until such time as another Treasurer could be found and was quite willing to leave the matter in the hands of the Executive.

The Treasurer moved a vote of thanks to the Lady Maud Warrender for her services during the past year, stating that " her interest in poetry is a great assistance to us and I hope she will be many, many years before she retires from her position." In passing a vote of thanks to the Treasurer, the President and Mrs. Mends Gibson endorsed the opinion of the Meeting that they did not know what they would have done in the past but for Mr. Gridley's Treasurership and they sincerely hoped he would continue in that position for some time to come.

At the subsequent meeting of the General Council on June 3rd, the Lady Maud Warrender, who stated she was proud to occupy the position and serve the Society, was re-elected President. Mr. Gridley consented to continue as Treasurer *pro tem.* Mr. J. F. Tilly, Mrs. Mends Gibson, Lady Tenterden, Lady Chalmers, Mrs. Minshall, Miss Huntsman, Mr. Cowan, the Hon. E. Norton and Mr. F. I. Taylor were appointed to constitute the Executive Council.

Mr. F. Irving Taylor, who retires with the cordial thanks and appreciation of the Council from the position of Hon. Director and Editor owing to other demands on his time, was congratulated on the completion and gratifying reception of his epic, *Azal and Edras.*

* * *

Propinquity, it is suggested, had some influence on the appointment to the Laureateship. The contiguity of Mr. Masefield's residence to that of his predecessor marked him out as the one on whom the crown could be set with the least dislocation. If the majestic Watson had not secluded himself for so many years in remote Cumberland and later in an unfashionable corner of the south country, or Mr. Alfred Noyes had been acting, as it was expected at one time he would be, as Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, there would have been more doubt as to on whose head the honour would have descended. The choice of Mr. Masefield appears to have been anticipated by and popular among the people to whom his long narrative poems from " The Everlasting Mercy " to " Reynard the Fox " appeal, and there is danger that those who know him chiefly by " The Daffodil Fields " will remember him as the Laureate qualified by an adjective made popular in that epic !

We ourselves think Mr. Masefield's choice is justified on other grounds. It is now seventeen years since THE POETRY REVIEW pointed out, much to the indignation of many of Mr. Masefield's new press admirers, that violence is not strength and " damns " have had their day. Since then he has given other and more substantial evidence of being a poet in the proper sense of the word. In " Lollington Downs " we have proof that he is not tied to the groundlings whose ears are tickled by a dramatic tale broadly told, or by sprightly rhymes, but that he is aware of and engaged in the eternal quest of beauty which alone makes life tolerable, the pursuit that is never satisfied and cannot be satisfied by any material display or symbols. Perhaps he has not the assurance that one would expect from the poet who is the seer and absolute voice of his inarticulate brethren, but if he has not arrived and is not as certain and as definite as the great among poets should be, he is on the trail of a revelation important to the common man as well as to himself. Outside his poetic out-put the new laureate has associated himself with the uses of poetry in modern life, and has given some encouragement to verse-speaking the development of which he went to Scotland to discover in evident ignorance of the pioneer work and the considerable general cultivation that had taken place long before in his own country.

* * *

We deplore the death of our very distinguished ex-President, Sir Herbert Warren, to whose achievements and memory a Virgil could do justice. He was a many-sided man whose remarkable scholarship was never overlaid by formalism or pedantry but remained a green and blossoming thing, animating his whole life and actions. We enjoyed evidence of his extraordinary personality, urbanity and learning when he gave various addresses to and on behalf of The Poetry Society and notably the panegyric he delivered at Somersby on the occasion of the centenary celebrations in his own country of the great poet whose memory and qualities he faithfully served to the end, and subsequently when the Tennyson room, provided and organized by another friend, Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, was opened by him at Lincoln.

The Times, to which Sir Herbert himself contributed many obituary notices of his wide circle of friends as they passed beyond him, contained a splendid recognition of the versatility of our late President, followed by more personal tributes from friends, all of which would have been a great joy to Sir Herbert.

ALL WAYS END

SUMMER at hand,
The green salaam of slender larch,
The new rose—fanned
By robust wind 'neath a revolving arch;

An arch, not cold
As carven alabaster is,
But dust-formed, rolled
Aloft, cloud-tost, from speeding wheel's rough kiss.

I tramp therein,
And from the particles I breathe
My hot eyes win
Smooth, shadowy phantasies, that whirl and wreathe.

They tell the end,
Where the ways mingle—on a hill;
Where I may bend
'Neath crested cedars, cool, agèd and still.

ERNEST ALCOCK.

AN APPRECIATION FROM CHICAGO

We deeply appreciate the serious and reasoned appreciation of the Society's real scope, work and influence expressed in the following letter :—

" To the Director of The Poetry Society.

" Sir,—I am renewing, now for the sixth time, my membership in The Poetry Society, and am doing so with a larger sense than ever before of its value as an encouragement to genuine poetry. My high esteem for the Society is the result of a growing acquaintance with its spirit and aims, and of my confidence in the ability of its leaders to stimulate and direct it intelligently to the attainment of its worthy ends. My confidence is grounded on various considerations, of which I shall mention but two. A comparison of the poems published in The Poetry Review and in *Poetry of To-day* with the poems of other periodicals convinces me that the editors of your two magazines can be relied upon to select with sure poetic taste the best that is submitted for publication. Moreover, the Society's manifesto, published in the last issue of The Poetry Review, reveals the clearest insight into the qualities that constitute genuine poetry of the highest rank and a sound estimate of what poetry means for human happiness, culture, and character, and outlines a splendid and practical programme of varied activities for cultivating widely an appreciative love for real poetry. These with other considerations confirm my belief that The Poetry Society is by far the most powerful agent existing to-day for the advancement of poetry in the English tongue.

It is clear that in recent years there has arisen in many minds of the highest stamp a vigorous reaction against over-reliance upon the economic and the scientific as the leading factors in human progress —an over-reliance which now for many years has stimulated men in their efforts at human betterment ; and it is also clear that a movement is now in progress to promote the betterment of the world by means that deal directly with the development of personality. In such a movement the importance of poetry cannot fail to be recognized, without the aid of which the movement would be seriously hampered. For poetry is by its very nature so variously adapted for the end in view. As an expression of intelligence and natural feeling, and as a rare manifestation of the beautiful, it satisfies the needs of personality at so many points, teaches the heart to enjoy sanely so wide a range of thought, of life, of objects in the natural world, reveals so intimately and so impartially the charm and value of the things of the mind and heart as well as the things of the senses, that without its liberalizing influence, personality could scarcely hope to escape from the dominance of narrow views that would seriously thwart its natural development.

" For effective assistance in such a task poetry can be relied upon. For it is not a plaything : no ' idle singer of an idle day.' Its object is not to amuse, to dazzle, to astound. Its actual effect is to feed and nourish into their sanest, richest, and loveliest life all the qualities of the human spirit. It is little wonder, therefore, that it is often loved to such an extent that many sacrifices are made in behalf of it.

"Furthermore, poetry is the friend of truth. It vitalizes, embellishes, renders enjoyable whatever it touches, not by painting it in illusive colours, nor by the cunning of a deceitful rhetoric, nor by begetting for it a misproportioned sentiment, but by so invigorating the taste, and so enlivening the heart with native emotion, that they become susceptible to a hidden significance, to charms of life-colours that before had escaped their enfeebled vision. Nor does poetry exaggerate. It uses hyperbole, but as a figure of speech, which, when accepted by the reader as literal statement, loses at once its poetic effect. Nor does poetry minimize the evils of the world or glorify them as commendable, though it fosters a geniality of spirit, a companionable mood, that surveys them without harsh intolerance or proud disdain. Poetry is always sincere; its fictions are truth, its dreams realities. However, the realities with which it deals are in the main, not externalities of fact, but values for the inner life.

"By quickening the sense of beauty poetry creates distaste for sensationalism, gush, sentimentality, and the gnawing intensities of a diseased emotion, and keeps the imagination from becoming corrupted through infatuation with the bizarre, the fantastic, the odd, the extravagant. And self-expression, when not directed by a sound feeling for the beautiful, may possibly have a biographic value or interest, but is emptied of high poetic worth.

"Moreover, in virtue of its harmonies of thought and of its melodious rhythms, poetry maintains a serenity so profound that it tranquilizes even its most passionate utterance, and, like the quietude of a primeval forest, stills the restlessness of the feverish excitement with which the human spirit too frequently pursues its ambitious schemes and even its pleasures.

"Poetry, therefore, as the tutor and nurse of disciplined feelings, through the activity of which more than through the activity of any other faculty of the mind are discerned the values of life, is an indispensable aid to human betterment; and those who are wisely directing the efforts of your Society to the advancement of poetry deserve the gratitude of the lovers of mankind.

"In what I have written I have had in mind of course genuine poetry —such as is characterized at once by intelligence, vitality, beauty. Unfortunately, however, in poetic attempts there are numerous failures and numerous perversities of mistaken ideals; and the effect of these is to weaken faith in a form of literature which, if studied with reverence, refines the sentiments, liberalizes the intelligence, and makes religion and virtue more attractive and more inwardly satisfying.

Sincerely yours,

Chicago, Illinois. April 8th. SCHUYLER R. MYERS."

POETRY'S NEW DIMENSION

A FEW years ago the editor of a leading American review ventured the statement, which he made with the attitude of one announcing a discovery, that it was conceivable for beauty to have a fourth dimension! Had beauty not always possessed a fourth dimension, the art of the world would not have existed. Every artist must, at some period of his career, have subconsciously discovered the higher dimensional aspects of his art, but the discovery was likely to be too personal and too intimate an experience for him to classify it in abstract terms.

In spite of the ancient and disillusioned dictum to the contrary, a poet of the far west has dared to affirm to a jaded modern world, that

. . . . . Something new
Is seeking utterance.

But it is evident that this "something new" is essentially a new set of relationships; a readjustment, vital and profound indeed, but *not* a new creation. There has been an element of curiously literal prophecy in the symbol of the winged horse, which presumably was the poet's mount from time immemorial. Now the development of aeronautics has made it possible for the entire race to share the poet's age-long sense of wings, while wireless and the radio have brought to the ears of all humanity those voices of the air to which the poet and the prophet have always been attentive, and of which they were formerly the sole interpreters.

Modern science, instead of destroying the dreams and visions of the poetic mind, has confirmed and given them bodily substance. The creative artist finds himself sharing a spiritual dominion in which he was once a lone adventurer. Hence, when he fully awakens to a realization of the value in his mental universe of what has been occurring in the physical world, he will find himself with a new starting point. Literally, a new dimension has been projected into art, of whose possibilities the bewildered craftsman himself is not yet aware.

Since beauty is not an accident, but an eternal principle, so far from being quenched or obliterated by the progress of science, it may be safely assumed that it will reveal in the higher dimensions of art, new aspects which as yet have been only faintly perceived. The airplane and the radio will not only prove to have been pathfinders for the young poet of to-day, but to have provided him with an adult audience who have learned in a very literal sense that since the dreams of to-day are likely to become the realities of to-morrow, no marvel of which the poetic imagination may conceive is impossible.

The " magic casements " are opening upon seas which, while they may still be " perilous " to the inexperienced mariner, are not unnavigable. That we may not be producing at the present hour any considerable volume of poetry that will endure the test of time proves nothing—certainly not the often repeated contention that we are living in an unpoetic age. It is hardly conceivable that the so-called heroic age which produced Homer (who happened to be a contemporary of Solomon) *conceived* itself as being poetic, although it doubtless assumed the credit of wisdom or, at least, sophistication!

The latter characteristic, indeed, is the most treacherous hurdle in the path of modern art. Just as the wisest of men, and himself the son of one of the world's greatest lyric poets, forgot his wisdom for a moment and yielded to mere sophistication when he deplored the absence of anything new, so the cynical modern world blinds itself to the unparalleled possibilities ahead of us. It was this aspect of modern life of which William Alexander Percy wrote, on leaving his quiet Southern home for a visit to the metropolis:

These eyes that see so much but not the sky,
These minds that gain all knowledge but no calm,
If suddenly the desperate music ceased,
Could they return to life

. . . . .

. . . Some rhythm there may be
I cannot hear. But I—oh, I must go

. . . . .

Back to the more of earth, the less of man,
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And friendship, poor in everything but love,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star.

Had the poet used the word " wisdom " instead of " calm " in the second line quoted, he would have expressed more prosaically but more exactly one of the vital needs of modern life. " Knowledge " may consort with ennui and cynicism, but "*wisdom*," which is knowledge spiritualized, seeks higher and starrier company, and whether or not the individual poet is a spokesman for the intelligentsia, becomes an inalienable possession of the poetic spirit.

Some vague conception of this starry variety of wisdom, which, if not identical with inspiration, is closely akin, has led both critics and general public to distrust any creative product with an academic flavour, and to negative all suggestions that science may be a worthy servant of art. But it should remain a servant, and by no possible chance become a master. To change the figure, the achievements of modern science may be used as a springboard from which the poet plunges through a pure ether of idealistic thought into a sea of experimentation.

Naturally, it is with a revised technic that he will offer such discoveries as he may have made to the world. The imagists and all their followers and kindred prepared the way. Now that the fanfare of trumpets which attended their sometimes devastating progress along the highroads of art has long since died to a thin echo, we have gained an adequate perspective from which to judge the value of their influence.

Its results in the direction of craftsmanship have long been apparent. Our lyrists of the hour have gained a new simplicity, a new directness, and at the same time, a new restraint. To see how rapidly the technic of modern poetry " dates," it is only necessary to compare an anthology of fifteen years ago with one of the current season. Poets still at the very height of their creative work will be found singularly old-fashioned in their earlier efforts ; indulging unreservedly in conventions which have already become archaic. So sharp indeed is the dividing line between the old and the new technic, that an experienced poetry editor can recognize at once the influences that have been at work in shaping the offerings of any young poetic aspirant. And fortunate indeed is the novice who receives a few adroit hints in this direction from a veteran editor or reviewer! For while it may not be possible to teach a young poet what he shall write, it is certainly both possible and necessary, for his own sake, to instruct him what *not* to write!

Since the avowed aim of modern lyrists is to bring poetry into a closer relation with life, it follows naturally that the ancient domain of poetry itself has been marvellously amplified thereby, although this result may not have been foreseen by the original exponents of the new craftsmanship. Perhaps the very term "new craftsmanship" is misleading, since its ideal is simplification rather than elaboration. But while this means that poetry has been made easier for the reader, it has possibly become more difficult than ever before for the creator! It is far less effort to achieve an ornate and sonorous line than a simple one. That is to say, a simple line which escapes the banal and the commonplace.

Broadly speaking, the poet of to-day finds himself in a new relationship both to his art and to his public. On the one hand he finds his range of themes so expanded that he may write, if he chooses, an acceptable poem about a line filled with wet wash, a respectable citizen taking a bath, or a city dumping-ground. But this latitude by no means justifies his bringing the garbage pail into the drawing-room, or making the drains a topic for the dinner-table. In other words, he must not confuse his values. The clothes-line must yield him something more than the sheer literalness of garments which have been cleansed and hung to dry. But *what* thing beyond the actual is to be seen and interpreted is for the poet to determine; it is in this that his individuality inheres, and it is at this juncture that both science and craftsmanship withdraw from the field, and leave the creator alone with his own inspiration, his inner consciousness, or whatever the essential factor may be termed.

The poet has an enormous advantage over the dramatist in the fact that, given the genius to do so, he is permitted to become a seer and a prophet, rather than a mere critic of contemporary life. Yet, while only the greatest may rise to the heights of seership and prophecy, it is the province of every poetic artist to be a discoverer—to share with his readers a sense of new relationships, of hitherto unsuspected unities. The poet's is that indispensable lore that

> . . . brought worlds far apart
> To be close neighbours of the heart.

Not his the footpaths of science, but such wing-paths through the stars as science itself has made possible.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

L.N.E.R.

AT nightfall in October
   When clouds across the sky
Shed fading fire, the thunder
Comes up, and rumbles by ;

Or in the vacant midnight
   The screaming dark consumes
An urgent bright procession
   Trailing sombre plumes :

But pleasantly it ambles
   Over the countryside,
With an iron brain controlling
   The graceful, easy pride

On sober Sunday mornings
   In misty mid-July,
Leaving a trail of feather
   Dissolving in the sky.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

AN ELEGY ON ROBERT BRIDGES

MOURN now the death of peerless Astrophel,
Ye sacred nine.
Ye waiting gods in Thamesis who dwell,
The fount divine
Of glorious learning, bring your sedgy crown.
Ye naiads who in Cherwell haunt, adown
The rush or reed
Lay for your mead
Upon his grave within this scholar's town.

Now let him take his last sweet Eucharist,
The bread and wine,
The hallowed elements of the risen Christ,
The goodly vine,
The Corpus Christi that first fed his song,
The college, the communion that for long
Eternal spaces
In God's high places
The fellowship of souls shall ay prolong.

O Pelican in Corpus Christi quad.,
Perched on a stone,
Who fed'st him from thy breast with the pure God
Who lives alone
In instincts of the creature, in the love
Of mute brute beasts, now in the courts above,
O Spirit of Light,
Grant him delight
To mix his chant with hymns of the holy Dove.

O Spirit of Peace that art from days eterne,
Frideswide, the bond
Of unity, where the sevenfold lampads burn
In heaven, beyond
The planets, *primum mobile*, in the shrine
Where God looks down with countenance benign
In the tranquil lake
Where the palms make
Cool motion, grant they character divine.

T. E. CASSON.

THE SONNET FORM

A DETERMINATION OF THE RULES

EVERYONE—or, at least, everyone likely to be reading this—will be ready to answer with confidence a question as to the nature of the sonnet; and yet, to the best of my belief, the laws of the English variety have never been formulated. Whenever an attempt is made to define or describe this art-form, four facts are stated, and one of these is a mere begging of the question. We are told that there must be exactly fourteen lines, that they must be iambic, that they must be pentametrical, and that they must follow one of several rhyming systems. Let us consider the three of these requirements that are definite.

The first, the real *sine quâ non*, is that the number of lines should be neither more nor less than fourteen. Attempts have been made at the adding of a fifteenth line; but the result, whatever it may be, is not a sonnet. We may also, though not quite so positively, insist on the verse being of five feet. If we were considering the sonnet in general, and not merely the English sonnet, we should have to admit the species in Alexandrines; but such a form is not suited to the genius of the English language. Attempts have been made at the writing of sonnets in shorter measures; but, whatever the beauty of these as poems, they lack the true character of the sonnet—its dignity, its suavity, its sonority. A two-feet or a three-feet or a four-feet poem in sonnet form is not a sonnet.

Occasionally one finds a poem (of the proper form otherwise) varying from the regular sonnet in having an odd line, or perhaps more than one line, differing in length from the normal five feet—perhaps shorter, perhaps longer. Especially have experiments been made with a closing Alexandrine. Such variations from the normal have, or may have, a distinct beauty; but in these fundamentals it is not advisable to permit too much latitude, wherefore the declaration of scholars that the sonnet must be pentametrical may be accepted.

The third demand, that it should be iambic, is somewhat more open to question. Should we deny acceptance to a variety in defective trochees? The best and best-known example of the work of the father of the English sonnet begins with a trochee and has another similar line midway through the octave. What may reasonably be demanded is that the verse should not be in any but duple rhythm, for anapæstic verse departs altogether from the spirit of the sonnet; but I, for one, should hesitate to rule out a poem that, fulfilling the conditions of the sonnet in every other respect, departed from orthodoxy in being composed of defective trochees. Despite the Wyat example, however, there should be no mingling of the trochaic line with the iambic. There has been a tendency of recent years to depart from the rigidity of duple rhythm; and there is no valid objection to this freedom as regards single feet; but to make a line predominantly anapæstic is ruinous of all the sonnet stands for. If we say that the rhythm of the sonnet must be predominantly duple, we are going as far as we need to go for the preservation of the spirit of the species.

Connected with this is the use of feminine endings. These are entirely *à la mode* in French and Italian; but in the English sonnet they are rare. So utterly do they change the spirit and tone of the poem that one wholly so composed may well be denied a place in the ranks of the orthodox; but no exception need be taken to an occasional feminine ending.

When we come to the important consideration of the arrangement of the rhymes, we find a number of rules which, though never formulated, are practically never violated. These I shall endeavour to set out.

1. Every line must rhyme with some other line. This rule is so generally observed that I know of not more than two or three examples of the inclusion of an unrhyming line in the sonnets of the great masters. Nothing of consequence is shut out by an insistence on this rule.

2. The number of rhymes must not be less than two and (necessarily) not more than seven. Thus a fourteen-line poem on a single rhyme is not a sonnet.

3. There must not anywhere be more than two successive lines on a single rhyme. An occasional sonnet has been written on some such design as *abbaabba cddc cc*; but this is not legitimate. I am not aware that insistence on this rule would shut out anything of note.

4. There must be somewhere a change in the rhyme or in the rhyming system. Thus a poem in fourteen lines of alternate *a* and *b* is not a sonnet, though twelve lines of such alternates with a closing *aa* would fulfil the conditions, as would also *abababab cdcdcd* (or *acacac*). In the one case we change from alternates to a couplet; in the other we retain the alternation, but change the rhyme.

5. No one of the sections into which the change in the rhyme-scheme divides the sonnet must consist of a mere succession of couplets. Thus in an octave one may have *abbaabba*, but not *aabbaabb*.

6. The sections into which the poem is divided must not be of uniform length. Thus, even without rule 5, a collection of seven couplets would not make a sonnet; nor may it consist of two portions of seven lines each, in accordance with a formula essayed in the early days of the sonnet in England.

7. In the opening section of the poem there must not be more than two rhymes. This does not shut out Wordsworth's numerous sonnets beginning *abba acca*, for there the initial section is merely the initial quatrain.

8. A repetition of an end-word is not to be admitted as a rhyme. Very few sonnets violate this rule; but Joshua Sylvester's best and most famous sonnet is one of them.

These rules, whether recognized or not, are practically always observed. To none of them is exception likely to be taken; but there are others which æsthetic considerations demand, but which are often not adhered to, and to which accordingly some students of the sonnet may object. I shall set them down for consideration, merely remarking that to me Nos. 4 to 7 are as vital as any of the eight observed rules already detailed, No. 8 but little less important, and Nos. 1 to 3, if not of quite so much consequence, still sufficiently so to warrant their adoption.

1. If a sonnet have but a single rhyming couplet, this should close the poem. Such a form as *ababbaba cdcdcd* is to be objected to because the couplet in the fourth and fifth lines has no fellow. The loneliness of the couplet at the close of a Shakesperean sonnet (*abab cdcd efef gg*) does not so offend. It rounds off the poem, whereas in the other case an expectation is aroused that is not gratified.

2. Two couplets on the same rhyme should not be separated by a single line. Thus, in *abbaabba bbcbcc*, we have too much *b* in lines 6-10, this rhyme occurring four times in five lines. A similar objection is to be taken to the close of *abbaabba cddc dd*.

3. In the opening octave, and in the closing six lines, where these are not divisible into a quatrain and a couplet, no one rhyme should be employed for more than half the lines. Thus a sestet of *abaaba* should not be allowed; and, if an octave of *aabaabaa* were presented to us, we might rightfully take exception to it, quite apart from the fact that it has only a single line separating two pairs on the same rhyme.

4. If there be two sections of the same size, they must be of the one pattern. Opening quatrains of *abba cdcd* are thus not to be regarded as permissible. It is more common to see *abba cddc efef*; but this also is unacceptable.

5. Where sections are linked, the linking must be uniform. If, for example, the second quatrain be linked to the first by the adoption of the latter's second rhyme as its first, any linking of the third must also be by a carrying over of the second rhyme as the first. Thus *abab bcbc cdcd* is orthodox, but not *abab bcbc bdbd* or *abab acac cdcd*.

6. Where we have three quatrains, there must be no linking of the second and third without a linking of the first and second, though there may be a linking of the first and second without a linking of the second and third. Thus *abab bcbc dede ff* is permissible, as preserving in a measure the 8.4.2 rhyme scheme; but *abab cdcd dede ff* is not, as in the same measure making the rhyme scheme 4.8.2.

7. The rhyme system in any section of the sonnet must be symmetrical. Such an octave as *abababba* and such a sestet as *aabbab* (or *abbcac*) are hopelessly lopsided; and such a sestet as *abcbac* is, if less objectionable, certainly not well balanced. There is more of a pattern to *aabccb*, if we choose to read it as a sestet (it is really a couplet followed by a quatrain); but this too fails in the real test of symmetry, that the design should be the same taken backwards as taken forwards. Such a sestet as *abcbca* fulfils the condition if *b* be substituted for *c*, and *c* for *b*, and *ababab* is satisfactory in a similar way; but *abccba* is more perfectly symmetrical, inasmuch as no substitution is needed for one to perceive the unity of the design; and the same may be said of the Petrarchan octave (*abbaabba*).

8. Never should more than two lines intervene between any line and the nearest in any direction with which it rhymes. A sestet of *abcacb* or of *abccba*, for instance, is to be objected to, because the *b* rhyme in the one case and the *a* rhyme in the other are lost. In five-feet verse, rhymes so far apart rhyme only to the eye, and not to the ear, and in such a case much of the music—much of the beauty—of the sonnet evaporates.

I am well aware that in making these last two demands I shall encounter opposition. It will be urged that Dante, the first great sonneteer, employed most frequently for his sestet the unsymmetrical *cdedce*, and that he also used extensively *cdeedc*, to which no exception can be taken on the score of symmetry or balance, but which is even more defective than the other in rhyming to the ear. In point of fact, Dante's sonnets are structurally much less satisfactory than Petrarch's. Is their architecture to be held to merely because it is his?

It will also be urged that many standard English sonnets do not comply with my requirements; to which I answer that they are not affected as poems, but only as sonnets. Let us look on them as irregular sonnets. If we are to regard as a perfect sonnet every distinguished poem that claims to belong to the genus, the laws governing it in its stricter forms will not be ascertainable. When one sees Shelley's magnificent "Ozymandias" described (as it not infrequently is) as a sonnet, though generally the admission is made that it is irregular, it becomes evident that we must not be guided by poetic merit.

In addition to the eight rules that are, properly, almost univesally observed and the eight others that are observed less generally than they should be, there are two others which are always adhered to, but which I am not prepared to accept blindly. These are:—

1. The poem must not commence with a rhyming couplet.

2. The only proper divisions are 8.6; 8.3.3; 8.4.2; 4.4.6; 4.4.3.3; 4.4.4.2. The opening section must then consist of either a quatrain or an octave, and so the 12.2 form practised by Wyat and Surrey is ruled out. This form is now obsolete; but it is a noble and legitimate form, and there is no good reason for its non-recognition. While, therefore, I only question the wisdom of the other rule, I definitely declare my opposition to this one.

Before we enter upon a consideration of the rhyming systems of these various sections of the sonnet—12 lines, 8, 6, 4, 3, 2—it is necessary to define what is to be regarded as a section. What I shall do here is to regard as fulfilling the requirements so much of the poem as exhibits a maintenance of the rhymes in their entirety, however the arrangement of them may vary, but not to count as belonging to the one section two rhymes one of which ends before the other begins. Thus I treat *abbaabab* as an octave (though an irregular and unsymmetrical one), *abbaacca* as two quatrains, *abacbc* as tercets, and *abaaba* as a sestet.

The original Italian sonnet consisted of an octave and a sestet (or sometimes a pair of tercets). Wyat, the first of our sonneteers, split the sestet into a quatrain and a couplet. Surrey went further, breaking the octave into a pair of quatrains, thus making the formula 4.4.4.2. Then, quite naturally, there was a blending of the three quatrains, making a 12.2 form, and a retention of the two opening quatrains with a blending of the other two sections, thus creating a 4.4.6 form; but neither of these has had any great vogue. The employment of tercets, whether with the octave or with a pair of quatrains, has also been very restricted in English. Most sonnets are written on either the Italian formula of 8.6 or on the English one of 4.4.4.2, though there is also in our literature a great number on the formula 8.4.2.

On the question of the division of the sonnet, it is to be remarked that all writers on the subject divide it along two lines, the rhyme and the thought. Such a division is quite correct as regards the Italian sonnet; as regards the English, the division by thought does not apply. In the Italian original there was regular ebb and flow or at least a definite break in thought, and that break was identical with the change in the rhyming system. In English this rule was very soon ignored. The fall following the rise, the change in thought or emotion, may begin anywhere—at the end of the first line or the ninth or the tenth or the penultimate. It may come in the middle of a line. There may even be none at all. In considering the divisions of the English sonnet, we shall do well to confine ourselves entirely to division by rhyme.

The octave may exist in half a dozen symmetrical forms on the two-rhyme system demanded of it. The usual one is *abbaabba*. Very occasionally we have alternates, as used by Gray. Drummond employs *abbabaab*, and, less frequently, *ababbaba*. A legitimate form is *abaabbab*; but I do not recall an example of its use. What should be a beautiful form (*aababab*) is not met with, because it violates the principle of an inhibition of a rhyming of the first two lines. It is not easy to see what is the reason for this tabu (if one may assume its existence from the absence of examples to the contrary). The opening rhyme should be capable of adding a new quality of beauty unobtainable in the recognized forms.

The quatrain has, of course, but two forms (*abba* and *abab*); the couplet, but one. The 12-line stanza used by Wyat and Surrey might have as many symmetrical forms as lines, and between a third and a half as many more if we were to admit the opening couplet; but the only form used by any of the masters of the sonnet is alternates, Surrey using it with a final couplet on the rhyme of the first line, and both he and Wyat employing it with a closing couplet on a third rhyme. The only form for tercets is *aba cbc*. Often *abbacc* is treated as a pair of tercets; but the form is really a quatrain *plus* a couplet. *Aabccb* is similarly so regarded; but this differs from the other only in beginning with the couplet instead of ending with it. This is an utterly illegitimate form, for which Sidney showed a partiality. When his sonnets on this pattern are put down as following a scheme of *abbaabba cc deed*, the objection to them is obvious. This undesirable form is still used occasionally.

There remains for consideration the sestet; and it is here that we find the poets indulging in the wildest licence. Excluding *aabbcc* and *aabcbc*, neither of which should be even thought of (though probably examples of their use could be found), sonneteers consider that they may choose from no less than twenty-four ways of treating the last six lines. These are:—

1. *abab aa*, 2. *abba bb*,
3. *abab cc*, 4. *abba cc*.

5. *aabbab*, 6. *abaabb*, 7. *abbaba*, 8. *ababba*, 9. *abaaba*, 10. *aabaab*, 11. *aababb*, 12. *abbaab*, 13. *ababab*.
14. *abcacb*, 15. *abcbac*, 16. *abbcac*, 17. *abbcca*, 18. *abaccb*, 19. *abcbca*, 20. *abccab*, 21. *abccba*, 22. *abcabc*.
23. *aba cbc*.
24. *aa bccb*.

To the first of the first group, the two of the second, and the one of the fifth no exception is to be taken; but these are not sestets. Of those properly so called (the third and fourth groups), the last three of the earlier group and the final one of the latter alone fulfil the conditions that I have seen fit to demand. Of the rest, No. 24 should not have a friend, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 16, and 18 fail in equilibrium, and Nos. 14 and 15 also lack that symmetry which should (in my judgment) be an absolute requirement.

No. 10 not only does not fulfil this test, but also, like Nos. 2 and 9, has too heavy a preponderance of a single rhyme. The remaining four have widely separated rhymes; and so we are left with four sestets, one pair of tercets, and three of the 4.2 formula—a total of eight for poets to work on, instead of 24. That should be sufficient choice for any poet whose object is not that of having his task made supremely easy.

If sonnets are to be judged as I am demanding that they should be judged, there are many well-known 14-line poems that will not be regarded as belonging to the genus; but let us have some strictness of rule which may mean the branding of some famous sonnets as unorthodox rather than so lose a formula that everything is to be counted as regular. We have quite enough rhyme-schemes without the imperfectly patterned ones, whose retention is simply an inducement to slovenly work, offering a premium to the poet for taking a line that may be veritably the line of least resistance. There is no need to encourage the rhymester who works to no definite scheme and likes to have a couple of dozen choices for the arranging of his final rhymes.

The relations of the sections to one another also need to be considered. The standard 8.6 form is moulded with wholly enclosed rhymes (*abbaabba cddccd*, as by Rossetti), with a substitution of alternates in the sestet (*abbaabba cdcdcd*, as by Milton, Byron, and Barrett Browning), with three alternate rhymes in the sestet (*abbaabba cdecde*, as by Arnold, Longfellow, Robinson, and Douglas), and with alternates throughout (*abababab cdcdcd*, as by Gray). Of the 8.3.3 form there are only isolated examples by Wordsworth and others (usually *abbaabba cdc ede*). Of 8.4.2. we have the *abbaabba cddc ee* of Wyat, and the *abbaabba cdcd ee* of Sidney, Donne, and Cowper, while Drummond, whose forms are very various, has a number on the system *abbabaab cdcd ee*, which is only a slight variation of the Sidneian. Of the 12.2 form there are examples by Wyat and Surrey, as already mentioned. The form 4.4.3.3 is met with rarely (an example is the first of Brooke's "The Dead"). Of 4.4.6 there are many varieties; but none of them has been used more than occasionally by a noted poet. When we come to 4.4.4.2, there is a different tale to tell, for this is the common English form, vying in popularity with the standard one, and indeed surpassing it in favour, perhaps because Shakspere used it, and perhaps because it is the easiest of all. Bowles favoured enclosed rhymes (*abba cddc effe gg*); but alternates (*abab cdcd efef gg*) have been the medium of Surrey, Shakspere, Daniel, Drayton, Ralegh, Browne, Masefield, and (mainly) Brooke, while Keats divided his affections between this form and the Miltonic. Wordsworth had no particular fancy, but used the Miltonic form rather more than any other; while William Watson employs most frequently the unsymmetrical *abbaabba cdedce*.

Spenser and Hartley Coleridge have yet to be mentioned, and the naming of them leads to the question of the linking of sections. Spenser has, like Shakspere, three quatrains and a couplet; and the resemblance is increased by the fact that the quatrains are on alternate rhymes: the difference is that he links the three quatrains together (*abab bcbc cdcd ee*). Coleridge has the same division, but confines his linkings to the first two quatrains (*abba acca dede ff*, a form flawed by the change in the quatrain pattern). If we take these linkings as indicating the basis for the rhyming system, we see that Spenser's is one of 12.2, and Coleridge's one of 8.4.2. Wordsworth has many on an 8.6 system, combining *abba acca* with a great variety of 2-rhymed and 3-rhymed sestets. Surrey has a linked 12.2 (*abababababab aa*), and Symonds' "Chorister" similarly binds octave and sestet (*abbaabba ccacaa*), while Warton does similarly with a sestet of *bcdbcd*. In these cases the poem is fundamentally a unit. Wyat presents us with *abbaabba caac dd*, which is a 12.2 system. When Henley uses *abba acca ded fef*, he is working on an 8.6 basis (one gets the sestet basis in all sonnet tercets). Gibson's sonnet on Rupert Brooke (*abba cbbc bddbbd*) is linked throughout; but even there may be seen a slight difference between the sestet and the rest of the poem, in that the second rhyme of the two quatrains becomes the first rhyme in the sestet. Where we have a linking of the two opening quatrains and a separate linking of the final quatrain and couplet, we have again an 8.6 basis.

Of all these linking forms, the loveliest is that of Spenser; and it is surprising to note how little it has been essayed. Spenser was not particularly well suited by the sonnet; but he showed real ability in the creation of the form that goes under his name; and it is strange that the inferior form of Surrey (and Shakspere) should have been shown so much more favour, unless the realization of its lesser difficulty afford the explanation. The Spenserian sonnet should not have been allowed to become almost extinct. It supplies a field for exploitation by our younger sonneteers.

If I would restrict the scope of the writers of sonnets by limiting the number of forms the sestet may take, let me atone by proposing the enlargement of the scope in other and more vital directions. I have already urged the use of a couplet opening as likely to give the sonnet a new beauty; now let me suggest two other innovations. To the six recognized forms practised to-day and the forgotten—or, at least, neglected—12.2 variety I would fain add a form in which Thomas Warton experimented. His invention was a design consisting of two sestets separated by a couplet, the arrangement being *abbaab cc dedede*, a not unexceptionable design, owing to the lack of uniformity in the sestets: *deedde* for the closing one would have been better, as adhering to the pattern of the opening sestet. That is a form not without promise; but even better would it be to have *abbaab* (or *aababb*) *cc deed ff*, the underlying conception being that, as the sestet of the original sonnet has been split into a quatrain and a couplet, so the octave may be divided into a sestet and a couplet. The form is worth experimenting with, or one might employ, instead of the closing quatrain and couplet, a pair of tercets (*ded fef*).

I am happily enabled to give a sample of one of these suggested forms, since one of the younger American poets, Mr. Max Baym, author of "Symbols and I," on my directing his attention to their possibilities, experimented with them, and has kindly permitted me to use here one of the resulting poems:

DECEMBER GUESTS

The hill stands scintillant with filigree
And guards December gold on many a tree,
Illumined silver glimmering below
With twenty-nine days of winter moon. The sea
Is murmurous with swishing undertow
And sends a message only the hill can know.
The spectral birches smile with lunar light
On all the leaves asleep this winter night.

A man and woman, hand in hand, have come
By winding path, where ancient footprints lie,
To tell their quiet friends, the hill and sky,
Of all the ugly things they're hiding from.
Their cheeks are rouged with gently growing frost.
They walk like children happy to be lost.

In this form there may be a linking of each couplet with the section preceding, giving us *ababab aa cdcd cc*, just as, without linking, we might have *ababab cc dede ff*; but it would be destructive of uniformity if one couplet were linked to the preceding section, and the other not. The treatment of the first eight lines in the linked form bears a close resemblance to the octave form *aabababb*.

The other innovation I would propose for the benefit of the experimenter is something more drastic than such modifications of the Warton sonnet. The advocacy of a sonnet constructed to an 11.3 formula may sound terribly heretical: but, in point of fact, it requires only the transference of the rhymes in the 12th and 13th lines of the ordinary 12.2 sonnet, whereby is supplied a closing tercet instead of a closing couplet. But, besides this *abababababa cbc* form, we may have

aabbababbaa cbc
abbabababba cac
ababbabbaba cac
abbaabaabba cbc

Of these, the first two are preferable to the last two, which have too much of one rhyme in a short space; but it is of one of these latter that I am able to give an example, by one who wishes to remain anonymous :

DEFIANCE.

There is a joy in struggling against Fate
   Keener in age than youth : the more the odds,
   The fiercer is the joy. Fate's firing squads
Loom not so terrible to them whose date
Is well advanced as unto them who late
   Have freed themselves from childhood's chastening-rods
And have passed newly through the promising gate
To Life's grim field of battle. Youth may prate
   Of what it will do : Age with set teeth nods
   Its grim determination, and the prods
And pricks of Fortune smiles at, and its hate.

      I have not much to do, nor far to go.
   Shall I not still unflinching face the gods
      And scorn to whimper at their bitterest blow ?

The four *b* rhymes here in a space of five lines would prevent the poem from being regarded as a legitimate sonnet, according to my standards : but, while there are few who will object to it on that score, there are many who will object to it bitterly for its novel 11.3 form : yet, after all, that means only a combination of the octave with the first of the pair of tercets which we get in the common Italian 8.3.3 design. If the English poets, with their genius for adaptation and alteration, have combined the first two sections of the 8.4.2 form to make a 12.2 one, why should they not combine the first two of 8.3.3, to make an 11.3 design ? The proposed break in the rhyme at the eleventh line is just the partial break that we have in an orthodox sonnet where there is a pair of tercets ; it is not the definite break that occurs at either the eighth line or the twelfth, or both, and sometimes also at the fourth. But, after all, the sole question is, or should be, Does the form justify itself ? I think it does : but I may be prejudiced.

The objection is almost certain to be raised that there is no sense in restricting the scope of the sonnet in one direction only to enlarge it in another ; but the enlargement is in the number of basic forms; the restriction is in regard to minor variations. To begin the opening octave with a rhyming couplet or to have a division of 11.3 opens up a new field to the sonneteer. The restrictions proposed are wholly in relation to the last six lines, and are advanced partly in the interests of symmetry, and partly because the latitude granted to poets is excessive and an encouragement to slipshod work. If a writer of sonnets does not find eight choices sufficient for the rhyming system of his final six lines, instead of the two dozen he has at command at present, he has mistaken his vocation. Whether poets approve or disapprove the extensions suggested is but a small matter: what is of much more importance is that they should accept the limitations. Taking only the six forms practised to-day, and ignoring my proposed additions, my restrictions would still leave a choice of five varieties of octave undivided, two of two opening quatrains unlinked, and eight linked, a total of fifteen; of the undivided sestet four, of tercets one, and of a quatrain and couplet two unlinked and one linked, a total of eight. A combination of these (when a few deductions have been made for the exclusion of ones in which a third quatrain does not repeat the pattern of the first two, or in which we have a single couplet not final) gives no less than 99 varieties; and this number is increased to 120 if my rules regarding a preponderance of one rhyme in a section, the separation of two similar couplets by a single line, and the solitariness of a medial couplet are ignored. Is not that enough? In reality, the number of possible combinations is very much greater than I have indicated, for there are also the linkings of the first eight lines with those that follow, and these bring the number up to 276, after excluding all forms not meeting my demands, or 325, ignoring the three restrictions which seem to me least vital. A poet must be very greedy who is not satisfied with that number, though he may have ground for displeasure in the fact that the number of varieties he has to choose from in prevailing circumstances must run into thousands. And they talk about the strict requirements of the sonnet form!

To sum up then, the excessive range of variation in the construction of the sonnet should be limited by an insistence on:

1. Perfect symmetry in the pattern of the poem as a whole, in every section of it, and in the linking (if any) of these sections, care being taken that any rhyme-break at the eighth line must not be less marked than one at the fourth.

2. The avoidance of rhymes so widely separated as to be lost to the ear.

There are other restrictions worthy of application; but these are the most necessary.

On the other hand, the poet's scope may be extended by:

1. An abolition of the tabu of the opening couplet.
2. The adoption of a new 11.3 form.
3. Variations of Warton's experiment in turning the octave into a sestet and couplet.
4. A revival of the old 12.2 form, which should not have been permitted to pass out of existence.

And also more attention might be given to the Spenserian sonnet, a lovely form, the beauty of which has been amazingly little appreciated.

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A DREAM OF COLOUR.

OF the golden-brown of October bracken,
The pink of the dunes at the set of sun,
The blues of a mist, the soft greys of a stream,
From the myriad tints of a sunlit sea
Have I made my dream.

I have woven my dream of a thousand colours
Into a mantle, that I may enfold
Those who struggle in blackened sorrow,
Those who suffer in colourless cold.

HILDA M. SLADE.

AN AUTUMN GARDEN.

FINISHED, at length, are the tears and laughter,
Ended the pain.
My heart lies still as a garden after
Autumnal rain,
When the pale light, filtered through leaves embrowned,
Changes to gold
The grey mist that covers the sodden ground
With mantle cold.

Warm-hued chrysanthemums smell bitter sweet
Now summer's done,
Wet petals, gleaming, are upturned to greet
The tardy sun.
All things the heavy robe of silence wear,
Yet, from the tall
Tree that the wind stirs gently one may hear
An apple fall.

DORIS MAJOR.

TO JOHN MASEFIELD.

YOU dwell in vigour, past the heat of youth,
Amid a recollected wealth of living
Stored in a seasoned mind ordained to truth
A treasure growing by a lavish giving.
You tell of wonders seen, of depths you know,
The music of your poetry is the ringing
Of notes you hear, death-shriek or view-hallo,
Or sea-borne thunder through your memory singing.
Hold firm your simple purpose, yield no jot
To custom or to expectation : waking,
Surrounded by your dreams, of life begot,
Give but the song your every hour is making.
A poet writes the truth he knows and is :
Leave to the rhymsters empty ecstasies.

IËRNE ORMSBY.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY AND MARLBOROUGH

I

SORLEY AS A POET

Do the old far-sweeping Downs remember?
Do the gently running streams relate?
Do the wind and rain that usher in December
Remember you of late?

NO one can have known Marlborough better nor loved her more passionately than did Charles Hamilton Sorley. Born at Old Aberdeen on the 19th of May, 1895, and of Scottish descent, he went to Marlborough College in 1908, remaining there till the winter term 1913. He was to Marlborough what Rupert Brooke had been before to Rugby, though a somewhat lesser poet.

A boy, full of the fire and vitality of youth and a poet immature and inexperienced, feeling his way in life, and trying to express in words what he loved and thought and felt, that was Sorley up to the time of his death in October, 1915.

Although he never reached that age at which one is by law acclaimed a " major," Sorley was a man in many respects, and though he did not live long he lived deeply, surely of far more importance.

He was a sensualist in the same way that all authors, and especially artists, are sensualists in a lesser or a greater degree, according to whether they are small or great artists, for the finer the artist, so the more readily will he understand the significance of things, and the greater he will be as a sensualist.

That he loved the Marlborough Downs and the country round about the little " red-capped " town with an intense fervour no one can doubt who has read his lovely poem : " The Song of the Ungirt Runners."

" We swing ungirded hips
And lightened are our eyes.
The rain is on our lips
We do not run for prize.

We know not whom we trust,
  Nor witherward we fare;
But we run because we must
  Through the great wide air."

We have only to read through those eight lines to understand how great a lover Sorley was of exercise—exercise taken for its own sake, and with no thought of destination or time or distance. One can see in that third line how much he loved the rain, and in the last, the great open spaces on the Downs. He wrote considerably at Marlborough, but whether or not "The Song of the Ungirt Runners" was written while he was there we do not know, for the poem is undated.

The earliest of his poems, published under the title of *Marlborough and Other Poems*, date from 1912, when he was seventeen years of age, and it is a curious fact that amongst these earlier poems are some of his finest, although he wrote intermittently for more than two years after this date. "A Call to Action" and "Peace" and "Rain" and "Failure" were all written in 1912, and 1913 contains the bulk of his best work. For this year saw the birth of his poem on "Richard Jefferies," that great English naturalist and author of two books, *Gamekeeper at Home* and *The Life in the Fields*, that are among the most charming in the English language. Is it any wonder that Sorley should write a poem to that "great lover of the open air," for whom he felt an almost brotherly affection having (as he tells us in one of his letters) "at least the tie of locality with him."[1] Not only the man, but his work too attracted Sorley, who found in his books as deep a love for the country (especially the country round Marlborough) as he himself bore, and his book *The Life in the Fields* he read again and again. We even find him writing home from Germany asking for a copy of this book, and later telling us that it has tempted him into dropping his German reading for a chance to plunge again into this "old friend."

"Barbury Camp" was another poem that saw light in

[1] "Richard Jefferies was a Wiltshireman."

this year (the author's eighteenth), of which the second stanza is so fine.

> " And here we strove and here we felt each vein,
>   Ice-bound each limb fast-frozen, all night long.
> And here we held communion with the rain
>   That lashed us into manhood with its thong
> Cleansing through pain.
>   And the wind visited us and made us strong."

" Return " also was written at this time—a poem which must express the feelings of many of us when we return after a long absence to a place we dearly love, the haunting fear and disquietude that a great change has come about in our absence, and a secret dread that the home we once knew so well shall know us no longer, nor we recognise in it, as we were wont to, the place of our dreams.

There is another very beautiful poem, " Marlborough," written in the following year, and here again in the fourth stanza we see how much he loved that wild and windy country and the gently-running streams that Marlborough alone seems to possess, when he writes :

> " I, who have walked along her Downs in dreams
>   And known her tenderness and felt her might
> And sometimes by her meadows and her streams
>   Have drunk deep-storied secrets of delight."

And again in Part II of the same poem :

> " I, who have lived and trod her lovely Earth,
>   Raced with her winds and listened to her birds,
> Have cared but little for their worldly worth
>   Nor sought to put my passion into words."

Yes, Sorley loved the " rough weather and bleak aspect " that when once one knows that part of the country means only " Marlborough and her Downs " and is so much a part of her, loved too the rain, and like Stevenson felt in the wind a welcome companion. He understood so intimately the Downs with their springy turf as soft as velvet which covers the course where the race-horses from Manton Stables take their daily exercise.

Like Rupert Brooke he was possessed of a burning passion to see and do things, and he must often have had like he that " tearing hunger to do and do and do things."

> " I want," says Rupert Brooke, " to walk 1,000 miles and write 1,000 plays and sing 1,000 poems and drink 1,000 pots of beer and kiss 1,000 girls, and oh ! a million things."

That might equally well have been spoken by Charles Hamilton Sorley.

It is impossible to say how great a poet Sorley would have been if he had been given time to mature, but of this at any rate we can be certain, that his volume of letters, so gay, so hopeful, and so full of criticisms of books and persons, will be read with ever-increasing enthusiasm, if not so much by the general public, always by people who know the country of which perhaps the little " red-capped " town is the centre of activity, and by those (and there must be many of them) who have felt all that Sorley felt, but lacked the skill to put those feelings into words, and surely there can be nothing sadder than the " tongue-tied " poet.

II

SORLEY AS A PROSE WRITER

It is as a poet, of rare imagination, possessing a wonderful understanding of the beauty of words, that Charles Hamilton Sorley (who of all the War Poets most nearly resembles Rupert Brooke), is chiefly known.

Wherever his name is mentioned, how many think of him as other than the author of that little volume of verse, *Marlborough and Other Poems* ? How many realize that as a writer of prose, who died when only twenty, he yet showed gifts, that if they had been given time to might have placed him beside such prose writers as Stevenson or Thackeray. As a literary critic also he had extraordinary insight into the work of others.

Sorley had little kinship with the class of poets who take as the themes for their poems subjects about which they know little or nothing, and he never allowed himself to fall into this trap. We shall look in vain amongst the verse contained in *Marlborough and Other Poems* for that wild extravagance, that exuberant imagination, that denotes the youthful and inexperienced poet, who because he has not lived long enough must substitute for that lack of experience, his play of fancy.

Running, Marlborough, the country, and the War, all these he made the subjects of his poetry. But to turn to his prose. Here we find the same youthful enthusiasm, the same enjoyment of life and literature, that same fire and vitality which we have come to associate with his poetry. Here is no mere writer of high-flown language that only pleases the ear and carries no weight, but one whose prose bears the two undeniable marks of real worth, sincerity and conciseness.

What merit is there in any work of art that is not first and foremost sincere? What is prose when written by men such as Charles Kingsley, who never used two words if ten would do? Stevenson, who knew so well the art that conceals art, and always appeared to Mr. George Moore " as a consumptive youth weaving garlands of sad flowers with pale weak hands, or leaning to a large plate-glass window and scratching thereon exquisite profiles with a diamond pencil "[1] says somewhere : " If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences that could have been as clearly and engagingly and as forcibly said in one, then it's amateur work."

Sorley, always an admirer of the author who writes from experience, was particularly enthusiastic with regard to the work of the present Poet Laureate, Mr. John Masefield. Both the work and the man took a strong hold on him, and in a paper " John Masefield and the Twentieth Century Renaissance " read before the Literary Society at Marlborough in 1912, we see how beautifully he could write when the subject moved him. The rhythm, the careful choice of words, the poetry contained in each line, and the beauty of the words themselves are signs of the maturity one might expect to find in the work of a man who has been writing for some years, hardly in that of a boy not yet eighteen. He writes:

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[1] *The Confessions of a Young Man*; page 171.

.... "We all know about what happened to men's minds in the sixteenth century: it was called the Renaissance. The chief thing that strikes me about this Renaissance is this: that it was a most tiny and under-sized Renaissance. The knight became the knight of the pen as of the sword: the noble deserted Diana for the Muses: the courtier turned poet and the gentleman man of letters, but the tiller of the soil remained the same. .... The love, that is a demand of the noble expression of noble thoughts, the discovery of the path of approach to God, by the road of great men's great words, which was born in the few so many years ago amidst joy and gladness and ringing of bells, is now being born in the many, the masses, with tears and sweat and dire unrest, the earnest of a fuller and more profitable life. Surely the body of the people is in the birth-throes; and that which is being born is the knowledge of the beauty and strength of words and thought .... a new day is breaking for these men; and Masefield is the prophet of that dawn."

He then quotes a beautiful stanza from "The Everlasting Mercy" of Masefield, which he calls "the trumpet call of the twentieth-century renaissance."

O glory of the lighted soul.
The dawn came up on Bradlow Knoll,
The dawn with glittering on the grasses,
The dawn which pass and never passes.
"It's dawn," I said, "and chimney's smoking,
And all the blessed fields are soaking."

Hear how Sorley expresses his admiration for the author of the "Dauber" and how he puts the teaching conveyed in these lines above all the philosophies of Swinburne, Browning, or even Meredith. He says:

"And when the Dauber dies in that other poem of his, and his painting genius perishes unused, does he sentimentalise or turn bitter over this?"

He said, "It will go on."
Not knowing his meaning rightly, but he spoke
With the intenseness of a fading soul
Whose share of Nature's fire turns to smoke,

Whose hand on Nature's wheel loses control
The eager faces glowed red like coal
They glowed, the great storm glowed, the sails, the mast
It will go on he cried aloud, and passed.

. . . . " He finishes with those lines of infinite suggestion upon which it would never be a waste of time to meditate."

And all day long where only the eagle goes
Stones loosened by the sun, fall, the stones falling
Fill empty gorge on gorge with echoes calling.

. . . . " Believe me, there is more teaching conveyed in such lines as these, than in all the philosophies of Swinburne, or Browning, or Meredith."

And then he goes on to compare Browning and his subject-matter with that of Masefield.

" For he has one of the fundamental qualities of a great poet—a thorough enjoyment of life. He has it in a more pre-eminent degree than even Browning, perhaps the stock instance of a poet who was great because he liked life.

Everyone has read the latter's lines about ' the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock up to rock.' These are splendid lines, but one does not somehow feel that Browning ever leapt from rock up to rock himself. He saw others doing it, doubtless, and thought it fine. But I don't think he did it himself ever. Turn from that to these lines from ' The Everlasting Mercy ' :

The men who don't know to the root
The joy of being swift of foot,
Have never known divine and fresh
The glory of the gift of flesh,
Nor felt the feet exult, nor gone
Along a dim road, on and on,
Knowing again the bursting glows,
The mating hare in April knows,
Who tingles to the pads with mirth
At being the swiftest thing on earth.

Sorley says of these : " We cannot doubt as we read these lines that Mr. Masefield is a runner," and adds :

" Masefield writes that he knows and testifies that he has seen. Throughout his poems there are lines and phrases so instinct with life, that they betoken a man who writes of what he has experienced, not of what he thinks he can imagine : who has braved the storm, who has walked in the hells, who has seen the reality of life ; who does not like Tennyson shut off the world he has to write about, attempting to imagine shipwrecks from the sofa, or battles in his bed. Compare for instance 'Enoch Arden' and 'Dauber.' One is a dream: the other, life."

And then he discusses the great lessons that Masefield has taught the world, in the possibilities of doggerel as the language of the poet, quoting as an example one of the most beautiful stanzas in the poem, "The Widow in the Bye Street," that is so full of beauty and deep feeling. For sheer beauty of thought, word, and rhythm, these must be some of Mr. Masefield's very finest lines.

> "All the tides triumph when the white moon fills.
> Down in the race the toppling waters shout,
> The breakers shake the bases of the hills,
> There is a thundering where the streams go out,
> And the wise shipman puts his ship about,
> Seeing the gathering of these water wan:
> But what when love makes high tide in a man?"

In reading these lines one seems to hear the roar of the waves, and to feel under one's feet the ground tremble.

"Thus," says Sorley referring to these lines, "he has at his command the nobility of Milton, the word-painting of Tennyson. And he chooses the lingo of the Shropshire slums. This is an example worth thinking about.

Could tribute be higher than the following?:

> .... "So you see what I think of John Masefield, when I say that he has the rapidity, simplicity, nobility of Homer, with the power of drawing character, the dramatic truth to life of Shakespeare, along with a moral and emotional strength and elevation which is all his own, and therefore I am prepared to put him above the level of these two great men—I do not expect you to agree with me. The appreciation of an author's work is so much a matter of personal prejudice—you like him because you do, you can give no reasons."

Though sometimes the case, surely this is not often so? There is generally a very good reason why an author pleases us. It may be the character-drawing that we admire in particular, or the characters themselves, a similar outlook and therefore sympathy between author and reader, or it may be his mode of expression that gives to the book a quality all its own, that none can imitate with the same felicity or naturalness.

All of us have very good reasons for liking those writers whom we call our favourites. So too had Sorley. And when he mentioned, as he was so fond of doing in those fascinating letters of his, writers for whom he had a great admiration such as Richard Jefferies, Masefield, George Meredith, Goethe and Ibsen, to mention but a few, he invariably gave his reasons for liking them.

Isn't it surely the same with most people? Are the "lovers" of Dickens, of Scott, of Dumas, of Marcel Proust, of Stevenson, of Ivan Turgenev, incapable of saying why they so admire their Dickens or their Stevenson? Is it not for the poetry of his prose, the self revelation, his magnificent ideals that we love and read Stevenson, to meet again the Three Musketeers and the robust, adventure-loving characters that walk through the pages of Alexandre Dumas; is it not for this that we return again and again to *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, *The Count of Monte Cristo* or *Marguerite de Valois*?

Is it not again for the beauty and rhythm of his prose, his originality of conception, the way in which one comes to know his characters as though they had been life-long friends that the short stories and novels of Ivan Turgenev make one wonder whether the work of the best Russian novelists has ever been excelled or even equalled?

How true and well expressed is the following, from the same paper.

> . . . . " The most awfully sad thing in history is, I think, that poetry up till now has been mainly by and for and about the upper classes. There has been a most horribly mistaken idea that poetry and the praise of God must be written in high-falutin' language. It can be written in any kind of language. If it is genuine and wells up irresistibly, then it is great, be the wording never so meagre. If it is sham or a mere religious recreation, it is a staring profanity, be the wording never so fine and sonorous. . . . Praise only needs verbosity to cover insincerity. Is there anything finer, purer, or sincerer in the English language than this in which there is not a word that the lowest farm-hand might not use?:
>
> " Don't think of that, but think," the mother said,
> " Of men going on long after we are dead.
> Red helpless little things will come to birth
> And grow up strong and go about the earth,

And have much happier times than yours and mine;
And some day one of them will get a sign,
And talk to folk and put an end to sin,
And then God's blessed kingdom will begin.

He closes this paper, "John Masefield and the Twentieth Century Renaissance," with lines perhaps as fine as any that appear in this Essay.

"The sower who reaps not, has found a voice at last—a harsh rough voice, compelling, strong, triumphant.

"The voice of our poets and men of letters is finely trained and sweet to hear; it teems with sharp saws and rich sentiments: it is a marvel of delicate technique: it pleases, it flatters, it charms, it soothes: it is a living lie. The voice of John Masefield rings rough and ill-trained: it tells a story, it leaves the thinking to the reader, it gives him no dessert of sentiment, cut, dried—and ready-made to go to sleep on: it jars, it grates, it makes him wonder; it is full of hope and faith and power and strife and God. Till Mr. Masefield came on earth, the poetry of the world had been written by the men who lounged, who looked on. It is sin in a man to write of the world before he has known the world, and the failing of every poet up till now has been that he has written of what he loved to imagine, but dared not to experience. But Masefield writes that he knows and testifies that he has seen; with him expression is the fruit of action, the sweat of a body that has passed through the fire.

"We stand by the watershed of English poetry; for the vastness and wonder of modern life has demanded that men should know what they write about. Behind us are the poets of imagination, before us are the poets of fact. For Masefield as a poet may be good or bad, I think him good, but you may think him bad, but good or bad, he has got this quality that no one can deny and few belittle. He is the first of a multitude of coming poets (so I trust and pray) who are men of action before they are men of speech, and are men of speech because they are men of action. Those whom, because they do not live in our narrow-painted groove, we call the lower classes, it is they who truly know what life is: so to them let us look for the true expression of life."

Before I finish the second part of this essay I should like to give a few examples from another paper, also read before the Literary Society at Marlborough in the summer of 1913. The paper discusses the writer, A. E. Housman, and is entitled "A Shropshire Lad." As before I will select passages that are good examples of his best prose writing.

.... "The fact that rest is to be the end of Housman's existence prevents him from being a great poet. None the less he stands high among the ungreat. He does not therefore advise sensuality as long as life lasts, like that dewy rhetorician, Fitzgerald. And he looks forward and would welcome rest: but not the smooth, accessible, unearned rest that the average hymnast likes to paint: not the charming, semi-conscious, post-prandial rest of Mr. W. B. Yeats: not even the more ideal but somewhat stagnant smelling rest, Rossetti's 'Sunk stream, long unmet'—but a cold, hard, deathly rest, welcomed not for itself, because it has no pleasure to offer at all, but welcomed as less than the other evil, the evil of existence in an ailing earth."

Sorley then considers Shropshire, and a striking feature of Housman's poetry.

"For Shropshire is the root of the inspiration of the man. And let us turn aside for a moment to consider a remarkable feature of his poetry—its earthiness. Every century or so poets have been returning to the earth, and with their return poetry becomes alive and true once more. Such a return was made at the end of the eighteenth century. And, as is inevitable with any noble movement in this country, it became before long vulgarized. Tennyson vulgarized it. A paltry poet in general, Tennyson is most pre-eminently paltry and superficial when he sings about Nature and earth. He was not long in hedging her in with the shapely corsets of alliterative verbiage. Meredith was the first to break through this barrier and discover her again in her truth. England however was so busy reading Tennyson that they thought Meredith a clever novelist but too smart for them; and no poet at all."

And then he gives us a few words concerning the mid-Victorian poets.

.... "All through the closing years of last century there has been a grand but silent revolution against the essential falseness and shallowness of the mid-Victorian Court poets. But all true poets (that is, poets who insist on the truth) have been consciously or unconsciously in revolt: and Housman, whose fine hall-mark is his cold, bare truth is not the least of those (in the words of England's greatest seer) 'who read aright Her meaning and devoutly serve.'"[1]

In these few pages we see Sorley at his best, as the simple, strong, invigorating prose writer. There are several reasons it seems to me why Sorley would have eventually turned from the writing of poetry to wander in the more unbounded fields of prose. Chief among them, the fact that he would, I feel certain, have found poetry a medium too strictly controlled by rules and regulations ; he would have kicked against those exacting masters, rhyme and metre, who hem the poet in and are continually forcing him to halt.

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[1] *George Meredith, Poetical Works,* page 321 (*Hard Weather*).

For a writer such as he was, so impetuous, so full of ideas and opinions jostling one another to be expressed, the medium most likely to have been of use to him was that by which he could have expressed himself the quickest and the most easily, and poetry is not the one to use here.

All the examples I have given here have been extracts from his essays. The essay is the easiest of all the forms of writing, if only on account of its length, and the comparative ease with which it can be handled, as compared to the vastly more difficult undertaking, the writing of a novel. Stevenson spoke only too truly when he said : " it is the length that kills." Sorley in a letter written in 1914 mentions the fact that he was writing a novel, and has already finished three chapters of it, and that it was progressing favourably, but it is never mentioned again. Perhaps, like so many projections, it was never finished.

Whether Charles Hamilton Sorley would have succeeded as a novelist it is impossible to say, but as an essayist, and as the author of many letters that have well merited the preservation they have received at the hands of the Cambridge University Press, we can say he " has " succeeded, and everything points to the conclusion that he would have gone down in the history of literature as a writer of splendid prose rather than as a poet.

RICHARD COLLS.

During the recent exceptionally busy and interesting term of Verse-Speaking Examinations an extraordinary diversity of candidates were heard, including natives of Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, France, Germany, China, Japan, Ceylon, Sweden, Denmark, Holland. Among the English candidates were an ex-Commander of H.M.S. Dreadnought, a retired Commissioner of the Malay States, two sons of the Minister of Education, the daughter of an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and members of all of the leading cocoa families, Cadbury, Fry, Van Houten and Rowntree.

POEMS—A JOKING WORD

WE are mostly content to assume that other people are merely incomplete copies of ourselves: lazily we approximate toward a pattern and our favourite poets are those who state clearly what we have already seen. The common denominator of individual experiences we call reality—the external world—and we believe in it without pausing to ask whether its apparent objectivity is the result of a certain kind of education. We forget that the notion of " a stone " is as far removed from immediate perception as is the notion of " whiteness " or " number ": that our common habit is not inevitable is shown by the poetry of Rimbaud and, in recent times, of Laura Riding.[1] Miss Riding, in fact, bears much the same relation to the romantic Nashville Fugitives as Rimbaud did to the preceding Romantics. Unlike Rimbaud, Miss Riding appears to make no use of visual imagery: her vocabulary consists almost entirely of what we call abstractions, yet for her, they probably have the apparent immediaty of our so-called concrete objects.

Miss Riding, then, is a poet who may be the precursor of a new mental attitude. She has written poems which are valuable whatever our attitude may be: some of these (and the most widely pleasing among them) she now disowns, realizing perhaps the danger of her position! she says both in her criticism[2] and her poetry so many things which make good sense whatever our attitude may be that the reader is tempted to quote them with approval and dismiss the rest as difficult or even nonsensical. To do so is to misinterpret even the poem praised. We are too fond of mis-reading poets in order to strengthen our own attitude: the temptation is more dangerous because more insidious with poets whose attitude is more common than Miss Riding's. Thanks to the new prestige of Donne, there is to-day a snobbish uncomprehending

[1] *Poems: a joking word*: Selected poems by Laura Riding (Jonathan Cape, 6s.).
Twenty Poems Less (Hours Press, 15 rue Guénégaud, Paris. 200 signed copies. £1 10s. 0d.)
Four Unposted Letters to Catherine (Hours Press. 200 signed copies. £2).

[2] *Anarchism is not Enough* (Cape, 7s. 6d.).
Contemporaries and Snobs (Cape, 7s. 6d.).

tolerance of poetry of erudition and recondite allusion, but the outcry against " difficult " poetry persists and usually it is the reader who is bringing difficulty to the poem. Read, for example, Miss Riding's " Mortal " :

> There is a man of me that sows.
> There is a woman of me that reaps.
> One for true,
> And one for fair,
> And they cannot find me anywhere.
>
> Father and Mother, oh shadowy ancestry,
> Can you make no more than this of me ?

Read simply, that is a simple poem : it can give an unaccountable satisfaction, but read difficultly, with theories about the function of poetry, with prejudices about form and with a cowardly distrust of all that cannot be translated into reasoned prose, the poem is difficult. Ingrained critical theories have hampered our appreciation, and children may appreciate poems which baffle critics. For children, it is easy to find Miss Riding's poems easy, it is hard to find them difficult. Give a child the *Four Unposted Letters* (What ! Waste £2 on a child ? Waste the fine printing and Len Lye's photographic work, so reminiscent of the " meaningless " decorative work of the late Renaissance ?)

Give this volume to a child : it tells so simply that an adult may find it difficult, how it is good to live straight, independently of the tortuous conventions of others : how there is a difference between the doing which tends toward the general comfort and that which people do "not for comfort or fun but in order to prove to themselves and to other people that they are people." It shows, too, the difference between the knowing which starts with self-knowledge and the learning which is the acquisition of facts.

We may ultimately reject Miss Riding's attitude, but let us be sure that our own criticism is alive, not fossilized ; let us first read her work (as we should read that of every poet) with sympathy before we condemn it as inadequate to our own needs. If occasionally we are irritated by the truculence of Miss Riding's criticism, let us be the more sure that we are not equally opinionated. It is possible profoundly to disagree with her description of *Poems* as a joking word[1] and with the doctrine, implicit in the title *Twenty Poems Less* that poems are waiting to be born, experienced, written and so killed, and yet find pleasure in these "poems" even though the author finds the activity everything, the product nothing. X=O, a joke.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

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[1] We all feel, though no one has defined it, a difference of kind between the appreciation of jokes and of poems. Here is a field for the psychological critic.

OCTOBER SUNSET

THE rough-cast cottage walls,
The plum and apple-trees
Stand gilded in the sun's low rays
On deeps of turquoise sky;
And crimson-cheeked, in emerald grass,
The fallen apples lie.

The chestnut's drooping boughs
Are now a house of light;
The sunbeams strike through amber leaves,
And on the leaf-strown mould:
I stand within, and see the walls
Built of translucent gold.

ELIZABETH F. ALDEN.

TWO EPIGRAMS

I. ON A VERBOSE POEM

LO, here the naked meaning's done
As Adam did:
Ashamed of nakedness hath run
Away, and hid.

II. ON AN ATHEIST

This fool saith in his heart "The world was wrought
By no one, for no purpose, out of nought."

N. K. CRUICKSHANK.

FOUR WOMEN POETS

IT is till true, as when it was first uttered, that a fine wine needs no bush! it is therefore regrettable to introduce a volume of poems with a vaunting recommendation by the publisher or a laudatory foreword from an admirer. There may exist persons who will accept literary work because they are ordered to do so—it is a strange state of mind and immediately demonstrates that the opinion of such is of no possible value. A discerning intelligence cannot be bludgeoned or cajolled into accepting that which it judges to be not the best merely because some notable personage praises it. And man, being a contrary animal, this method of polite advertisement is calculated to defeat its own ends.

The poems by Mrs. Peyton Mackeson, *Pass, Stranger* (Constable & Co.) have a value that is prejudiced rather than raised by the publisher's note printed on the jacket of the volume. It is there set forth that " these poems . . . combine a deep spiritual and mystical quality with an unusual and finished technique of expression," furthermore, " that they spring from an intellect inspired by the freedom and elasticity of a dæmonic flame." Shades of Milton, Keats and Shelley! Apart from the oddness of a flame being elastic, what more remains to be said? But much may be noted in these thought-laden and original verses.

Firstly, it is as refreshing as a sea-borne breeze to find ideas and not " tender memories " and " sad heart-beats " in a woman's poems. She uses none of the time-worn clichés about Nature; in " Spring " her descriptions are spiritually observed, there is no mere cataloguing the sights that strike the eye. " Faint airs of morn Sleeping within the arched recess of night," and of a butterfly—" Jewelled devices on the wing of an anointed scented thing." The meaning is not, perhaps, crystally clear in her lines on the moon (that overworked moon of the poets!), " Strange citadel whose carved defence Is but the whisper of a song." A whisper may well be a defence, but can it be carved? Poets might remember how Paul said he would rather speak five words with his understanding than ten thousand in an unknown tongue. The sound of words producing a kind of music appear to have taken by storm the author's ear at times—music that obscures the sense. This is the fault in "Pass, Stranger"; a vision there is but the onrush of crackling sentences hides it.

Secondly, the great merit of Mrs. Mackeson's work lies in its originality; there is hardly a banal line in the volume; "Patterns" is almost perfect, and "Life" encloses thought wedded to fine expression:

> "Pale stars that shone in centuries outrun
> Sending their ghosts for us to reckon by;
> Split agonies of time
> Reeling between the hemispheres of death and life,
> Crossed swords laid down
> In which we dance like Scots at play."

"A Crusader" also is from an original point of view. In all save a few of the poems one hears the meditative thought inspired to melody if not to song. But "The Sentence" and "Bartered" and "St. Christopher" should be deleted, they mar the volume! They are not inspired and not poetry.

We are carried with almost violence into an entirely different world in *The Collected Poems*, by Millicent Wedmore (Ingpen & Grant). White paths, castles, poplar trees casting dark shadows across the sunlit roads, and a Troubadour singing of fair lands and of dead worthies. Clear and musically she sings, and to sit beneath the vine-covered entrance of an inn and listen to her is a pleasure. But is it more than a pleasure? Or should music and poetry be more than a pleasure. Is it incumbent on a reader or hearer to bring to bear the arduous logic that T. S. Eliot insists on? He lays down the order that "the reader of a poem should take at least as much trouble as a barrister reading an important decision on a complicated case." (The "at least" is delightfully ironic!)

But Poetry under this law would inevitably limit its readers to an extent disastrous to both poet and publisher; for how many persons, including all grades of education, would be competent to digest a law-decision in a "complicated case"? A treatise rather than a poem is the better vehicle for the setting forth arguments and hypotheses: Poetry should command instant admiration without pro or con, as the beauty of Helen bowed the hearts of men and needed no discussion by philosopher or doctor to demonstrate. In a simpler age than the present this was the claim of Poetry—to be sheer beauty, built up on truth, sanity and light. But the modern reader is not content with beauty, or rather, he is unable to see it, and, in consequence, demands some flaming heresy, some unnatural altitude, some useless jewel in a toad's head in his poet's songs. A man is not silenced by delight before a perfect rose now, he immediately and hastily enquires as to what fertilizer was used to produce its glory of perfection. It will be demanded of Millicent Wedmore whether she has a lesson to teach, or what meaning she evolves from the clash of the centuries? Is she writing from the cell of "pale phantasmal woe," or attempting by paradoxes to prove all men fools? None of these dreary matters inspire her pen, nothing more than "enfranchised memories of love and song" run through her pages; like her own "Goatherd" she "passes up the village street, And on her reed an air she blows." And as she pipes she conjures up visions of old towns, laughter-loving kings and peasants, and an air of sunshine.

It is in the narrative poems that she leaves us unmoved; and in these she disproves Sir George Douglas's claim to "her precise and sensitive expression," for few lines can be less "sensitive" than these from "Jeanne d'Arc":

"From Vaucoleurs with one accord
They fetched a horse: I can record
She wore my armour! while a sword
Would Captain Bauricourt afford."

This gives the impression that the gallant Captain was a poor or a penurious man! Or this from "A Ballad of Brave Men":

"Then 'Lady,' slowly at last he spake,
'I would you had further been.'"

A disastrous line that is reminiscent of the cook and the plumber! On the other hand, the "Song for Jennifer" is charming—the lightness of a woman's touch on Meredith's verses:

> "Where her fancies stray, I would share their roaming,
> Rose-sweet and lily-white, her spirit's garden gay;
> Thither fly my thoughts, to light, as pigeons homing,
> Where her fancies stray."

The "Ode on the Coronation of King George," "England" and "The Claimants" arouse in the reader's mind a faint distaste, born of a sense of laudation without discernment, and carrying little originality of thought. The happy songs are the most to be desired.

Remote from Miss Wedmore's carolling in the sunshine, cloistered afar from the bold freedom of *Pass Stranger*, is *The Wattlefold*, by Michael Field (Basil Blackwell). Father Vincent Mc'Nab prefaces with an appreciation of Katherine Brodley and Edith Cooper as saints within his fold. He adds that "the neo-paganism they cherished had turned their dramatic souls toward the Sacrifice of Calvary. Once the vision of the Cross had been vouchsafed to them they knew it was 'the Mass that mattered.'" In these words the poems are at once outlined and defined. There have been poets of the Roman Catholic faith whose utterances can be on the lips of all religious folk, but the pious work of these two women is not universal, but narrowly Romanist. It is never so much poetry as poetic hymnal. Before the outpourings of devout ecstasies criticism somewhat disarms itself, and Father Mc'Nab has unconsciously uttered the one criticism, "it was the Mass that mattered." Even so, and yet, allowing for an attitude imposed by their Church, some of their poems are somewhat involved! What exactly is intended to be conveyed by:

> "Save that by grace He came to me in calm
> And lovely Eucharist, that gave
> Its blessing to my home, where, brave
> In trust, my God and King, He pours His balm."

It would appear from the wording that God is "brave in trust," which cannot be its real meaning. "The Wheat Miners" is full of anger, "Spacious anger" for men who reap the wheat in "quarters where the sun sets in gold when day is done." These men are termed "sensual, malicious," "Wild Infidels, who heed Nothing holy in the womb of the prairie-land they doom." But, speaking dispassionately, is not wheat grown only that it may be eventually reaped? Especially as, later on in the poem, Christ is entreated to avenge this wrong, "Till earth's cornfields to the trumpet's roar Shrivel in the beatific fire." So that wheat seems doomed whether cut by "Wild Infidels" or left to be shrivelled by "beatific fire."

Of the more mundane poems is "Esther," "Pretty, Devonshire, apple-cheeked Esther, who came to London and learnt the ways of sin," till someone finds her "in the Infirmary Full of an ancient Bacchic glee." Frankly this poem is impossible as poetry, the vulgar ballad of somebody's daughter is its fellow! save that Esther ends in a keener cruelty, for the poor sinner is given to Christ, "If for a little He must test her First in the flames, my dear, my Esther."

The neo-classic play, "Iphigenia in Arsacia" is uneven. Prosaic lines disfigure the whole, whereas the value of classic work is its perfect balance and symmetry, coarseness balances beauty, but there should be no weakness of construction: such lines as "It is intolerable Matthæus should go about raising the dead," and "of course you will have all your senses sharper now, Princess," or "I weep for you, I make grimace of anguish," introduce puerility into tragedy.

Of the outpourings of emotionalized religion the following reveals the altitude of these two, writing as one:

And Thou, O Jesus, let Thy handmaid glow
In stress of Canticles, of desperate song:
"Kiss me with kisses of Thy mouth"—for, lo,
I am Thy bride, and unto Thee belong!

I shall give back Thy kiss in myriad shower:
I shall give weeping eyelids, fragrant hands.

ARTHUR HOOD.

FRUITS OF THE POETIC WAR

We are fortunate, in the midst of passing " isms " and " ologies " and nostrums and formulas and all the rest of the highly-coloured expressions of the moment, to have such balanced, and at the same time gifted, contributors as Mr. Stanton A. Coblentz, who, at my request, has sent the following article for THE POETRY REVIEW. It will be found an admirable supplement to the recent contributions by Miss Laidlaw and Mr. Harold Vinal.—A.H.B.

AFTER more than a decade of declamation and shouting, the last echoes of the poetic war in America are passing into history. There has been no formal settlement of terms ; there has been no official declaration of peace ; but gradually the combatants are leaving the field, the clamour and commotion of conflict are growing more remote, and even the dust-clouds are beginning to lift.

Free verse, which for a while flung a rebellious red banner defiantly to the skies, is showing its unruly head less and less frequently ; " imagism "is no more than the term for a defunct movement, and the " polyphonic prose " of Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher seems far away as the Pliosaurus ; while formlessness has gradually been yielding the ground to form even in the precincts of the poetic radicals.

But while measured and regular verse has been regaining the conquered territory, the aftermath of the conflict persists in subtle and impalpable ways. No war was ever wholly without effects, whether for good fortune or disaster ; and the poetic war has proved no exception to the rule.

Whereas it was designed primarily as an attack upon hampering forms, its chief outcome has been to alter the spirit of poetry ; and, though many a tacit capitulation has been made in respect to rhyme and metre, the disciples of the new movement remain firmly entrenched behind certain tenets or dogmas which were not the tenets or dogmas of their forbears, and which they regard as the prerequisites to a successful poetic composition.

Within the limits of a brief article, it is not possible to illustrate those new principles except in the most casual and superficial manner. But, in general, it may be said that the protagonists of the new spirit have aligned themselves into four schools; and those four schools, which have as yet received no official designations, may be described as favouring four cults: the Cult of Obscurity, the Cult of Ornamentation, the Cult of Jarring Contrasts, and the Cult of Hard-and-Fast Reality.

The first of these cults seemingly owes its origin to that state of mind that would make the muddiest river the most profound, the mist-bank more deeply significant than the sun. The proponents of the Cult of Obscurity believe—subconsciously if not directly—that what is stated simply and clearly is not worth stating at all; that intelligible emotions and lucid ideas belong to the childhood of the race; that the presentable thought must have as many convolutions as the brain that gave it birth.

Accordingly, with the apparent view that poetry should be the means of self-concealment rather than of self-revelation, they offer us lines such as the following (from the recent volume of Stanley J. Kunitz, who is praised by the *New York Times Book Review* as a "poet of unusual promise"):

> Only, when I am sudden loss
> Of consequence for mind and stair,
> Picking my dogged way from us
> To whom, recessive in some where
> Of recollection, with the cross
> Fallen, the breast in disrepair:
>
> Only, when loosening clothes, you lean
> Out of your window sleepily,
> And with luxurious, lidded mien
> Sniff at the bitter dark—dear she,
> Think something gentle of, between
> Love ended and beginning, me.

Less difficult to understand are the members of the School of Ornamentation, whose attention is focused not so much upon the poem as a whole as upon glittering points and facets—and who imagine that a poet's chief claim to distinctiveness rests upon the originality, the uniqueness, of his phraseology.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the essential fallacy of this school in making the part more than the whole; it is necessary only to indicate to what grotesque extremes they are driven in their quest of startling epithets and figures, as when the " slopping of the sea " makes Wallace Stevens think of " chop-house chocolate And sham umbrellas," or when T. S. Eliot, in his zest for a simile that is not overworked, is led to concoct the following:

When the evening was spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table.

By imperceptible degrees the Cult of Ornamentation verges into that of Jarring Contrasts; indeed, the two are at root but phases of the same thing, since the method of ornamentation is the method of unexpectedness, the method of jolts and shocks, and the object of its advocates seems to be not to create and maintain a mood but to dissolve and shatter it. Thus, in the midst of the description of a sunset, we will find an elevator descending to bang us to earth; in the midst of an impassioned love scene, we will see a lady sneezing into her handkerchief. Handled with irony and restraint—as it has been handled by Heine and a very few other poets in all the history of literature—this method may prove effective when it is not overworked; but handled without extreme dexterity it becomes merely pathetic.

The general state of mind of poets of the School of Jarring Contrasts—as well as of those of the Schools of Ornamentation and Obscurity—would seem to be that which John Gould Fletcher attributes to himself:

My mind is a puddle in the street reflecting green Sirius.

The last of the schools—and one which finds abundant echoes in recent fiction—is that which favours the Cult of Hard-and-Fast Reality. The members of this group are concerned with the cold, external facts of life, with streets and houses, with doors and walls and beds, with armchairs and dinners, with soap and bath-tubs, and the thousand and one physical appurtenances of existence.

They evidently have no sympathy with that philosophy which maintains that the realities of life flow from within, and that the concrete externals are only as mist upon the mountains; in their attempt to be sophisticated they are literal as children, and in their attempt to sound the depths they confine themselves to the surface. Thus we have what might be called a sort of "reportorial poetry," since it reports life with approximately the same degree of art as the newspaper writer uses in describing a murder or conflagration. In a word, it is a form of poetry that represents but does not interpret, that depicts but does not reveal. Examples of this type of writing are innumerable; we find it when Wallace Stevens refers to:

> Complacencies of the peignoir, and late
> Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair.

or when Eunice Tietjens writes that

> The drug clerk stands behind the counter
> Young and dapper, debonair . . .

or when Keene Wallis begins a poem as follows:

> Just the clanking of switch engines down by the station,
> Just the quivering hum of a truck far away

or when Charles Erskine Scott Wood thus represents the modern rustic:

> Antonio ploughs and fat the furrows fall,
> For cabbages and cauliflower and beans.
> Antonio ploughs, and chants a challenge call
> To his black stallion—Ercolé.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

* * *

To the Editor of THE POETRY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your kind report of my remarks on the occasion of the Gold Medal Examination of May 29th, in the part referring to the pronouncing of the letter "r" the words *neutral* consonants should have been *oral* consonants. I am pointing this out so as to prevent misapprehension. Very truly yours,

London, S.W. E. GUY PERTWEE.

THE WILDER BEAUTY

Than is Known of Earth

TO-DAY we walk again these bright Montalvan hills,
And Time fulfills,
Her promised reckoning.
She wills
To us a happier term of grace
Here she stands beckoning
With bouqueted hand and glowing face
And points to leafy woods and flowered miles
Of wonderland,
And smiles
That loveliness is here,
The beautiful of earth without a peer.

These are the fair the loving hills of dream
Poppied and lupined, where wild blue lilies teem
On fragrant rises, vieing in azure
With soft skies, where Feste upon his lute
Replays a measure ;
And with his flute
The great Apollo upon airs
Blown from gold Montereyan sands
Revives lost chords, and with Leucadian raptures,
Cancels all sordid cares,
And, like the Kedron harpist captures
Lost melodies wandering in lone places ;
And joyous tunes and links them with his brook,
That ripples and runs and races ;
No sweeter music ever came from any enamoured book.

Here magic April vies with glad September
In flashes that call the dull mind to remember
Glints out of brightening eyes of elder days,
Young curls blown once and lost within the haze
Of the forgotten. Talk, rhythmed and rhymed,
Like bells out of the same old haunting past !
Here flock wild harmonies, reshaped to last,
From book, from picturie, and columned wall,
And sung in music of the reddening fall.
Now they are safe, in love's sweet cadence timed
Never to sink again to life's December.

Here come painter and sculptor loitering awhile.
Here file
Scientist, philosopher,
Statesman and builder, men that stir

The world to thought, princes of high art,
Soon or late,
All, one by one, to leave a life-touch on the heart.
Comes she who pictured that dark woman of doom
In triumph over the gloom
Of Fate ;
Here Sterling, dreaming on " Tasso and the lorn
Lost Leanore
With sorrow torn," loses
His pain awhile, to pore
On fleeting beauty ;
And Markham stern in the law of duty,
Lingers aspiringly, and all the Muses
Come, at his beckon, with Asphodelic light,
And he, and Sage Montalvo, pass the bright
White hours like mariners that sense the isles
Of paradise.

And, Now, O friends, arise !
Let us bring trimeters of joy,
With petals of the everlasting ;
And music such as graced Homeric Troy
That beauty, the divine, comes evermore a-westing,
Further and further questing
Till here she is revealed,—
Even as Venus risen from Paphosan Waters,
Or as once rose the fair Virginian daughters,—
The Beautiful, that seemeth sealed
To human eyes except to that keen vision
That sees with the light elysian !

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Following closely on the receipt of the above eloquent ode by our devoted colleague, the Poet Laureate of California, came the sad news of the death of ex-Senator J. P. Phelan, round whose beautiful Villa Montalvo, where our San José Chapter has been entertained and verse contests held frequently, the poem was written in celebration of Edward Markham's 78th birthday. Senator Phelan, statesman, financier, and patron of art and letters was "California's greatest citizen," vigorous in word and deed and a rare combination of material and intellectual activity. At Montalvo, where he delighted to gather our Poets' Fellowship and encourage youth, he led a life of leisure, surrounded by friends of all types—business men, musicians, politicians, poets, painters, visiting nobility. He played the piano, quoted Shakespeare—always his favorite author—surprised Continentals with his mastery of French, tossed off a poem now and then. Amid the statuary and formal fountains of his estate, walking and discoursing with his varied companions, he was more like a Roman philosopher than the fighting western banker turned politician.

DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY: XXVIII

BECAUSE Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson has been a staunch and devoted upholder of the best of the Victorian Age, his books are a distinguished contribution. One looks for and finds in them the charm, culture, and form that make the writings of the foremost Victorians enduring. There is reflected in his writings the appreciation of ultimate values that are brought to bear in selecting those honored in the Hall of Fame, of which he is the Director. An essence of fine Italian culture reminds us that he was American Ambassador to Italy, and won the honour of Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and King Victor Emanuel III conferred upon him the Grand Cordon Order of SS. Maurice and Lazarus " as a mark of personal esteem and recognition of work for good relations between Italy and the United States."

As poet his list is rich: *Songs of Liberty*, *Poems of War and Peace*, *Italian Rhapsody and Other Poems of Italy*, *Remembered Yesterdays*, and the three recent volumes, *Poems of the Longer Flight*, *The Pot of Honour*, and *Poems of the Lighter Touch*.

The following excerpts from one of Dr. Johnson's essays, given as a preface to *Poems of the Longer Flight*, illustrates the sweep of his mind. The subject is " The Test of A Poet." He says:

> " Besides his technique, which is to be inferred from his effects, the poet should be judged—and judged severely—by his range and weight of thought. Does he open any window of imagination upon the world? Has he anything new to offer concerning the main concepts of life—Love, Death, Nature, the Seasons, Beauty, Happiness, Sorrow, Truth, Immortality? In his long poems, has he the sustained sweep of an eagle, or only the broken flight of a lamed pigeon? Does he see any deeper into the mysteries of life and bring us any accession of hope or truth? What has he to say of such time-worn topics as Friendship, Faith, Patriotism, Ambition, Youth, Poverty? Does he express his own time? Or, better, does he express the human nature that is independent of time?
>
> " And, last of all, has he by the union of emotion, melody and imagination an accent of permanence? These are things which criticism, accepting its responsibility, should divine and enforce, so that a discriminating public taste may be formed and directed and become a stimulus and support of the best production."

Then follow in this volume poems to England, France, Italy and Greece, and to the immortal Webster, Saint Gaudens and Goethals; a " Vision of Gettysburg," a poem of reconciliation of the sister States of the United States; and " Towers of Remembrance," a rallying call for world amity.

The opening lines of " Hands Across Sea " mirror the historic knowledge of this poet:

England, thou breeder of heroes and of bards,
Had ever nation manlier shield or song!
For thee such rivalry have sword and pen,
Fame, from her heaped green, crowns with equal hand
The deathless deed and the immortal word,
For which dost thou the Sidney hold more dear,
Defence of England or of Poesie?
Cromwell or Milton—if man's guiding stars
Could vanish as they came—which wouldst thou spare?
Lost Kempenfelt indeed, were Cowper mute!
To victory, not alone on shuddering seas
Rode Nelson, but on Campbell's tossing rhyme.
Hark to thy great Duke's greater dirge, and doubt
For which was Waterloo the worthier won,
To change the tyrant on a foreign throne,
Or add a faultless ode to English song.

From *The Pact of Hononr* we take "The Hall of Fame, at Night"; which is equally significant, coming from the Director of the Hall of Fame:

By day, the city's noise and blight
  Usurp the spirit's throne;
The silence of the truthful night
  Restores it to its own.

The enginery of toil is still,
  Remote are grief and wars;
Yet vocal is the quiet hill
  Beneath the throng of stars.

Not here shall Sorrow come to weep;
  Here pilgrim feet rejoice.
Not here the great departed sleep,
  Each is a living voice.

Elsewhere, in pride of turf or tomb,
  Their welcome dust was laid;
But stranger to such solemn gloom
  This sacred Colonnade.

Here twice a hundred columns rise
  Far-seen, a beacon bold—
Far-seeing, like the great and wise
  Whose memory they hold.

In homage to this fane's renown
  The bards of many a clime
Shall come, to crown the laurel's crown
  With amaranthine rhyme.

Not saints nor demigods we greet,
But kindred of our sod,
Who, with true eyes and faithful feet,
Our course of nature trod.

I wander in the silver night
Along this Path of Fame,
And catch some voice of cheer or might
At every cherished name.

From out the Poets' Corner rings
Full many a voice of Pan,
While Emerson supremely sings
The nobleness of Man.

Here, while the world shall vainly seek
A common human speech,
Beauty clairvoyantly shall speak
What Sorrow cannot teach.

Here Science tells more wondrous tales
Than Fancy ever saw,
And shows behind a hundred veils
The friendliness of Law.

What brooding spirits haunt the place,
To guide the steps that stray,
To hail our service to the race,
Or shame our recreant day!

* * *

O ye, that gladly paid the price
That made your names renowned,
The precincts of your sacrifice
Are our most holy ground.

We conclude with the closing stanza of "A Spring Prelude" in *Poems of a Lighter Touch.*

O tardy April, is the full choir here?
Alas for me! thou hast forgot to bring
Out of the South one childish, bird-like voice,
Whose absence doth delay the year, and makes
My songs and thine but preludes till she come.

* * *

In one of the early "Dynamics of American Poetry," in this magazine, the writer had the pleasure of reviewing Vachel Lindsay's work and genius at length. The present volume, *Every Soul Is A Circus*, is dedicated to Mrs. Lindsay and " our two small circuses, Susan Doniphan Lindsay and Nicholas Cave Lindsay," and is engagingly illustrated with decorations by the author and George W. Richards. The book is introduced by the following stanza as a " motto for the whole book " :

Every soul is a circus,
  Every mind is a tent,
Every heart is a sawdust ring,
  Where the circling race is spent.

Mrs. Lindsay writes me that Mr. Lindsay's favourite in the book is " The Virginians Are Coming Again." A drawing showing a spirited Virginian cavalier, riding over a grasping plunderer, illustrates the poem, in which Mr. Lindsay's reforming spirit again strives against the coils of recent years. In the opening lines he warns the plunderer " Babbitt " that the day of reckoning is coming with the return of the partriotic spirit of the early Virginians, thus :

Babbitt, your tribe is passing away.
This is the end of your infamous day.
The Virginians are coming again.

With your neat little safety-vault boxes,
With your faces like geese and foxes,
You
Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men,
Your short-sighted days are over,
Your habits of strutting through clover,
Your movie-thugs, killing off souls and dreams,
Your magazines drying up healing streams,
Your newspapers, blasting truth and splendour,
Your shysters, ruining progress and glory,
Babbitt, your story is passing away,
The Virginians are coming again.

All set for the victory, calling the raid
I see them, the next generation,
Gentlemen, hard-riding, long-legged men,
With horse-whip, dog-whip, gauntlet and braid,
Mutineers, musketeers,
In command
Unafraid :
Great-grandsons of tide-water, and the bark-cabins,
Bards of the Blue-ridge, in buckskin and boots,
Up from the proudest war-path we have known
The Virginians are coming again.

The sons of ward-heelers
Threw out the ward-heelers,
The sons of bartenders
Threw out the bartenders,
And made our streets trick-boxes all in a day,
Kicked out the old pests in a virtuous way.
The new tribe sold kerosene, gasoline, paraffine.
Babbitt sold Judas. Babbitt sold Christ.
Babbitt sold everything under the sun
The Moon-Proud consider a trader a hog.
The Moon-Proud are coming again.

In the expected reformed state, Mr. Lindsay tells us:

Fire-eaters, troubadours, conquistadors,
Your sons will be born, refusing your load,
Thin-skinned scholars, hard-riding men,
Poets unharnessed, the moon their abode,
With the statesman's code, the gentleman's code,
With Jefferson's code, Washington's code,
With Powhatan's code!
From your own loins, for your fearful defeat
The Virginians are coming again.

The concluding lines are a clarion call:

Rouse the reader to read it right.
Find a good hill by the full-moon light,
Gather the boys and chant all night:—
"The Virginians are coming again."
Put in rhetoric, whisper and hint;
Put in shadow, murmur, and glint;
Jingle and jangle this song like a spur.
Sweep over each tottering bridge with a whirr,
Clearer and faster up main street and pike
Till sparks flare up from the flints that strike.
Leap metrical ditches with bridle let loose.
This song is a war, with an iron-shod use.

Let no musician, with blotter and pad
Scribble his pot-hooks to make the song sad.
Find
Your own rhythms
When Robert E. Lee
Gallops once more to the plain from the sea.
Give the rebel yell every river they gain.
Hear Lee's light cavalry rhyme with rain.
In the star-proud, natural fury of men
The Virginians are coming again.

* * *

Fire For the Night is a new book by our brilliant reviewer-poet, Babette Deutsch, with many vivid and wistful lines, and a sonnet sequence on the Fall of Man of Miltonic flavour. " To a Friend " follows :

> This is not love that in your absence finds
> The world so rich in sun, flowers so cool
> And perfect in their pattern, the several kinds
> Of music means to put my heart to school.
> If you could move me, nothing else but you
> Could move me, yet each hour observes me touched
> By an odour or a colour or a clue
> To wisdom that is only in torment clutched.
> And there are those whom my obedient veins
> Confess their master—you have not shouldered those
> From my thought's terraces to the blind lanes
> Whose shrunken haws commemorate the rose.
> This is not love that is so empty of need,
> So pulseless, acquiescent, without pain,
> And yet the weather of your mind will feed
> My spirit's root when we can meet again.

* * *

The Wind In the Cedars, by Glenn Ward Dresbach (Henry Holt & Company) gives us nineteen sonnets and sixty lyrics, bringing us, as always, the breath of the prairies and the beauty of our West. From the lyrics we select " Song " :

> I have seen the cloud of fire where the eagle's eyes
>   Were lighted ; I have seen its shadows on
> The wild glades where the grasses lurched and swayed
>   In wind from the flight of the dawn.
>
> I have seen the glade of molten moonlight where
>   The fawn's eyes joined the stars in a hidden pool—
> When the cloud of fire was ashes and the wind
>   On the eagle's eyes was cool.

From the sonnets follows " To A Scarlet Tanager "—

> O Spark, you winged from secret woodland forges
> Where starry hammers beat a tune of dreams.
> Their smoke hangs fragrant blue in the gorges,
> Their pulse is throbbing wildly in the streams.
> You are a presence from recurrent wonder
> That patterns through the urge into the leaf.
> On quivering flanks of the retreating thunder
> Your notes turn banners, glorious and brief.

Brief like the rapture that this day uncloses,
Of fitting song that sings long after still.
You show the path—we seek the new wild roses,
You hint of distance—and we climb the hill.
Against the woodland's haze your flaming breast!
You gave the clue and we must find the rest.

* * *

Sonnets From A Lock Box (Houghton, Mifflin Co.) by the Connecticut poet, Anna Hempstead Branch, is a collection of charming sonnets and lyrics of unusual depth. We give the first and the last of the thirty-eight sonnets:

How nonchalently I spend with little thrift
His proud sparse earnings which were the frugal pay
Of a man's stout will and honourable day.
What insolent spending of that sturdy gift!
When I reflect on him he seems like one
Who on a bleak hill set a lonely pine.
He saw the North Star in its branches shine.
His honest valours are by me undone.
Why I should own his box I cannot see.
For his scant legacy I am unfit.
Yet since he's in the yard I have his key,
And somehow I am master over it.
I am like one who decks the Holy Tree
With tinsel shapes; then casts it in the pit.

. . . . .

Oh carve it like the Astrolabe and set
With planetary symbols the golden stone;
With measurings of days and nights the zone . . .
With patternings of gold and silver fret.
Make beautiful the magic amulet.
Richly engrave with astronomical sign
The spinning circle; with sidereal line,
The Zodiac and stellar alphabet.

So money, in the rim of the world, swings round.
It measures earth and sea and mountains high.
It steers the ship, translates the starry sky.
It multiplies, divides and makes no sound.
It measures the seasons and we see it bring
Apples of gold and festivals in Spring.

Three stanzas from "The Name" illustrate the lyrical gift of this delightful writer:

When I come back from secret dreams
In gardens deep and fair,

How very curious it seems—
This mortal name I bear.

By this quaint name I make their bread
And trim the household light,
And sun the linen for the bed
And lock the door at night.

I wonder who Myself may be
And whence it was I came,
Before the Church had laid on me
This frail and earthly name.

* * *

Out of Every Day, by Agnes MacCarthy Hickey (Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa) is a book dedicated to the " Memory of My Sweet Mother Who First Taught Me To Read Poetry," and reflects a gracious poetic gift, illustrated in the following poems :

REVEILLÉ

An unseen trumpet sounds
   Across bleak fields and hill
And every sleeping thing awakes
   To its imperative will.

Flower-faces glow with wonder
   Again to behold the sky
And a benignant sun looks down
   On small swift things that fly.

In silent exultation
   Now Loveliness walks the earth
And all world-weary ones take heart
   At this miracle, rebirth.

Such glorious manifestation
   After death-conquering strife,
Reiterates God's promise of
   " Resurrection ! Immortal Life."

AFTER THE JAPANESE

Also, there is a Reaper in the Spring
   That in a wind's disguise comes whispering by
And indiscriminately casts fluttering
   May's tender blossoms on the ground to die,
   Then helpless only can we watch and sigh.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

He'd be
Engulfed in gloom
Had not Genius stooped down
And lifted him to her rare height
Called Fame.

* * *

Life on the *Viceroy of India*, flagship of the line, sailing from Bombay for Marseilles and London, was an unqualified delight. Among all the various contests that were invented for our amusement on this amusing journey, none was so piquant as the invention of Lord Dunsany. Known on both sides of the Atlantic . . . and it is safe to say on the sides of all oceans . . . one needs not append here a biographical sketch. It was the first time the writer had the pleasure of meeting Lord Dunsany. One hears and seemingly knows so many public characters, and it is interesting to compare the conceived picture with what finally crystallizes after the privilege of meeting. In New York we have long known of Lord Dunsany, and I for one have thought of him as a play writer: never had I seen one of his plays. . . . I knew very little about him. His striking figure in an amazing skin coat on a cold morning (oh, yes, it was cold, though we had heard we would die of the heat) drew my attention as it would any passenger's, and presently the circumstances of the Limerick Contest brought about an introduction, since I had been asked to serve with Lord Dunsany as judge. All our friends were writing limericks, with "There was a young thing in a ship" as the first line, and there was much merriment over the event. After the awards had been made, Lord Dunsany contributed some examples "as they might have done it, if they had been on board." These included:

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

There was a young thing in a ship
With a lecherous look on her lip;
  And a sinister star
  Looking on from afar
Sent a curse on the whole of the trip,
Put a doom on that elegant ship.

W. B. YEATS.

There was a young thing in a ship
Who had seven pale smiles on her lip,
  That were once seven drakes
  On some magical lakes
Where the wild beer makes musical drip.

SWINBURNE.

There was a young thing in a ship
Where the sea was afoam to the lip
  Of the languorous land
  At the north wind's command,
And the gods were inert in its grip.

EUCLID.

There was a young thing in a ship
Whose lip, with each angle or tip,
  To another's was equal,
  As was proved in the sequel,
By imposing his lip on her lip.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

There was a young thing in a ship
Who said let us carouse, let us sip
  The red wine of the sun;
  For the night comes when none
Shall carry a cup to the lip.

WALT WHITMAN.

There was a young thing in a ship
Who knew perfectly well what she was after;
For I am not fettered by metre or rhyme, camaradoes,
  I am the strong white American man
And am bound by none of the shackles of moribund civilizations.

Of course they " brought down the house "—or shall we say the ship—and he gave me permission to publish them in my causerie. . . . And this was not all. . . . There were several delightful conversations on deck with Lord and Lady Dunsany where a serious note entered, and he charmed with his sincerity and wisdom and wit. I asked Lord Dunsany about his recent work, and he told me of the book of *Fifty Poems* lately published and of recent tiger hunts and adventures, and on my inquiring if we would have from him a tiger poem he said " Oh, no, I never write anything that happens . . . but as I grow older I find the fantastic more elusive . . . things that never happened—that never could have happened—are the things that charm me to write about."

Fifty Poems celebrates the joy of the minstrel in wandering over earth's acreage, the seas that bind, and hints of bournes unreached or forgotten that haunt the mind of a poet. His first number in this volume, " Art in Life," for those who have not read it, I give it; for those that have, they will be glad to re-read:

There is so much to catch
  As the days go by,
The line of some queer old thatch
  Against wintry sky,

The huge red sun of November
  Threatening snow,
Dark woods that seem to remember
  Ages ago,

Gold king-cups crowning the ditches,
  Windows agleam,
Old willows standing like witches
  Haunting a stream,

Far mountains lit with a glow
  That is tremulous
With something we only know
  Is never for us,

All shapes of rocks and of trees
  That a rune has enchanted,
All sounds that sigh upon seas
  Or lands that are haunted.

So much there is to catch,
  And the years so short,
That there is scarce time to snatch
  Pen, palette, or aught,

And to seize some shape we can see,
  That others may keep
Its moment of mystery,
  Then go to our sleep.

Lovers of the desert will enjoy the thrill of " In the Sahara ":

Oh, you that stay in cities, saw you this pretty thing ?
The moon was new on Sunday, all in a silver ring.
Now it is veiled and curious, no more a shining hoop,
And the wind is in the Desert, and the sand is in the soup.

The wind that Allah bridles is free to-night to roam,
Like camels in the evening, when the caravans are home.
The tent-ropes creak uneasily, the soup is full of grit,
And all the cooks of London have not the like of it.

I know years hence in cities, when Spring has scarce touched Spain,
I'll yearn for mighty spaces and fret to see again,
As on some larger planet, the huge horizon's loop,
When the wind is in the Desert and the sand is in the soup.

The spirit of travelling so permeates this volume, it is hard to stop. "The Traveller" follows:

Beautiful when the world lies dreaming
Are the lights from the Evening Star's
Oceans of pale blue water gleaming,
And the tawny deserts of Mars.

Alas that they lie beyond our reaches,
Our sisters sidereal,
And never an earth-ship touches the beaches
Of any one of them all.

Yet far journeys we can adventure,
For from mind to mind there lie
Spaces of apathy, doubting and censure,
Through which our thoughts scarce fly.

And whoever bridges the gap between us,
We being lonely as stars,
Is well on his way to Jupiter, Venus,
Mercury, Saturn and Mars.

In the midst of distant musings Lord Dunsany's mind turns to

To Keats.

On a magical morning, with twinkling feet
And a song at his lips that was strange and sweet,
Somebody new came down the street
To the world's derision and laughter.

Now he is dumb with no more to say,
Now he is dead and taken away,
Silent and still, and leading the way,
And the world comes tumbling after.

And we will end with "The Call":

Sudden again
That curious heavy whiff in a London square,
Camels or strange tobacco, and out of the rain
My heart has travelled eastwards to glittering air
That floods up mightily over a golden plain
To waken cities that I would visit again.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

New York, August 5th, 1930.

SHELLEY'S FRIENDS

THE two biographies from Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson, *Leigh Hunt*, by Edmund Blunden, and *The Friend of Shelley* (a Memoir of Edward John Trelawney) by H. J. Massingham (each 21s.), are particularly suited for simultaneous reading since, though they are the intimate records of two very different persons and the methods of presentation are dissimilar, they both pivot, however unintentionally, upon the impulsive gestures of Shelley's friendship and are infused with the ardour of his personality and genius. This is as it should be, for Shelley himself had no more loyal or devoted friends than Leigh Hunt and Trelawney—the one " his first and best critic " and unfailing champion to the end, the other an equal mourner at and chief mover in the cremation rites. Leigh Hunt received the heart of Shelley, saved from the funeral pyre, and at first refused to relinquish his claim to it, even to Mary Shelley. " Presently, however, he gave up the heart, *cor cordium* as it was to him; that was relinquished, but he never gave up his instinct that Shelley was his." Trelawny's love was such that he not only made all the terrible and beautiful arrangements after Shelley's death, but had his own tomb prepared at the same spot in Rome; and his whole life was influenced by a friendship that had begun but a few months before.

Mr. Blunden, already an expositor of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, has given us generous details of his life, largely in extracts from his correspondence and immense literary out-put. Sidelights are thrown upon his character and activities by passages from the correspondence of his friends. As would be expected in a book written by one poet of another, his poetry receives particular attention. Not only are quotations numerous and representative, but the texture of the verse is criticised with unusual discrimination. Mr. Blunden says :—" Mastery in poetry consists largely in the instinct for not smothering or tinkering with moments of vision. Hunt had his moments, but not the instinct." In another place :—" What Hunt was talented to touch upon, not to seize and appropriate, others were impelled by his poem to attempt with power. *Rimini* has the honour of having opened more than one poetical prospect to those who read it. It pointed the way to a flexibility of style in verse, and the necessity for the poets of a strongly advancing race to acquire expression through the medium of significant daily speech. It showed that the epigrammatic couplet of Pope and his long line of followers was a metrical tyranny, and that the couplet might become flowing and even labyrinthine without loss of direction and with great joy of sound and interpretation. . . . Hunt anticipated Keats in frankly admitting the ' luxuries ' to verse—the colours, perfumes, clothing, food, drink, and physical experiences at large, so often foreign to the austerities of poetry."

Later he observes : " As a translator adept in all the kinds of poetry, Leigh Hunt is our master ; he has not left an English Dante like Cary, or a Virgil like Dryden, but the anthology of European lyrics in our tongue which should be published from his poetical works is unrivalled for spirit, for that actual originality which springs from true devotion, for bringing the foreign beauty home to us without spoiling its native difference." And again: " he had during his later life become a poet, not remarkably strong and glowing, but clear, various and following his own course."

Nor does Mr. Blunden ignore his critical capacity. As an anthologist "Hunt's share of *The Book of the Sonnet*, if I may say so at a moment when the composition of fourteen lines with a special shape and cadence is regarded as work for an undertaker, is most entertaining and instructive. The authors from whom he made his selections form an illuminating catalogue too; good minor poets in England have been legion. A very considerable number of the great and small writers in his book had been recognized by him, and had entered the wide circle or fireside group of his friends." On another occasion, " It was probably due to Hunt's laudations in the book on Byron that the works of Coleridge, Shelley and Keats were brought out in one cover by Galignani in 1829. He took the opportunity of adding to his memoirs of his dead friends several of their most perfect passages of verse, with his exclamations of pleasure and discernment, and in this faculty of choosing and inviting us to the feast he can never be surpassed."

In proof of his prophetic instinct as to the future recognition of Shelley and Keats, Mr. Blunden quotes from Hunt himself: " If I had a right to speak like Gibbon, and if affection might be allowed to anticipate the voice of posterity, I would ' exhort ' in like manner the race of the Shelleys to pierce through the din of existing prejudices, and consider no sound so fair as the name of their aspiring kinsman." And of Keats: " To admire and comment upon the genius that two or three hundred years have applauded, and to discover what will partake of the applause two or three hundred years hence, are processes of a very different description . . . I venture to prophesy, as I have done elsewhere, that Mr. Keats will be known hereafter in English literature, emphatically as the Young Poet."

Leigh Hunt's public and domestic life are revealed with sympathic understanding. Even when his early intolerance had mellowed to a fearless championship of what was good in literature and life, he was not left unpersecuted. His own penury and uncomfortable conditions of living stand out in sad contrast to the haven of his imagination shown in such poems as " The Choice " and in the delightful passage quoted below from "Bodryddan":

" There, walls were books, and the sweet witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heav'n-gone kindred, sweet and wise;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.

Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace
Looked forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seemed to say,
' The stars are firm, and hold their way.' "

The association of Byron with both Leigh Hunt and Trelawney is, of course, shown in a very uncompromising light. Both were attracted by his genius and personality and repelled by his behaviour to them. The biographers agree unquestioningly upon the points of provocation, but Mr. Massingham goes farther and shows us the final Byron of Missolonghi—a changed man from the dilettante of Italy—summed up in the words of Prof. Nichol in his study of Byron : " Nothing can be more statesmanlike than some of Byron's papers of this and the immediately preceding period ; nothing more admirable than the spirit which animates them. . . . From first to last he was engaged in denouncing dissension, in advocating unity, in doing everything that man could do to concentrate and utilize the disorderly elements with which he had to work."

Trelawney is also presented to us with understanding, but his biographer has had fewer sources of information and has had to rely mostly upon an interpretation of his character as revealed in *The Adventures of a Younger Son* and the not unimpeachable accuracy of the *Recollections*. The romantic bravado of the Pirate, his disillusionment over Byron, his tragic sense of futility in spite of his Samson strength, his friendship with Mary Shelley, his exploits in Greece, and, above all, his devotion to Shelley, " long as his life and hot as heart," are treated here with wisdom and affection. Largely because Mr. Massingham does not over-eulogize his truculent hero, we receive him with the tolerance and affection asked for.

But the most absorbing sections of each book are those of the Shelley episodes. They are drawn with a share of the enthusiasm with which he was regarded by these friends. There is the picture of him rushing to greet Leigh Hunt on his arrival in Italy ; the unfaded first impression made by him on the susceptible Trelawney, many glimpses of his life at Lerici ; the undimmed tragedy of the foundered boat and the " dæmonically beautiful burning." His spirit can be discerned affecting the remaining chapters of each story.

E. D. BANGAY.

DONNE, RIMBAUD, AND OTHERS

In the first flush of material success young countries have no use for the pale thoughtfulness of Europe, they worship pedigree Shorthorns and large electric cables ; but later comes dissatisfaction, and already Australia is passing out of the phase of noisy self-assertion, and probably a true Australian literature will appear when her writers have learned enough of the European tradition to find that some portion of it is universal, not provincial. Typical of an awakening interest in European culture is Mr. A. R. Chisholm's work on *The Art of Arthur Rimbaud* (Melbourne University Press, and Macmillan, 66 pp., 4s. 6d.) Mr. Chisholm attempts to show Rimbaud as the typical Symbolist, replacing the linear and plastic values by " musical " values, music being the art which expresses the flux of the universe. Mr. Chisholm is, perhaps, unfair in this. The Romantics definitely started the attack on the solid classical Newtonian object, the world of the romantic is a flux of sensation (how would Mr. Chisholm define Romanticism ?), the symbolists were Romantics who had discovered an appropriate imagery to communicate the feeling of a flux of experience. In the work under review it is shown how Rimbaud identifies the sea and sky, communicates the motion of the one to the other and then extends this movement to the earth, to solid objects, to human life, to the whole universe. *Bateau ivre* is then shown to be the complete expression of this mode of experience and an excellent analysis of its imagery reveals Rimbaud's debt to Verne, Hugo, Poe, Leconte de l'Isle, Gautier and even Schopenhauer and Virgil. This criticism is by no means trivial : it will certainly enable many readers to derive more satisfaction from the poem than they could before. The final chapters of this book reveal, however, a disregard of probability : when a thousand hypotheses are equally tenable, then any one, however plausible, must needs be improbable. Rimbaud may be well described as a Cybele-worshipper, but counting the references to birds, beasts and flowers in his work only succeeds in classifying him with D. H. Lawrence and St. Francis ; whilst argument A on page 65 might well serve as a *reductio ad absurdum* of all such speculations.

* * *

With Rimbaud and Laforgue, John Donne is an outstanding influence on modern poets, and those who wish to understand the work of Edgell Rickword and Douglas Garman on this side of the Atlantic, and Allen Tate and Hart Crane in America will find much that is helpful in George Williamson's *The Donne Tradition* (Humphrey Milford for the Harvard University Press, 264 pp., 14s.). It is impossible adequately to review this comprehensive work in a short notice : its value is mainly that which it possesses as a summary of that view of Donne and his contemporaries which, though it has not found complete expression in the work of any one writer, is to-day associated with the names of Mr. T. S. Eliot and Professor Grierson. Even those familiar with the work of these and associated writers may use this book to deepen and clarify their appreciation of those poets whose faith was admirably proclaimed by Chapman :

> The profane multitude I hate, and only consecrate my strange poems to those searching spirits, whom learning hath made noble, and nobility sacred.

Chapman himself, charged with obscurity, could use the words which Mr. Herbert Read has quoted :

> Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits is pedantical and childish ; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed.

Those to whom poetry is the highest adventure of the human spirit, not an occasional gathering of sweet flowers will be prepared to face such obscurity, nor will they disdain the help of critics such as Professor Williamson.

* * *

Miss Teresa Hooley's *Eve and Other Poems* (Jonathan Cape, 52 pp., 3s. 6d.) will please those who have admired her work in the *Sunday Times* and *Observer*. She is most at home when rewriting existing poems (*Eros*, *A Cup of Cold Water*, *Suffer Little Children*, all have a vaguely familiar air). Occasionally she tries to be modern by introducing a sentimentally wicked drunkard into her sentimentally pure and Christmas Card-y scene. Drunkards and " Realists " are more complex than Miss Hooley imagines, and perhaps perceive beauty invisible to her. In *Five*, however, we find a validity of thought and emotion which gives us reason to hope that Miss Hooley will advance from her present accomplished triviality to the hard truth of Edna Millay.

* * *

The *Selected Poems* of William Alexander Percy (Humphrey Milford and Yale University Press, 13s. 6d.) have that quietness which comes not from restraint but from a natural absence of violent emotion. Indeed, these scented and coloured verses are usually so familiar in form and subject that an occasional unconventional image is startling. and does not contribute to the general effect. In his short poems Mr Percy frequently states his emotions but does nothing to evoke them in his readers, and the fallacy of his long dramatic poem *In April Once* lies in his assumption that direct statement necessarily produces the feeling which the experience described would do. In that poem, too, he shirks the issue which he raises ; the problem is not how to die, but how to live in a world full of ugliness and horror. Mr. Percy's private solution is flight :

Back to the more of earth, the less of man,
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And friendship, poor in everything but love,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star. . . .

* * *

Mr. F. L. Lucas (*Marionettes*. Cambridge University Press, 5s.) is a master of light and gracious verse who resents the words of the

Aberdeen Reviewer, who said the author "lacked feeling." In the most effective of his quatrains (*Triumph*) he says :

> "A work of genius"—"masterpiece of wit"
> (*Spectator*, *Times*)—"the whole world talks of it."
> Ah Muse, to write (could such things ever be)
> What would but leave men thinking, silently !

This is a strange ambition for one who takes the trouble to write :

> "What means, what means this life from which we shrink,
> This life at which we clutch ?"
> "Oh life, O love, the only thing to think
> Is—not too much."

Mr. Lucas is at his worst in his attempted epigrams : he shows no sign of understanding those at whom he gibes, and yet one cannot wholly believe in his levity. He is more convincing, loses his self-consciousness and permits himself, as in *Discord* and *Love's Immortality*, to be serious and unashamed of his emotion, and in Louis XVI, 1780, he has a subject which arouses his own deepest feelings :

> A young man—heavy-featured, dreamy, slow—
> Tracing with child-like care a map of France :
> Across the crested books, the gilt bureau ,
> Like butterflies the evening sunbeams dance.
>
> That hand has helped re-draw the map of earth,
> And change the colour of a hemisphere,
> Brought a new nation through the throes of birth—
> Yet his crown galls. He can forget it here.
>
> Here he is happy. No more need to think.
> To-day he made a perfect lock, alone.
> Hunting to-morrow. Now in glistening ink
> He marks the kingdom that he calls his own,
>
> Dotting the strongholds that his father ruled—
> Toul, Nancy, Sedan, Verdun, Metz—his pen
> Hovers a moment on Sainte-Menehould,
> Then slips, undoubting, onward past Varennes.

* * *

Robert Graves' new volume, *Ten Poems More* (Hours Press, 200 signed copies at 30s.) is produced by Richard Aldington and Nancy Cunard at their press in the Rue Guénégaud (Paris 6^{me}). The volume is uniform with Laura Riding's *Twenty Poems Less* (reviewed in this number) and has similar covers of photographic designs by Len Lye. Mr. Graves has continued the path he followed in *Poems* 1914-26 ; he is definitely a metaphysical poet (he even writes directly, with deadly precision and finality, on "The History of the Word") and this volume differs from *Poems* 1929 in so far as he has regained a confidence in words, and passed beyond those rhythmical experiments with abstract words which are natural in the work of Laura Riding but seemed at first something of an aberration with him. *Oak, Poplar, Pine* for example is an obvious development of his 1925 manner and we recognize his developing technique in the effect of doom which threatens *Interruption :*

> If ever against this easy blue and silver
> Hazed-over countryside of thoughtfulness
> Far behind in the mind and above,
> Boots from before and below approach tramping,
> Watch how their premonition will display
> A forward countryside. . . .

Mr. Graves is a poet of integrity; he'll have no easy pathos, no pitiful Wagnerian resolutions (mark the sharp criticism in *Act V, Scene* 5), nor will he write to please any reader; but these poems are clear evidence that he has still sufficient in common with others of his generation to justify an appeal to more than the two hundred possessors of this limited edition. More new works by Len Lye, Laura Riding and Robert Graves are announced by The Seizin Press, Doya, Mallorca, Spain.

* * *

Mr. George Rostrevor Hamilton is a poet of known distinction and in his new volume, *Light in Six Moods and Other Poems* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.) he communicates the savage intensity of his own dark vision. Out of a cruel introspection he can write :

> Are you the same, O eyes, that hang with lust
> On the body's every feature, take your fill
> Of the sweet flesh, defile it as you will,
> And, cruel in weakness, claim that so you must ?

tracing the human tragedy, the conflict of ideals and old habitual action, through to the bitterness of memory :

> Are you the same, O eyes, that knew to love ?
> Are you the same that made the unconscious face
> A clear reflection of eternal grace,
> The Spirit descending on it like a dove ?

Then in a final stanza he can state :

> Only your windows are the same. Within
> A thousand passions in the same soul throng,
> And still the Evil and the Good are strong,
> And Virtue, close as friendship, bound to sin.

He states, but perhaps he does not altogether succeed in evoking the feeling that while this bitterness persists the fight is not lost, that ignorance is not innocence, and easy triumph is no victory at all. The poet is strongest in his vein of fierce denunciation; like the prophets', his prayers betray a doubt, a reproach, and continually he prays for strength:

> *I am the man on whom, O Lord, Thy storms,*
> *On whom Thy storms have fallen all the night.*
> *Strengthen me, Lord, strengthen me, Lord, for sight.*

He prays for strength, but as the prophets, not as the Christian saints; he will not doubt the senses nor the value of human reason. In *The Log* a poet, worshipper of the green visible world, argues against the philosophy whose world is symbolized by a dead and weathered tree-trunk, and the philosopher has the final word:

> " The log, my friend, was yours; You thrust it on me.
> But let that be, for I will not refuse
> An ally in the artisan. I'll build
> A ship well-timbered, fit to sail rough seas,
> And put aboard a crew of swearing sailors,
> And launch her to the sunset. You will see
> Her lonely, red as blood, a ship of fire,
> A dream, a venture, man's last dying hope
> To voyage beyond the Indies. Yet I tell you
> She's nothing but common timber, and she's carved
> Perfect, from bow to stern, of this dead log."

* * *

Mr. W. J. Turner's new satirical poem *Miss America* (Mandrake Press, 6s.) is extremely disappointing; till now he had progressed but despite the high-pitched advertisements of his publishers this work will add nothing to his reputation, for his own convictions are not strong enough to enable him wholeheartedly to ridicule his Miss America. Laughter and hatred must have a basis of faith; Mr. Turner merely points out that Miss America (the middle class, superficially educated woman in the thirties) is not entirely satisfied with her own sophistication and freedom. The contractions of her attitude are never sharply focussed into wit or pathos; we snigger, or give the girl a shilling; and the lapses into beauty are irrelevant and rare.

* * *

The first of Mr. Sturge Moore's two dramatic poems *Mystery and Tragedy* (Cayme Press, 7s. 6d.) suffers from the slowness with which the mystery is unfolded; the sweetness of this shadowy world begins to cloy before a significance appears and we miss the direct architecture of *The Vinedresser*, but in the tragedy, *Daimonassa*, the rhetoric is, from the beginning, appropriate to the violent action. We cannot expect to find in this tragedy the accurate morbid psychology of Ford or Webster, but we are provided with something which might make a capital afternoon's entertainment. (*Psyche in Hades* is a piece for actors rather than spectators.) The volume is well produced by the

Alcuin Press, but the printing of stage directions in the same type as the text is a little confusing.

* * *

The prize of £10 offered by Richard Aldington and Nancy Cunard for the best short poem on Time was awarded to Samuel Beckett for "Whoroscope" and this has now been published by the Hours Press (15 Rue Guénégaud, Paris, 6me) in an edition of 200 copies at 1s. and 100 copies (signed by the author) at 5s. The poem shows René Descartes, Seigneur du Perron, trying to escape the trivialities of his time. The notes elucidate the unfamiliar references and by this device Mr. Beckett is able to coin at least one vigorous phrase :

"Give it to Gillot."

Descartes passed on the easier problems in analytical geometry to his valet Gillot. In the poem, he makes this remark *à propos* of an omelette made of eggs which had been too short a time under the hen to suit him. Read Mr. Beckett's poem and, even if you fail to appreciate it as a whole (and this is likely in a poem which is, of its nature, a collection of trivia), you will find the words "Give it to Gillot" recurring to your mind when you contemplate some half-baked contemporary thought and feeling. To find apt phrases may not be the whole duty of the poet, but it is at least one part of his function, and one could find a dozen such phrases in Mr. Beckett's poem.

* * *

The Discovery of Poetry by P. H. B. Lyon (Edward Arnold & Co., 2s. 6d.) is another of the innumerable competent books intended for the use of school children of fourteen or fifteen years of age, and it adopts the conventional dogmatic tone. Undoubtedly these books, while adding in some ways to the child's appreciation, cramp it in others. It is possible that Pope seems dull to this generation because people like Mr. Lyon, who try to force on children their own romantic adult tastes, say casually " Then came a very matter of fact hundred and fifty years." Within his own limitations Mr. Lyon may increase his readers' appreciation of verse (he has artfully made his volume an anthology of the "hundred best passages" type), but that he fails to appreciate many of the subtleties of verse is shown by the unrhythmic, pointlessly misprinted thing which he imagines to resemble the verse of Mr. E. E. Cummings. He obviously has not tried to make typography help. It ill becomes the colour-blind to criticize Turner or Botticelli, and their folly is revealed when they equate the products of their own limited vision to the work of those masters. Further, Mr. Lyon is misinformed : the work of Mr. Cummings stands almost alone to-day, which is a pity, because it is at least fun to read, which is more than can be said of sixty per cent. of the verse now being published.

* * *

Mr. M. J. Nicolson, in six essays on *Art and Sex* (Mitre Press, 5s.)

defines Art as an attempt to express an Object and a Response to the Object. Clearly Mr. Nicolson is some kind of realist; but his philosophy is never made explicit. Art, he says, is not life; but surely the Object is only an abstraction from experience, and Response is part of experience itself. Mr. Nicolson endeavours to " rescue " us from the Freudian view that Art is a sublimation of sexual phantasy, but he misses the point of the word " sublimation." So long as we are convinced of the value of, say, Gothic architecture, why should we be perturbed about its possible origin as sexual symbolism? Sublimation necessarily implies the replacement of less by more valuable activities. We have no need of amateur rescuers, and when Mr. Nicolson has something to say he will find learned societies willing enough to listen. But he will have to think more deeply and more clearly first.

* * *

In *The House on the Wold* by Wm. Force Stead (Cobden-Sanderson, 3s. 6d.), Mr. Stead catches the elusive spirit of poetry better in his descriptive than in his narrative verse. The fragmentary story of the title poem does not succeed in becoming either very interesting or eerie, but the picture of the house itself, with its " lion-headed walnut tree " " at the garden end," is delightful. In another poem, " Instant of Creation," an underlying significance adds beauty to an already good description of

" . . . stems, leaves, buds, with flowers folded up
Tight in the green sheath, as a poet bears
A poem hidden in his heart, and lovers
Keep for a time their unrevealed love."

* * *

Green Pastures (Gollancz) is already so universally commented upon that it requires little recommendation. The naivety of the conception and diction are never anything but reverent—they are more, they are fervid in their sincerity and faith. Colloquialism is lifted to a quaint whimsicality and even beauty; and touches of tenderness are everywhere, from the taking of the dove to tell the other animals in the ark of the discovered olive leaf to the final musings of God upon the forgiveness of the world.

* * *

Since every translation, especially of a little-known language, gives us a glimpse of a new country, *The Cloud Messenger*, an Indian Love Lyric, translated from the original Sanskrit of Kalidasa by Charles King, B.A. (The Wisdom of the East Series, John Murray, 2s. 6d.) is acceptable; but Mr. King has not very successfully bridged the difficulties between the strangeness of the Sanskrit imagery and our naturally more restrained English diction. Happy is he who can pour the fervid wine of the one into the cool cup of the other and so let us drink. Not till then is its beauty truly tasted. Nevertheless, this small volume has a peculiar beauty and fascination.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S REPORT AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

When the Belgian Society of Young Authors on August 3rd did homage to the memory of Verhalren " devant l'orgueilleuse pierre tombale superbement isolée en face du sauvage et bel Escaut " at S. Amand a poem dedicated to the Master was read in which it was declared " Tu fus le monstrueux inquisiteur du mot." We would like to apply this term—with, perhaps, a milder adjective—to our contributors' work. We have before us evidences of careful search for and use of the inevitable and just and even the inexorable word. The Poet Laureate is precisely defined by Mrs. Ormsby ; Miss A. D. L. Wilson's picturesque imagery in " The Bean Field," and "Metamorphosis," Miss D. M. Hill's terseness, the contrasting colours in the autumn colour schemes of Miss H. M. Slade and Miss D. Major and the restrained individual sentiment of Mrs. Fison and Miss I. M. Mills are examples of eminently successful pieces of different genres, and we divide the premium between them.

One or another poem by the following contributors is highly commended :—

V. Arlett (Worthing), M. Davis (Bath), A. E. Dewey (S.W.), S. Dobson (S.E.24), D. M. Hill (Wolverhampton), H. E. Kennedy (Harrow), L. D. Mills (Northampton), M. Napier (Shaftesbury), H. M. Slade (Ramsgate), R. F. Solloway (Bedford), M. Toovey (Amersham), E. Warner (Leicester).

The following are commended :—

E. Alder (Haddenham), E. A. Alcock (Hounslow), F. Belville (Ohio), C. E. F. Barry (Montreal), R. de Bunsen (S.W.7), E. A. Cullabine (Worksop), H. M. Chadwick (Mass. U.S.A.), A. H. Cooper (Paignton), N. K. Cruickshank (Bury), M. Hale Cooper (Ohio., U.S.A.), I. Fiske Conant (New Hampshire, U.S.A.), A. E. Collinge (Bolton), H. Derenziska (Milan), F. Moyes Daft (San Jose), E. T. Estabrook (Mass. U.S.A.), G. W. Eustace (Arundel), D. G. Greville (Wakefield), E. J. Harrison (Lincoln), E. Holdsworth (Yorks), H. Hamilton (Torphins), H. Holland (Hampstead), H. Holl (W.C.2), D. M. Hill (Wolverhampton), I. Jeans (Dorking), M. R. Liston (Australia), T. A. Lewis (Hayling Island), W. K. Lewis, (Ramsgate), D. F. Larkin (Brighton), R. McKie (Brighton), U. Maw (Milford-on-Sea), M. Micholls (Little Bookham), G. E. Merrick (Warminster), K. Munday (Salisbury), E. Nolan (Naples), I. Ormsby (Addiscombe), J. E. S. Old (Nyasaland), N. A. Pollok (Rutherglen), M. M. C. Pollard (Tring), C. R. Reeve (S.W.7), M. A. Rowland (Eastbourne), M. E. Rose (Brailsford), A. Smith (Wanstead), A. H. Thirlby (Burton-on-Trent), L. C. Thomas (Croyde), E. Warner (Leicester), M. A. Woodward (Oregon, U.S.A.), L. M. Wharton (Lebanon, N.J., U.S.A.) E. M. Walker (Bournemouth).

We hope we deal justly here and always with our contributors, especially those who do not get into the above honours lists,

Having no name,
Having no sword to pierce,
The treacherous shoals of casual criticism,

as Miss Silvia Dobson reminds us in *Cui Bono?* So much vital energy, alertness, observation, sensitiveness, have gone to the making of these poems,

Long thoughts of beauty.
Blossoming under pain,
Free fantasies, and themes
That the keen brain
Has delved from the rich bounteousness of books.

Laughter and Praise
And mellow reasoned truth,
And high ideals,
That fiery hearted youth
Seeks after down the unfrequented ways ;
Till bubbling liquor brims the cup of thought,
Spilling to words.

Who cares, who watches, or who understands ;
Though youth and hope and royal fancy dies,
As the song dies ?

* * *

Mr. G. W. Eustace will pardon us for printing his " Restraint " as a definition and summary of the Sonnet, supplementing Prof. Oliphant's learned and exhaustive treatise :

Chide not the sonnet, for its rigid dress
Is but the means whereby are held in place
The woven lines, which weaving interlace
A shrine. Here thought may through restraint express
The deeper meaning of its inwardness,
Framed in a dignity and old-time grace,
Like to the setting of a pensive face.
Beneath the bonnet of a quakeress.

Restraint awards true liberty to thought,
A freedom, licence only gains to mar ;
All wisdom is but by experience bought ;
It is the helm which guides across the bar,
The nebula, when in an orbit caught,
Which flames into the glory of a star.

* * *

The usual premium of £2 for the best poem or poems submitted to the Premium Editor during the month (without limitation of subject) is increased to £3. MSS. should be addressed to "The Premium Editor, the Poets' Fellowship, The Poetry Review, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5, " before October 1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, of international coupon, and, if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.)

The Lewis Gold Medal for Narrative Poems

Our good friend Mr. W. K. Lewis has extended his generous offers of premiums, and now propose to provide an annual Gold Medal for members of the Fellowship (any verse-writing members of The Poetry Society). As at present arranged, this Gold Medal is confined to this year in commemoration of the Society's Coming-of-Age but may be extended, if the interest taken in this first offer shows appreciation of it above that of the ordinary cash premiums, and associated with the birthday of the donor. The medal on this occasion is offered for the best short story in verse. The Sands of Dee, Auld Robin Gray, Annabel Lee and The Three Fishers are cited as examples of this genre. Aptness and beauty of expression, brevity and originality are particularly desired, and the length of the poems is limited to not more than 100 lines each. In addition to the Gold Medal, Mr. Lewis provides two guineas to be used at the judge's discretion among one or more competitors other than the winner of the medal. The usual conditions apply :—MSS. must remain at the disposal of the Editor until the award is announced and he may use not only the winning poems but any others submitted in this competition. All MSS. (accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope) must be addressed "The Lewis Gold Medal," 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5 ; closing date November 27th. More than one poem may be submitted.

A "Coming of Age" Commemoration Premium

Mr. G. W. Eustace provides a premium of £3 (divided into £1 10s. od., £1 and 10s., for 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively) for odes commemorative of the coming of age of the Poetry Society, the form to be that first introduced by Cowley and well explained by him in his Ode on Liberty.

The length should not exceed 52 lines in all. The closing date for receipt of MSS. at the *Poetry Review* Office, 44 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5 (envelopes endorsed "Coming of Age"), will be October 29th. Competitors must be members of the *P.T.* or registered subscribers to the *P.R.*

* * *

Mrs. Bartlett recently received the following cable from Il Duce, to whom the play was dedicated in the original : "There has come to me the translation of your poetic drama, *Cæsar the Undefeated* (*Cesare Invitto*). In thanking you warmly for your gracious presentation it gives me pleasure to extend to you the expression of my most enthusiastic appreciation : Mussolini."

THE RAWNSLEY GOLD MEDAL: THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION CONDITIONS

The family of the late Mr. W. F. Rawnsley, in conjunction with the Council of the Poetry Society (Incorporated), have endowed an annual gold medal to be competed for within the Society by readers of poetry, constituting a most appropriate memorial to the first Life Member and for many years the Elder Councillor, and for several years the devoted President of the Society, who was particularly concerned with the reading of poetry and went about giving readings in schools, from Eton and Uppingham to local elementary schools, where he was heard gladly and left behind an endurable impression of the magic and beauty of fine poetry, especially of that of his friend, Alfred Tennyson.

The third annual competition will be held in London in November. Mr. Alfred Noyes has consented to act as adjudicator.

Any member of The Poetry Society may enter. It is suggested that Centres in particular should compete, arranging a preliminary competition within each for the selection of representative readers. Schools associated with the Society may also send up one or more representative competitiors.

All competitors, whether local or general, will be required to pay an entrance fee, out of which the expenses of the competition, other than the cost of the Medal, will be met.

On sending in their entries to the general or the local secretary, competitors must state whether above 18 years of age and notify the poem or selection from a poem they intend to read and supply a copy of the words. Each reading should not take more than five minutes. Competitors may be required to read a poem at sight.

For individual entries the fee is 10s.; for group entries (centres and schools holding an eliminating competition), 3s. 6d., provided there are not less than four local entries, each group to be represented in the final by one candidate representing each four entries. These preliminary competitions should be completed before October 25th. Further directions in connection therewith will be supplied by the General Secretary of The Poetry Society. Schools associated with The Poetry Society are specially invited to participate in the group competitions, the representatives of which will be indicated on the programme.

In addition to the gold medal, silver and bronze replicas will be awarded to the leading individual competitors, not more than and above 18 years of age.

* * *

At the prize-giving of St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith, Miss E. Strudwick, high mistress, said in her report :—" I have been struck this term with the fact that very few Paulinas read aloud as well as they should. It seems to be growing a lost art, and I venture to think that a great pity. Many of the older generation owe their love of beautiful literature to the memory of it beautifully read to them when they were children. It is not, I am afraid, possible for a school to do all it would like to do in this respect, and so I would suggest to parents that if they could find time to revive the practice of reading aloud at home we should come nearer to an adequate appreciation of the lovely sounds of our own language and realize the joys of the spoken as well as the written word."

* * *

A tablet to the memory of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been placed on the facade of the Villa Tolomei (now Villa Bastiani) at Bagni di Lucca, where the two poets spent the summers of 1853 and 1857. The tribute is due to members of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, which has what is believed to be the largest collection of Browning works and of books and articles relating to them that has yet been got together.

Some of Mrs. Browning's finest poetry was inspired by the "Risorgimento." After her death in 1861, a tablet with an inscription saying that her verses had "forged a golden link between Italy and England," was placed by the Municipality of Florence on the façade of Casa Guidi, where she died. In 1916, when the two countries were again drawn very close to one another by mutual suffering, the Florentines remembered Mrs. Browning, and added a second small tablet to the side of the house where the poetess had looked out "from Casa Guidi windows by the church," with a quotation from the poem.

* * *

The tomb and obelisk to Edmund Waller, the poet, and lord of the manor of Beaconsfield, who died there in 1687, has been restored under the direction of the local Parochial Church Council. It is a feature in the churchyard of great interest to visitors, and may be regarded as a national monument.

The tomb bears a lengthy inscription in Latin, the translation of which reads:

> "Behold, traveller, the monument of Edmund Waller who though a poet of the highest fame and distinguished among the first for ancestral wealth, dedicated himself to the Muse and to his country. When not quite 18, he was sent as the representative in Parliament of the Borough of Amersham, and had a seat among those to whom was committed the consideration of the difficulties of the country. This was his course of life, nor was he in his age wanting to the burthen imposed on him, and he was all his life dear to the people, beloved by the nobles and admired by all.
>
> "Here is buried under the same tomb his wife Maria, of the family of the Bressys, at once enobled by her singular virtue and by her numerous offsprings, together with her dearest husband,

> Edmund Waller, whom 13 times she made a joyful parent, with five sons and eight daughters, whom she gave to the world and then restored to Heaven. All that is mortal of Edmund Waller lies here, who among the poets of the age was universally acknowledged to be the first, and that laurel crown, which he he deserved as a youth, at 80 years old he did not lay down. How much his mother tongue is indebted to him would be believed from this, if the Muses were to cease to speak in the Greek and Latin language, they would love the English."

* * * *

A fascinating afternoon at Stratford-on-Avon on July 10th should have been shared by more members of the Society. Sir "Archie" Flower was a most courteous and in fact perfect host, and at the reception at the site of the new Theatre and afterwards at tea, provided by Sir "Archie," we had a delightful time and gained much chatty and practical information about the remarkable development of the big movement initiated by Sir "Archie" and his father. We were accompanied by the genial and erudite Secretary to the Governors, with whom charming relations were established to the birth-place and other shrines, Anne Hathaway's cottage, New Place, the Museum, the Grammar School, and became impressed with the reality of the man Shakespeare, and each participant was made to feel a *persona grata*.

We hope that this Pilgrimage with more members associated with it will be repeated not once but numerous times.

* * *

Mr. R. Everett Jayne reported in *The Methodist Recorder* of July 17th that a delightful afternoon was spent recently by members of the Poetry Society and their friends, when Dr. E. J. B. Kirtlan read his new play, *Sir Lancelot and Guinevere* before a company of distinguished people. The venue was the Fountain Court of an old monastic country residence, "Friars," Matfield, in Kent, where the gathering was held at the invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Minshall. In such surroundings, which breathed again the atmosphere of the days of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, Dr. Kirtlan reproduced the love story of Sir Lancelot and Guinevere. He was assisted by Miss Audrey Russell, an elocutionist of exceptional gifts and charm, who read the part of Elaine. For well over two hours—and he was then compelled by time to abbreviate the work—Dr. Kirtlan held his audience in the spell of his beautiful verse that told over again in new and vividly dramatic form the joys and sorrows of the White Knight, his Queen-lover and the Lily Maid of Astolat. The reading was received with enthusiasm, and at the end a chaplet of laurels was presented to the author.

TO CHARLOTTE MEW

(*To the Editor of* THE POETRY REVIEW)

SIR,—I for one am grateful for your recent appreciation of the work of Charlotte Mew, and would like to add my own supplementary tribute in verse :

With Love of Beauty for a stair
You climbed through all things sweet and rare
To sense what radiant mystery
Flashes behind the things we see.
Not yours to dwell 'mid Alpine snows
Transfigured to a blushing rose,
Not yours through tropic scenes to float
Borne peacefully in sun-clad boat
While the fair Nature that you love
Festoons luxuriance above.
Fate willed a dingy city's maze
Should clog your footsteps all your days,
Fate willed that Poverty and Grief
Should make each spell of rapture brief.
Stray gleams of loveliness that came
With bashful feet in garments tame
You caught and wove in wondrous verse
That glorified Grief's sombre hearse.
You sang of Christ, of those who know
His secret touch that makes dirt snow,
You sang a world of sordid men,
Magic breathed Beauty through your pen,
Rich words you snatched to feed rich thought,
From everywhere your Fancy caught
Things Bard had never sung before,
Things that like wavelets kissed Time's shore.
You moved a queen in your restraint
Passing Life's stings without complaint,
Romance tinged everything you saw,
Yet your shrewd eyes probed every flaw
Hid in this puzzling scheme of things
That bids us fly, then clips our wings.
Only a tiny sheaf of verse
Gathered 'neath Poverty's grim curse,
Yet other poets love to tell
The fascination of your spell,
They brought balm to your fertile tears,
And perfumed your declining years.
Little men guessed on Bloomsbury land
What wealth you scattered with your hand,
No halo framed you in the street,
You walked drab paths on quiet feet.

The heart worn out with agony,
The Genius sparkling as the sea,
Both shall imperishable shine
Round Poetry's celestial shrine.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

" SHADOWS OF STRIFE "

(*To the Editor of* THE POETRY REVIEW)

SIR,—The May number of THE POETRY REVIEW contains a review by Arthur Hood of John Davison's *Shadows of Strife*, in which he complains of the " utter lack of any relief." Having lately seen the admirable production of this play at the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich, may I be allowed to reply ?

The first act shows us the Brewster family on the eve of the General Strike, before tragedy even impends ; and far from the " unrelieved pressure " to which Mr. Hood refers, there are many lighter moments which combine to present an entirely credible portrait of what one feels to be a typical and essentially sane mining family. It is true that all except the actual miners of the family are aghast at the prospect of the strike, but other strikes have been weathered in the past, and, without any heroics about it, there is the determination to make the best of things.

The same feeling is implicit throughout the play. Even after the final tragedy of Mary's death there is no giving way to despair. The facts must be accepted, the family will continue to live, with the sturdy common sense and capacity for " sticking it " which characterize the working class. Mrs. Brewster says, in the last act (I quote from memory), "Well, strike's settled, and to-morrow we start just where we started when me and George was married, only we're deeper in debt now, and there's more mouths to feed "—not in despair, but in determination to pay those debts, and to feed those mouths.

Of course, the play is not technically perfect. The bringing of Snowball Bates on the stage is a blemish ; he would have been more impressive if one did not see him. And I agree with Mr. Hood that Mary's suicide is perhaps inartistic, one certainly expects it, as one expects Luke's arrest, from hints in the dialogue ; but it provides a wonderfully impressive " curtain "—the return of Mr. Brewster, drunk and happy because " strike's settled," to the darkened room where the crippled grandfather is watching over Mary's body.

In spite of its saddening picture of national and domestic tragedy, in spite of the family's endless struggle for a mere living, *Shadows of Strife* has a deeper vision which nobody seeing the play can ignore. It is less than justice to suggest, as Mr. Hood apparently does, that the play is equal in unrelieved unhealthy gloom, with those of Strindberg and Chekhov to which his article refers.

Norwich.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SILVER.

POETRY'S INTERPRETATION OF REALITY

I START from the assumption that in order to obtain a glimpse, however dim, of reality in any true or permanent meaning of the word, we must turn from the sense impressions, registered by the material brain and interpreted by the human mind of " the man in the street," to the inner vision of the idealist philosopher, the nature mystic, the religious mystic, the poet. And of these and others I would claim that in its expression the vision of the poet is likely to be, nay, must be, the most authentic of all. A high claim! Yes, but poetry is a high thing; among the works of men I ask you to find a higher. Nevertheless my statement may need an attempt at justification even among those who already hold poetry to be one of the greatest things of life. Why, then, do I say this of it? In the first place you would notice that I confined its superiority to its expression. All ways of seeing reality must be equally authentic, equally complementary of the others; for that which sees is surely that inner consciousness from which Jesus spoke almost habitually, and which is known by various names, such as the mystic Christ, spiritual consciousness, and others. I will call it the inner consciousness. What is seen or realized by it has to be translated into human terms by the mind, which uses the material brain. Now, in the case of the philosopher obviously the mind and brain play a big part. The mystic philosopher, and he alone I am speaking of now, must have his vision, but by the time it has been subjected to the various processes of his mind it will probably be greatly changed. In any case, to use a homely simile, it has been considerably handled before it reaches us. You may argue that this is not true of the religious mystic. Largely, I think it is true. His vision you may consider highest of all, though, as I have already suggested, I think they must all be equal. But even so he may be quite inarticulate—many are. He must use his mind and his brain, and they may or may not be attuned to his image. In rare cases we do get the perfect attunement and so the perfect expression. But what is exceptional or at least uncertain in the religious man is that which makes a man a poet; he is the result of the perfect attunement of vision, mind, and brain. I am taking a standard, I admit, which is high, but not, I think, too high. Yet I do not wish to go to extremes or to claim too much. The poet indeed toils in a way which only he can know, at getting his precious metal into shape. He polishes, it maybe, and re-polishes. But the thing itself, in expression even, I mean, the living core, he cannot touch: it is not of him: it has come red-hot from the furnaces of the infinite One. It he cannot "handle," though what he can handle may improve its presentation to the human. It is that living core alone that I claim to be the most authentic expression of reality—in words—which we know. By some it cannot be seen at all: by others, very faintly: by a few as a possession beyond price. The poet himself, in uninspired moments, may not see it himself. He may have written better than he knew—much other than he knew.

What then is poetry's interpretation of reality? First, there are the poems which speak of the coming of the inner vision, the mystic Christ. Here is one by Eva Gore-Booth ("The Question") addressed to him whose eyes are as yet unopened:

> You say, how can you know there is a God at all?
> O friend, how do you know what poetry is for,
> How do you know the snowdrops and the waterfall
> Are lovely, or that the silver waves break on the shore
> At twilight, bringing great peace with the high tide
> Into men's souls: in this mysterious world and wide
> How do you know that there is beauty anywhere
> Who know not that you know the one and only Fair?"

The man whose spiritual eyes are unopened sees beautiful things, but he does not see Beauty; he sees unrelated things, unconscious of the One behind each; good things he sees, but is unaware of the unity of good which is God.

And now of that wonderful moment—"The Day of Deliverance"—as Edward Carpenter calls it in a great passage in *Towards Democracy*, that moment when the chains of the material are struck off by the in-sweeping of the spiritual. Thus Siegfried Sassoon sings of it:

"A flower has openèd in my heart—
What flower is this, what flower of spring,
What simple, secret thing?
It is the peace that shines apart,
The peace of daybreak skies that bring
Clear song and wild swift wing.

Heart's miracle of inward light,
What powers unknown have sown your seed
And you perfection freed?—
O flower within me wondrous white,
I only know you as my need
And my unsealèd sight."

This lovely simile requires no interpretation—this likening of the unfolding of the larger consciousness to a flower that starts from tiny and unobserved beginnings and in darkness works its uphill way through difficulties and opposition towards the light: until at the appointed moment the power which has guided and guarded it liberates it with what sometimes seems miraculous suddenness, and a wonderful new thing is born.

In a very different way, in the following striking parable, does Lady Margaret Sackville speak of the coming of freedom to the self-bound:

"Behold the dreamer cometh! for his sake
Strew the long path with stones. Doth he not bring
Strange tidings of great joy? Oh, he would fling
These chains far from us. Slay him lest they break.
Watch closely! Is not all we love at stake—
Our old familiar servitude and sin?
The stranger's at the gate, let him not in,
Let him not in, lest all we dead should wake!

This grievous torment surging up anew
Each generation!—Scarcely may we keep
Our beds, so near the dreamer comes, alas!—
Beware lest all unnoticed he slip through!
For with no trumpet blare he stirs our sleep,
But very meekly, seated on an ass."

The day of deliverance is not of course one of complete deliverance, for the human that cannot be, but it marks the time when the spiritual to a greater or less degree becomes the dominant partner. Day must be taken as an elastic term, for sometimes the " conversion " is sudden and dramatic, and sometimes slow and almost imperceptible. But once glimpsed the new vision needs must be sought to the eventual exclusion of all that is contrary to it. Desperately the small self clings to his delusions, to his material props and safeguards. Fondly he deems himself—as the last quotation ironically portrays—to be wide awake and the other the dreamer. Yet in the end, swiftly or slowly, wake he must.

In the following stanza James A. Mackereth refers in original metaphor to the two selves which make up the human, when the higher one has attained to more or less supremacy :

" In the blowing tops of Ygrisdil,
  Over the Astral sea,
My spirit, like a splendid bird,
  Sings in infinity.
Sometimes I hear the psalm he sings :
  With baby words I try
To sing in time that boundless rhyme
  Beneath this little sky."

I know no more perfect expression of the journey from sense to soul than Francis Thompson's " Mistress of Vision." We get it all there if we have eyes to see and ears to hear, and it stands the greatest of all tests : one may come back to it from year to year and ever find something fresh :

" Where is the land of Luthany,
Where is the tract of Elenore ?
I am bound therefor.

Pierce thy heart to find the key ;
With thee take
Only what none else would keep ;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.

Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair,
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve:
Plough thou the rock until it bear;
Know, for thou else could'st not believe;
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;
Die, for none other way can'st live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale;
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow-mortals see;
When their sight to thee is sightless;
Their living, death; their light, most lightless;
Search no more—
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

Now we come to the heart of the matter: what does the poet see in Ygrisdil, in Luthany? The vision may be expressed in metaphor, as Thompson often expressed it, or, which I hold to be the greater way, in a direct simplicity attained by few. For the word "see" I would substitute "is conscious of," for hints of all the senses are included.

We know what it meant to the patron-poet of the place where I write this ("Grasmere"). Are his lines too hackneyed for quotation?:

"Nor less I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift.
Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal flame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

Should I have kept this until the last: will everything after it seem like an anti-climax? Here is a very different approach, by Eva Gore-Booth, yet I think it stands the test:

"Men say it is a selfish soul
That makes of heavenly bliss
Her vision and her goal.
Nay, heaven is but this,
To shake off the earth's dust
And be the invisible wind,
Content in unseen ecstasy to bear
God's sunlight everywhere,
To the just and the unjust:
And carry gentle showers,
Pouring the spiritual rain
On the earth's parched flowers.
Unthanked, unseen, unpraised, yet not in vain.
To be the unknown servitor of the blind,
The nameless, unguessed thrall of love and prayer,
The drudge, the slave, the lover of mankind."

What has changed? In a sense, nothing. Heaven, says Lord Haldane, "is just this world comprehended and accepted as what it finally and fully means." If this be so, all development is one towards such comprehension and acceptance. It is the way of seeing and feeling—being conscious—that has changed. Where was discord there is harmony, where ugliness there beauty, where many there One and that the one and only Fair.

> "O, world as God has made it, all is beauty; and knowing this love, and love is duty."

And the seeing of the beauty and the loving it bring it to a small or great degree to the sight of others. This, I take it, is what Miss Gore-Booth means, and we find the greatest instance of it in Jesus, the supreme artist, who saw beauty everywhere, and caused others to see it. He perceived the real man where to others was visible only the material counterfeit, and the real man, the spiritual man, is always beautiful. Of this harmony, of this power over "the awful unreality of evil," Francis Thompson speaks in another passage from "The Mistress of Vision":

"Where is the land of Luthany,
And where the region Elenore?
I do faint therefor.

When to the new eyes of thee
All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou can'st not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star;
When thy song is shield and mirror
To the fair snake-curlèd Pain,
Where thou dar'st affront her terror
That on her thou may'st attain
Perséan conquest; seek no more.
O seek no more!
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

How does the poet see man, the human, the mixture of mortal in time and space with immortal in infinity as attaining to the mystic Christ? At will? Hardly. At the will of the one and only Fair?

"Man gains the heights his sovran nature dares,
But heaven he softly enters, unawares,
Dream-led, yea like a child that to his pleasure
God leads and gives good measure."

What is this bird of Ygrisdil, whose song the human hears, now clearly, now faintly? The poet speaks of him as already singing in eternity, even now singing his perfect song. "Before Abraham was, I am." Before this little I of time and space, however into such time and space he came, and whether he will return again and again, as some would have it—before this material dream was, the bird sings. A Buddha looks up and hears him, his own bird, a Jesus, a Wordsworth, a Thompson, a you and I. I have spoken of the coming of the inner vision as though it came to the small or limited self. So it seems to the mortal, but is not what seems to him attainment really the falling away of the small or limited self before the coming of that true self which is an individualization of the mystic Christ? For the mortal cannot put on immortality. How or when the Christ will come who can say, but come he will, as Carpenter so finely declares in *The Day of Deliverance* to which I have already called attention.

We stand at a window, maybe, in the golden autumn time gazing out over a landscape a-shimmer with the sunlight, watching the wagtails on the lawn, rejoicing in the glowing reds, oranges and ochres of snapdragon and penstemon, the blazing glory of the fallen virginia creeper leaves, and, farther afield, a yellow riot of ragwort. Green fields and mountain-sides, blue lake and blue sky complete a picture that seems perfect in its beauty and we feel that it requires an effort this morning to take these things as lovely symbols merely and not as having good in themselves—perhaps, indeed, it seems priggish so to consider them. So be it, then. But if through all our rejoicing there should shoot the sudden pang of remembered joys now beyond reach, worst, of remembered dear ones now, as we so foolishly say, in the dust, then we may know that there is a path before us leading to the day—suddenly, with straight joy it may be, or slowly, through many a tortuous wind, up many a dreary hill, through many a noisome fen of hellish thoughts, long, so long that many a time we give up hope of ever seeing the end—when we shall stand at a window and look at the varied glories of nature, and see of it little, and say of it nothing at all, for our hearts will be singing in the consciousness that there is nothing but the One. Nothing but God and the action of God—the rest, including the small me and you, part of the mist that hides the real from us, or of the common mortal mis-seeing if you will.

" Wise men, all ways of knowledge past, to the shepherds' wonder come at last." That is the hall-mark—just wonder. Every tiny thing filled with it, for the primrose by the river's brim has now become a gateway into heaven, so full it is of the Infinite One. All heaven is on a pin's point, as an English mystic put it. Then the outer things perforce become for us symbols, as a flag is the symbol of country. We now see everything witnessing not to itself as formerly, but to the one and only Fair: thus we get a sense of unity where before was diversity; of love, joy and peace, which means harmony, everywhere. This harmony enables us to see in the proper light the troubles and diseases of the relative. Blake looked upon historical periods as nothing but recurring pictures of reality. And very bad pictures they remain, in spite of civilization. Dean Inge said a short time ago at the Church Congress: "Don't forget that the devil evolves too." He does, but don't forget that it is only in the pictures. At present perhaps the "movies" give us the best simile available. As the devil evolves and concurrently the mist thins doubtless other and better analogies will arrive.

Reality is; all else but seems. Thus all progress, as before pointed out, is a progress in seeing. "Perfection underlies all reality," so all imperfection lies in our faulty sight. Says Blake:

"The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
Are become weak Visions of Time and Space fix'd into furrows of Death;"

Support comes from, perhaps, a surprising quarter. Thus Swinburne:

"Master what of the night?
Child, it is not at all
Anywhere fallen or to fall
Save in our star-stricken eyes;
Look we but once nor before
Nor behind but straight on the skies,
Night is not then any more."

There is nothing but God and the action of God. Where, then, does man, the real man, come in? Is he not just this action? For the only action of Mind is thinking, and man must needs be the mystic Christ of which we have already spoken, individual man being one way of him, for Mind, being infinite, has infinite ways. This is how Blake puts it—the old madman, as many still think him: "The Imaginative Image returns by the seed of contemplative thought." That is Blake's way of describing creation. The One Mind, absolute, unexpressed, the One Cause, in the beginning—not of time and space, but of ever-present unfoldment—contemplates, the only thing there is to meditate on, its own perfect Nature; and the result of such contemplation—the fruit of the seed—is what Blake calls "The Imaginative Image," the reflection or reproduction in expression of what was before unexpressed—the only true creation, which Wordsworth knew as Nature, the spiritual real, not the material counterfeit or misrepresentation. Some call it heaven, as Jesus did; some prefer to keep heaven as the term for the abode of the unexpressed, and call it the divine earth; or we can use Blake's term and call it the universal soul of man.

Finally, where is this divine earth, this Land of Luthany? Within; but not within the small, separate consciousness, within a vaster consciousness that can only be discovered as the other is given up. For this mental progress to be possible, the poet says, in the passages quoted from "The Mistress of Vision," belief in, reliance upon those things which to the separate self are most dear, must be relinquished. He then goes on to amplify the old paradox that he who saves his life shall lose it, while he who loses it shall save it. Always it is the things of the sense that must be denied in order that their real counterparts may be gained. "Die, for none other way canst live." It is not the material body that must die, but the belief that life resides in that body. For the separate consciousness in its tiny body is at the mercy of the vast outside; but the new consciousness, wide as creation, has dominion over all thoughts within it. How can Life eternal, Life infinite, inexhaustible, be found while the belief persists in a limited amount of life confined in a material body? But how can the belief in this caricature of life, so desperately clung to by the limited mind, be given up until the larger life is realized at least to some extent? It cannot, so, "Know, for thou else couldst not believe." The two processes are simultaneous, or, rather, there is one process which may be seen in two ways: the disappearance of the darkness or the inflow of the light.

EDMUND LEE.

CARL SANDBURG'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I

CARL SANDBURG has been a man of many lives and he has lived each to the top of his bent. Before any of his poems appeared in print he had already been dish-washer and barber's apprentice, milkman and potter, truck driver and stage carpenter. He had been a harvest hand in the " Sunburnt West " that later he was to celebrate in rugged song ; he had been a soldier under fire and a political organizer. As a veteran of the Spanish-American War, with little formal education, he had thrust himself into college to grasp with horny hands that part of the curriculum which he thought necessary to himself. And he had served industry as advertising manager and safety engineer ! It is not strange then that Sandburg is a man with many philosophies of life. As he himself admits, " I guess you'll find my philosophy sort of muddled." It is not muddled so much as it is, like his life, variegated. His is the philosophy of the proletariat, with occasional flights up the two-step ladder to Babbittry. His is the philosophy of the out-thrust jaw and indignation resigned ; and sometimes there is the low-hung head and resignation barely indignant. And then, his is a joy of being, a looking forward and a spurn of the past.

But we might go on indefinitely coining phrases descriptive of Sandburg's multi-faceted philosophy. It would be well, now, to take Sandburg's own advice, given once to an eager, if callow, representative of the press who had the temerity to quiz him on his philosophy of life. The poet had just given one of his unique song and poem recitals and was still hugging to his Middle-Western bosom the inevitable Sandburg guitar. In a tone that made the instrument quiver against his chest like a thing alive he cried, " When a man has written seven books, the chances are there's something between the lines that tells about his slant on life. Have *you* gone through those books ? " To the poems, then, we must turn.

II

The Right To Grief, which brought down considerable literary criticism on Sandburg's head, gives us an insight of his social philosophy. Here he is defiant and he shakes a fist hardened by years of labour amongst the poor. He begins :

> Take your fill of intimate remorse, perfumed sorrow,
> Over the dead child of a millionaire,
> And the pity of death refusing any check on the bank
> Which the millionaire might order his secretary to scratch off
> And get cashed.
>
> Very well,
> You for your grief and I for mine,
> Let me have a sorrow my own if I want to.
> I shall cry over the dead child of a stockyard's hunky. . . .

then, after picturing the hunky and his family crying over the pinched little face, he shouts to the world :

> I have a right to feel my throat choke about this.
> You take your grief and I mine—see ?

This is his philosophy of the out-thrust jaw. He feels bitterly the rank injustice of the entire social and economic system of our country, seeing our civilization only from the standpoint of the unskilled wage-earner. Along these lines he has developed a marked irony, sometimes quiet and well-behaved, as here :

> Tomb of a millionaire,
> A multimillionaire, ladies and gentlemen,
> Place of the dead where they spend every year
> The usury of twenty-five thousand dollars
> For upkeep and flowers. . . .

But this irony varies in tone as his sharp eye runs the gamut of human injustice and oppression. For example, the eye-opening conclusion of *Man, the Man-Hunter*,

> In the morning the sun saw
> Two butts of something, a smoking rump
> And a warning in charred wood :
>
> Well, we got him
> the sbxyzch.

Amy Lowell said that to Sandburg all cruelty is man-made, that he has but to sweep away the man who made it, and behold, it is gone. He is, she claimed, a revolutionary; he must push the world to where he is convinced it ought to be. She criticized his attitude, saying with a certain sarcasm, "A man in a well-cut coat—he is an evil thing, shun him; a man in rags begging on a street corner—take him to your heart, he is of the elect." But she found equilibrium in Sandburg, later, quoting *Fellow Citizens* as a fine poem with well-balanced values. This poem starts:

I drank musty ale at the Illinois Athletic Club with
  the millionaire manufacturer of Green River butter one night. . . .

and goes on to tell of the millionaire, the mayor, the big business man, each with his own particular clutch on happiness. Finally, there is the poor instrument maker with a toothache who hates to sell the instruments he has created . . . for mere money.

I thought he had a real soul and knew a lot about God.
There was a light in his eyes of one who has conquered
  sorrow in so far as sorrow is conquerable or worth conquering.
Anyway he is the only Chicago citizen I was jealous of that day.

Sandburg's defiance is very rarely bitter; it passes off into a kind of resignation, sometimes indignant, sometimes not. Occasionally his philosophy seems one of utter hopelessness, sheer futility, as in *Milldoors*.

You will never come back
I say good-bye when I see you going in the doors.

* * * *

I say good-by because I know they tap your wrists
In the dark, in the silence, day by day.

But this is a mood which, though recurrent, never lasts for very long. There is too much of life to be caught at as it runs; there are too many things to be said. Various of Sandburg's attitudes may be summed up as a deep-seated protest against things as they are: he must scream to the universe a challenge against the perpetual wool that is being pulled over our eyes; against the bunko game that life is putting up; against the fat bellies of the big-butter-

and-egg men from Way Down East and the vacuum-filled stomachs of the tenement children who go down to pick coal at the railroad tracks. All of this is to be found in *Windy City*.

> . . . If these bother respectable people
> with the right crimp in their napkins
> reading breakfast menu cards
> forgive us—let it pass—let it be.
>
> Forgive us
> If boys steal coal in a railroad yard
> And run with humped gunnysacks
> While a bull picks off one of the kids
> And the kid wriggles with an ear in cinders
> And a mother comes to carry home
> A bundle, a limp bundle
> To have his face washed, for the last time,
> Forgive us if it happens—and happens again
> And happens again. . . .

To raise his voice in such protest Sandburg regards as a sacred duty. Years ago he made his declaration of intention : " As Kipling has one of his untamed children of the forest say ; ' I will be the word of the people, mine will be the bleeding mouth from which the gag is snatched. I will say everything.' "

III

Sandburg's philosophy contains a certain degree of fatalism. In *A Fence* he combines his social protest with an emphasis on the inevitableness of it all. The last line here comes as close to being real poetry as anything Sandburg ever wrote, and many critics believe this poem will live a long time.

> Now the stone house on the lake front is finished and
> the workmen are beginning the fence.
> The palings are made of iron bars with steel points that
> can stab the life out of any man who falls on them.
> As a fence, it is a masterpiece, and will shut off the
> rabble and all vagabonds and hungry men and all
> wandering children looking for a place to play.
> Passing through the bars and over the steep points will go
> nothing except Death and Rain and To-morrow.

More often, however, he cries the joy of living, the ecstasy of the present, the spurn of the past. He shows that it is possible for a disher-out of colloquial " shredded prose " to strike, upon occasion, the genuinely lyric note. He takes this tone in *Prairie*.

I speak of new cities and new people,
I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes.
I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down, a sun dropped in the west.
I tell you there is nothing in the world only an ocean of to-morrows, a sky of to-morrows.

Throughout the poem is a hint of exhilaration, of sheer sensual joy with living the present moment. In this, as well as in many others from the same volume, *Cornhuskers*, there will be noted a lyrical exhaltation.

Sandburg's friend, Harry Hansen, says there are two ever-recurring moods in his poetry; the social and the lyrical. We have seen both. Of the four books of mature verse (Sandburg, like so many American writers, is spending his middle years trying to suppress the volume containing his pioneer pilgrimages up Parnassus) the first is decidedly social in expression—*Chicago Poems*: the fourth, *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, is strongly lyrical; while the other two show fine variations of transitional shading between these moods. But overshadowing, connecting and yet standing out against the vivid background of the two moods, is a surge that becomes in itself song, mood and philosophy. This is a sympathy with human suffering, a confidence in humankind, and an impulse to put forth the hand of fellowship to all men. One of Sandburg's earliest efforts takes the form of a credo which is reminiscent of Masefield's *Consecration*.

To whom my hand goes out;
The unapplauded ones who bear
No badges on their breasts,
Who pass us on the street with
Unfearing eyes,
Like dumb cart horses in the street. . .

And then, in another part of his first book, *In Reckless Ecstacy*:

Make me a good mixer among people; one who always passes along the good word.

Give me a keen eye for the main chance, but give me to remember that I can take nothing home.

May the potencies of song and laughter abide with me ever.

I glory in the world of men and women, torn with troubles and lost in sorrow, yet living on to love and laugh and play through it all. My eyes range with pleasure over flowers, prairies, woods, grass, and running water, and the sea, and the sky, and the clouds.

It is impossible, however, neatly to classify Sandburg and his philosophy in a paragraph; there are too many sides to him. There is the side which faces the sun and blinks and asks "what? why?"—the side which writes *And So To-day*, that spine-shivering sneer at the makers of war with its ironic refrain stanza:

> And so to-day lay him away—
> the boy nobody knows the name of—
> the buck private—the unknown soldier—
> the doughboy who dug under and died
> when they told him to—that's him.

There is the side which tears down all barriers in an abandoned search after truth, which writes such poems as *To a Contemporary Bunk Shooter*, that red-hot attack on a fake evangelist, disdaining to listen "to any preacher who splits hairs and pumps platitudes for a living." Then there is the side which writes the delightful *Rootabaga Stories*, and this side deserves a treatment all its own. There are, in fact, so many sides that the exigency of space economy, to mention the least of the difficulties, renders a further discussion inadvisable. One of Sandburg's critics suggests that he may yet round out his philosophy of life. He may, but as the diamond is angled by its many facets, so is the Sandburg philosophy of life; to polish off one of the facets would make a flaw in the stone. And, as Hughes Mearns says, "only all of Sandburg is the best of Sandburg."

Sandburg once said, "I try to express myself sensibly, but if that fails I use the reckless ecstasy." It would be best, perhaps, to take a last glimpse of a particularly ironic and pitying side of the poet, and then conclude in the

Sandburgian manner—with " reckless ecstasy." If this be done, the title of the following poem, " Limited," may prove a clue to a conclusion.

I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack trains of the nation.
Hurtling across the prairie into blue haze and dark air go fifteen all-steel coaches holding a thousand people.
(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all the men and women laughing in the diners and sleepers shall pass to ashes.)
I ask a man in the smoker where he is going and he answers: " Omaha."

IV

Sandburg's Philosophy of Life is a train with many mail-bag hooks sticking out from the sides of the baggage cars. It is a fast-moving vehicle, shunning the plush and polished wood of the Pullman, for the weather-beaten red lead, the coal dust and splinters, the through-train speed of the mail express. It whizzes through the local stops, grabbing bags of mail with its iron claws, and, pushing through the great prairie, stops only at its destination—and starting-point—Sandburg, Illinois.

This train is manned by an interesting crew. Up in the engineer's cabin sits an eighteen-year-old Sandburg, with eyes wide and hard, holding the throttle open and giving the train its impetus with a sort of reckless ecstasy across the plains and towards the depôt. Behind him, digging furiously into the coal pile, is an older, grime-streaked Sandburg who feeds fuel to the roaring flames while his astonished eyes show white against the sweaty black of his face.

In the sorting car there is a wiser and mature Mail Clerk Sandburg, lifting the mail bags from their hooks as the train cuts its swath across the country. He is not a conventional mail clerk; he arranges the letters in orderly piles, but then proceeds to tear open gently every flap. He acquires a liberal education by prying into the inmost thoughts of people as they make contact with people, and he sings a song the while.

Then there is a gentle-voiced Conductor Sandburg, seeing that all goes well on every run, and making punctual reports of the incidents and routine of each trip. And sometimes when he does not approve of some of his passengers or of the weather conditions or of the things he sees from the windows of his train—then are the reports of the gentle-voiced trainman vitriolic indeed. And back in the baggage cars, the Express Man Sandburg fastens a doleful eye on the black-visaged safe in the corner which he knows contains untold wealth. He pictures the golden coins therein and scowls at the thought of what each represents. He walks up and down the cars, kicking at every loose parcel, and uses horrible language when he scrapes his shin.

On this train there is no irate " brakey " to be found, which fact may account for the presence, on the brakes, of a tattered and torn, stooped and kindly-faced, grey-haired tramp Sandburg, who, with far-away thoughts in his eyes, makes up plots for Rootabaga fairy stories which he intends to exchange, some place, for a meal. And throughout the train, wherever there is a bit of spare space, there may be found many varieties of men whose only ticket for the passage is a well-worn callous or a painful blister. Here and there are toil-hardened labourer Sandburgs and drousy milkmen Sandburgs ; service-scarred soldier Sandburgs, and harvester-, painter-, sweeper-Sandburgs. These huddle in turgid groups, whispering the ideas that come to them out of the muddle of life ; and a sensitive journalist Sandburg walks softly amongst them, listening, writing, ever on the look-out for a human interest story. But not so that he may fill a column ; his desire is to write in flame the messages he finds, so he may spread a brother feeling with this Sandburgoisie. He walks as Lincoln amongst his people.

And the train rushes on while, as is the fate of trains, it, and that for which it stands, is berated by sundry sour-mouthed individuals. The old-timers shout to the heavens the futility of trying to run a train in such a loose and liberal fashion. And the train rushes on. With a homely majesty about it, the express huffs and puffs into the depôt and from somewhere comes a lusty shout, "All out; Sandburg, Illinois!"

And in the late night there is a beautiful quiet that is the voice of the city, while from a distance comes the singing, in a deep vibrant voice, of heart-touching folk songs, accompanied by the twang of a full-souled guitar.

SEYMOUR G. LINK.

THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS that would fain lie quiet,
Wounds that I thought were healed
Pulse, when the scent of clover
Comes wafting from the field.

Thou loveliest of all beings
Who hast been so long dead,
It seems that with that fragrance
Once more the earth you tread.

Too dear for all forgetting,
Dear, after all these years,
Thine unforgotten laughter
Thy half-remembered tears.

IDA MARGARET MILLS.

METAMORPHOSIS.

SNAPDRAGONS wait
In ambush by this garden gate,
Sweet Williams next alternate woo
Lavender, lilies, feverfew,
And marygolds like children in the sun
In vagrant bands about them run.

But where eschscholtzias blaze on either hand
—Above that golden stretch of rippling sand—
At the delphiniums' lips
Stray bees and butterflies are Viking ships.

A. DORIS L. WILSON.

IN A PURITAN GRAVEYARD

SHE rests, her young slim limbs
Relaxed in sleep profound,
Who left her lover's bed
To lie in holy ground.

She who loved wantonly
Now lies close-sanctuaried,
Yet hers the only couch
That's but grass-canopied.

For they, who in her life
Condemned her soul to hell,
Would, now that she is dead,
Deem it ironical

Should the tall lilies grow
Nourished by sinful clay,
Or the white snowdrops gleam
Emblems of purity.

She was not pure ; and they,
Who now sleep close around,
Knew passionate purity,
And grudge her holy ground.

. . . . .

But wait till summer's gone,
Wait till the flowers have fled,
And snowflakes cover o'er
This refuge of the dead.

They do not shun her. Nay,
They spread their panoply
Of pardon where she lies—
Emblems of purity.

Asleep perchance she smiles,
Surely her soul is shriven,
And covered by the snow
She feels her sin forgiven.

IDA MARGARET MILLS.

WHY I LIKE POETRY

" Friends, Romans, Countrymen,
Lend me your ears " ! . . .

THUS did the Bellman begin his speech to the crew in the immortal epic of the Hunting of the Snark, and I can only hope that like that crew, my readers are all of them " fond of quotations." For naturally in a talk on Poetry, my quotations will be as numerous as the plums in a Christmas pudding. I once knew some delightful children amongst whom I found I was known familiarly as " The Poetry Sayer." It appeared that I had earned, quite unexpectedly, this title by capturing their youthful fancy by repeating some of the clever jingle from one of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas. This was the passage in *Patience* where the poet Bunthorne, failing to win the heart of his lady-love, had " By the advice of his solicitor " put himself up to be raffled for by the twenty love-sick maidens who adored him. He says :

Come—walk up—and purchase with avidity,
Overcome your diffidence and natural timidity,
Tickets for the raffle should be purchased with rapidity,
  Put in half a guinea and a husband you may gain ;
Such a judge of blue and white and other kinds of pottery,
From early Oriental down to ancient terra-cotta-ry,
Put in half a guinea you may draw him in a lottery,
  Such an opportunity may not occur again.

I don't suppose the children appreciated the fun of the situation, but they were captivated by the rhythm and rattle of the syllables. They loved it and were never tired of hearing it, and therein showed their appreciation of one of the first and most important characteristics of poetry, rhythm. Rhythm also is the basic quality of music. The earliest and most primitive form of music is rhythmical sound. And music is of all the arts the one that appeals most powerfully to the emotions.

Poetry makes a greater appeal to our emotions than prose just because of its musical qualities, rhythm, rhyme, metre, assonance, and sonority. To try to analyse why this is so would probably take us perilously near the realm of metaphysics, which, as we all know, has been defined as the art of talking grave nonsense on subjects beyond the range of human understanding.

But I think we shall get a glimmering of why rhythm affects us so powerfully when we remind ourselves that sound is nothing but rhythmic vibrations of the ether, and light and colour the product of these same vibrations but infinitely more rapid, and that as John Bunyan quaintly phrased it, " they knock at the ear gate and are visible at the eye gate and are sentient at the gate of touch of the living temple."

If fine sand is scattered on a thin metal plate and the plate is then made to vibrate to a musical note, the sand will form beautiful symmetrical figures. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that when we hear fine and noble thoughts uttered in beautiful rhythmical language that the appeal to our emotions and finer feelings is of a more vital and arresting effect than the same thoughts stammered forth in ill-chosen and halting prose. For instance, suppose I say:

> " See what a lot of stars there are to-night in the sky. Even the least important of these so-called heavenly bodies causes by its passage through space disturbances in the ether comparable to notes of a possible musical value. These notes may be audible to beings of a finer spiritual nature than our own, but the limited sense faculties of our earthly bodies prevent our hearing this hypothetical music."

Nothing very inspiring about that—is there? But see how Shakespeare will tell you of the " music of the spheres ":

> " Look! how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
> There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdst
> But in his motion like an angel sings
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

Not but what it is possible for prose to be most eloquent and moving when the language is well-chosen and sonorous and the sentences exquisitely cadenced. The greater part of the Bible and the beautiful prayers and collects of our Church Service afford examples without end of such prose.

When Rudyard Kipling was invited to choose a universal epitaph for those who fell in the Great War, he found in the Apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus the words at the end of that splendid passage that begins, " Let us now praise famous men . . .Their bodies are buried in peace: but their name liveth for evermore." And high up in the roll of famous men did not the ancient singer place " Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions: *such as found out musical tunes and recited verses in writing.*" Poets and musicians to wit! Prophets and priests of the beautiful and of truth, for as Keats said in words that form the key-note of his poetry:

> " Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

One of the lessons that we learn from Goethe's great tragic poem of *Faust* is that Faust's ultimate redemption was due largely to his passionate love of beauty and to the elevating and refining influence of a devotion to such an ideal.

That a vivid sense of beauty adds increased zest and enjoyment to life is the burden of the first lines of Keats's " Endymion ":

> " A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
> Its loveliness increases: it will never
> Pass into nothingness: but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Here is one answer to the question whether there is any practical use in poetry—a delightful promise of what comes to those who cultivate a sense of beauty, which reading poetry is the best way of fostering—" A sleep full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing."

Another great poet, Robert Browning, puts into the mouth of Fra Lippo Lippi, these words:

> "Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
> (I never saw it—put the case the same—)
> If you get simple beauty and nought else,
> You get about the best thing God invents:
> That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you have missed
> Within yourself when you return Him thanks."

One of the reasons why I love poetry is that like the art of painting it makes one see things beautifully. Later on in this same poem Lippo Lippi continues:

> "For don't you mark? we're made, so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see:
> And so they are better, painted—better to us,
> Which is the same thing. Art was given for that:
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out."

Read on in the same poem:

> "Have you noticed now,
> Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
> And trust me but you should though. How much more,
> If I drew higher things with the same truth!
> That were to take the Prior's pulpit place,
> Interpret God to all of you."

And so, driven, as Carlyle phrased it, by that universal feeling "a wish to proselytize," I want to show you some of the things that made me like poetry, hoping that perhaps some chance word may kindle a similar liking in the minds of some who have not hitherto appreciated the superiority of poetry to prose as a means of stirring the imagination to an appreciation of the beautiful. Carlyle quoted Novalis as saying: "It is certain that my conviction attains increased intensity the moment another shares it with me."

And it is the same with intellectual pleasures of every kind. My experience as a lecturer on music has shown me that no matter how much people may say that they do not understand or care for music, they find that they can understand and enjoy it if it is only sympathetically introduced and presented to them.

And so it is with poetry, for the same general principles underlie the appreciation of fine art of every description.

Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his presidential addresses to the Royal Academy said: "The frequent allusions which every man who treats of any art is obliged to make to others, in order to illustrate and confirm his principles, sufficiently show their near connection and inseparable relation."

When two people discover a mutual devotion to the higher efforts of the arts and perhaps especially so to poetry, on account of its double appeal to intellect and emotion, it immediately becomes one of the strongest links of friendship; one recognizes a kinship of soul; the real self of each is revealed and a bond of union is forged which may endure for a lifetime. Carlyle says: "How were Friendship possible? In mutual devotion to the Good and True, and otherwise impossible." A friendship so formed then has a solid and lasting foundation, for if there is an art which in its essence is good and true, it is Poetry.

But just because Poetry deals with essentials, it is emphatically a matter for discussion between friends, one to one. Emerson says, "Some say friendship cannot exist in its perfection between more than two. I please my imagination more with a circle of god-like men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of one to one peremptory for conversation which is the practice and consummation of friendship." Now, it is just the intimate personal feeling that one has about Poetry, that makes it so difficult to speak about it in public. One feels as if one was, so to speak, giving oneself away. For one thing there is no subject on which the presence of even one unsympathetic listener can so quickly throw a chill. One cannot argue or discuss with anyone who can see no beauty or nobility in things which move one to the quick.

I have often been asked for advice as to how to commence the study of poetry. I think the first step is to realize the musical and rhythmical beauty of language, the actual sounds, so to speak, even apart from their sense. It was Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Across the Plains* who says that "none can care for Literature in itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names."

One of John Masefield's ballads, "Cargoes," in which beautiful words, connoted with sweet scents and savours and lovely colours are skilfully used to heighten the romantic charm of by-gone days in contrast to the ugly side of practical, everyday life, forms a good illustration of the use of contrasted sounds in words to intensify the idea to be conveyed.

One might take also Tennyson's experiment in Alcaics as exhibiting in great perfection the qualities of strength, giving forceful expression to verse contrasted with grace and delicacy, thereby providing that variety which is so essential to the avoidance of monotony.

"O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
  God-gifted organ-voice of England
    Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
  Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
    Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loveliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
  And bloom profuse and cedar arches
    Charm as a wanderer out in ocean,

Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean-isle
  And crimson-hued the stately palm-woods
    Whisper in odorous heights of even.

If we analyse the last stanza we shall find the secret of the change in the spirit of the poem lies in the absence of strongly-marked syllables, the introduction of soft rippling words like "bowery loneliness," "mazily murmuring," with soft liquid consonants and delicately contrasted vowel sounds, and lines like the last with soft alliteration, as of winds sighing in the tree tops.

Another instance of strong verse wondrously fitted to the situation occurs in Tennyson's "Godiva," when just as she returns from her ride all the bells in all the towers ring out the hour of noon, the limit of time during which the streets were to remain empty:

> ". . . And all at once
> With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
> Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
> One after one."

It is wonderful how the strong accent in broken rhythm gives the effect of the heavy bells chiming and clashing, the increased confusion towards the end and the slowest and heaviest bell finishing up alone.

To show the contrasting qualities of sweetness and smoothness take this stanza from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

> "It ceas'd; yet still the sails made on
> A pleasant noise till noon—
> A noise like of a hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Here the crooning rhyme, the constant use of liquid consonants *l* and *n*, and the avoidance of all harsh, guttural sounds give an extraordinary sense of peace and quietude.

And here too we see how much rhyme can aid the effect of poetry. Rhyme has been happily defined as a memory and a hope. It is one of the most musical beauties of verse and one of its greatest ornaments.

In lyric poetry it sustains the attention of the reader and in emphasizing a point or rounding off a beautiful verse it is indispensable. In Gray's "Elegy" note the complete satisfaction attained by its use:

> "Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
> Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
> He gave to misery all he had *a tear*
> He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a *friend.*

In comic verse, too, it emphasizes a joke, or is often indeed a part of the fun. As in Byron's couplet:

> "But oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual
> Inform us truly—haven't they hen-peck'd you all?"

The practice of some weak versifiers of constantly inverting words from their natural order is responsible for the idea in the minds of some people that poetry consist of turning a sentence upside down. But to take commonplaces thus disguised for poetry is, as Leigh Hunt said, to allow that there was no poetry in the words "How do you find yourself? Very well I thank you," but to hold them inspired if altered into

> "Yourself how do you find?
> Very well, you I thank."

Then come the qualities of selection, terseness, and restraint, qualities all pre-eminent in prose of the highest class. When all these qualities are happily blended it is difficult almost to say when prose ends and poetry begins.

Just as the most popular pictures are those that "tell a story," so perhaps what Sir Joshua Reynolds called the most naturally pleasing poems are those that might be called "novels in verse" and I have often insidiously cultivated an appreciation of poetry in almost unwilling minds by the simple human emotion of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" or Longfellow's "Evangeline" or his "Courtship of Miles Standish." No one pretends that "Enoch Arden" and "Evangeline" are the highest form of poetry, but to deny that they are poetry is simply affectation. And poems like these and "Miles Standish" are invaluable inasmuch as they foster the habit of reading poetry and lead insensibly to the appreciation and understanding of the higher forms of verse. They banish the idea that poetry is necessarily involved and difficult to understand and full of unusual and even obsolete words.

And now let us leave narrative poetry and take a few instances to show how poets make us see beauty and interest in ordinary things—how they teach us to observe.

I know myself that being naturally near-sighted and unobservant, I never knew or saw that larch trees had little red plumes in the spring until Tennyson drew my attention to them in a stanza of " In Memoriam " : " When rosy plumelets tuft the larch "—or that oaks died from the top downwards till Shakespeare spoke to me of an oak " whose boughs were mossed with age, and high top bald with dry antiquity."

Poets are nearly always keen naturalists. Matthew Arnold draws attention to the way poetry interprets things to us. He calls that quality " natural magic." It interprets by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world.

There is a little-known poem by Rossetti in which this quality of interpretation and illumination by descriptions of magical felicity irradiate even such an everyday occurrence as a journey in a railway train. In this case the poem was scribbled in the train in the form of a rhyming letter to a friend describing the poet's journey from London to Folkestone. Rossetti was bound on a trip to Paris and Belgium, and to me this poem seems always a kind of prelude to the symphony of delights of foreign travel. There is a wonderful illusion of the sound and movement of a railway journey in the opening lines :

> " A constant keeping past of shaken trees,
> And a bewildered glitter of loose road ;
> Banks of bright growth, with single blades atop
> Against white sky : and wires—a constant chain—
> That seem to draw the clouds along with them
> (Things which one stoops against the light to see
> Through the low windows shaking by at rest,
> Or fierce like water as the swiftness grows) ;

The third line here is a miracle of terse description of the salient and essential features of a railway cutting, always the special haunt of wild flowers, and next time you go through a steep cutting see the truthful observation of the single blades of grass against the sky, at the top. " Through the low window " is a touch that dates the poem, as written years ago when the carriages on the South-Eastern Railway were so low that you would have had to stoop to see the telegraph wires as they loop along from pole to pole. Then as one gets used to the motion and noise, the train seems to glide along more quietly:

> " And seen through fences or a bridge far off,
> Trees that in moving keep their intervals
> Still one 'twixt bar and bar; and then at times
> Long reaches of green level, where one cow,
> Feeding among her fellows that feed on,
> Lifts her slow neck, and gazes for the sound.
>
> " Fields mown in ridges; and close garden-crops
> Of the earth's increase; and a constant sky
> Still with clear trees that let you see the wind;
> And snatches of the engine-smoke, by fits
> Tossed to the wind against the landscape, where
> Rooks stooping heave their wings upon the day.

And then note the keen impression of sounds that follow:

> " Brick walls we pass between, passed so at once
> That for the suddenness I cannot know
> Or what or where begun, or where at end.
> Sometimes a station in grey quiet; whence,
> With a short gathered champing of pent sound,
> We are let out upon the air again.

Then more pictures:

> " Pauses of water soon, at intervals,
> That has the sky in it;—the reflexes
> O' the trees move towards the bank as we go by,
> Leaving the water's surface plain. I now
> Lie back and close my eyes a space; for they
> Smart from the open forwardness of thought
> Fronting the wind.
> I did not scribble more,
> Be certain after this; but yawned and read,
> And nearly dozed a little, I believe;
> Till, stretching up against the carriage-back,
> I was roused altogether, and looked out
> To where the pale sea brooded murmuring.

Ah! that delicious glimpse of the sea in the gap of the chalk of Shakespeare's cliff when one realizes with a thrill that one is really off. How a single line like this starts one off on a chain of sunny memories. How one travels in remembrance with Rossetti along the Paris Rothschilds' great railway of the North of France with the heavy locomotives hurtling the train along at

" Strong extreme speed, that the brain hurries with "

until we reach the capital, and with the poet in the long galleries of the Louvre stand opposite the Venetian Pastoral of Giorgione and the Vierge des Rochers of Leonardo, memories of which he enshrined in two of his finest sonnets. And then still with him we visit Bruges and Ghent, and gaze at the great Memlings and Van Eycks till on " the viewless wings of poesy " we find ourselves with Tennyson

" In lands of palm and southern pine
  In lands of palm, of orange blossom
Of olive, aloe and maize and vine,"

in that stretch of enchanted land that lies between the Mediterranean and the Maritime Alps and we remember as we pause on the Corniche Road,

" What Roman strength Turbìa show'd
In ruin by the mountain road ;
  How like a gem beneath the city
Of little Monaco, basking glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
  To meet the sun and sunny waters,
That only heaved with a summer swell,"

and so all through that wonderful poem of " The Daisy," with its entirely original and lilting metre. Thus poetry crystallizes and preserves for me some of the most exquisite memories of my life.

From this last stanza one may infer that Tennyson found pleasure, as do all real lovers of poetry, in memorizing some favourite passages of poetry, which is the only thing to do if you want to make a poem a permanent possession of beauty. I can remember now places where I learnt certain poems, and so the memory of beautiful places brings poems to my mind and the poems remind me of beautiful places, till lovely scenery, fine paintings, exquisite architecture and poetry weave together a fabric of beautiful memories, and if I could only give some slight idea of what such a background to life means to me you would of a certainty understand "why I like Poetry."

I suppose that as a rule personal preferences are not a matter of much interest, but in a gossip like this it would be natural that I should be asked "what Poetry do you like?,"—in which case one would be faced with the problem posed by the old confession books, "Who is your favourite poet?," an almost impossible question to answer accurately, with justice either to individual poets or one's own critical taste. As in music, personal temperament rather than intellectual apprehension decides the question, and if its scope is broadened to the plural, I find that when it comes to selecting a strictly limited number of books with which to travel I invariably take Shakespeare, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, and the *Oxford Book of Verse.* I find I can do without a *complete* Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold, although each has written some poems or sonnets that are indispensable. On analysing it I find that in poetry as in music, it is the dramatic and romantic that appeals to me rather than the classic, descriptive or programme music rather than absolute music, Wagner rather than Bach, Chopin than Scarlatti.

I can read and re-read the *Ring and the Book*, but "Paradise Lost" is an effort. Of the poetry of other tongues than English I do not propose to speak to-day, beyond saying that perhaps the only great poem in a foreign language that I cannot do without is Goethe's *Faust*, and to that I found the key largely through Schumann's music. The translations are all of them inadequate, but the rendering of a poem in a language other than that in which it was written is a hard problem. In most cases it is best left unattempted. Rossetti said, "The life-blood of rhythmical translation is this commandment—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty." We owe a great deal to Sir Edwin Arnold for his paraphrase of Sanskrit poems such as the "Song Celestial" and the "Light of Asia," which perhaps have done more than any other modern poems to widen thought and dissipate prejudice. What should we have missed had not FitzGerald distilled for us the quintessence of the old Persian astronomer-poet, Omar Khayyám, in his immortal "Rubáiyát"! How modern, too, does the work of this man who lived in the reign of our King Stephen seem to us still. When Emerson speaks of the modernness of all good books, what does he mean, save, that through all ages, truth and beauty, where-ever they are found, are one. Who would believe that nearly three hundred years separate the Sonnets of Shakespeare from those of Rossetti's *House of Life.* I can never decide which I like best, each so different in form and feeling and yet each so entirely applicable to the present moment. Sometimes I think that for sustained nobility of thought and perfection of utterance the Rossetti Sonnets are unequalled, and yet perhaps Shakespeare's are more spontaneous and warmly human.

With Coleridge I can say, "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward. It has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Perhaps the greatest advantage poetry has over the other arts is that you can have it always with you. The slight effort necessary to learn and retain in one's memory a short poem, say a sonnet, or a lyric of a few stanzas, is as nothing against the priceless treasure of which you then acquire constant possession. One can never come to an end of the enjoyment or understanding of a great poem. You read it till you think you know it from end to end, and you take it up again a year later and with the development of your own mind, you will find all sorts of fresh beauties and deeper meanings. One should positively live with a masterpiece; learn as much as possible of it by heart; this exercise, like virtue in the copy-book, will surely prove its own reward, and I could quote you endless authorities in praise of marking and making extracts from the poets you read. Needless to mention that the books you mark must be your own and not those belonging to Mudie's Library, or Mr. Carnegie's, or another's.

Leigh Hunt says: "It rivets the attention, realizes the greatest amount of enjoyment and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind, and how it grows up towards the stature of its exalter."

Of modern men I like best Sir William Watson and Rudyard Kipling. For Watson's workmanship I have an intense admiration. His poetical criticism of other poets is unsurpassed for its sympathetic and penetrating insight into essentials. It surpasses all prose critical writings by as much as poetry is superior to prose as a vehicle for emotion and the expression of the finest and most intuitive apprehensions. When we read these men and their like we realize what Sir Philip Sydney meant when he spoke of men "that even with reading Amadis de Gaule (which God knoweth wanteth much of a perfect poesie) have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesie, liberalitie and especially courage."

And if it comes to the question of stimulating the noblest courage what more potent incantation exists in any language than the great speech of Henry the Fifth before Agincourt.

And as it was in King Henry's day, so it was in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, when the little *Revenge* fought her immortal fight of the one against fifty-three. And inspired by the same spirit and "sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the victories of England, our sailors of the navy and the mercantile marine guarded for five long years and kept inviolate for us the shores of England, by keeping command of the sea':

"The silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

And in our far-flung battle-line the sons and grandsons of the men who fought at Balaclava "Charging an army, while all the world wondered," and of those who, when beleaguered in the Residency at Lucknow and urged to hold it for fifteen days, held it for eighty-seven, "And ever upon the topmost roof, our banner of England blew," these worthy descendants fought in three continents with the same unconquerable spirit in defence of "the things that are more excellent."

Who can fathom the spiritual strength and sustenance of such poetry as enshrines these noble deeds. Well and truly sings our great poet, Sir William Watson, in his dithyrambic ode to England :

"So let the songsmith
Proffer his rhyme gift
England my mother
Maker of men.

Grey grows thy countenance
Full of the ages
Time on thy Forehead
Sits like a dream.

Song is the potion
All things renewing
Youth's one elixir
Fountain of morn.

Song is no bauble
Slight not the song-smith
England my mother
Maker of men

G. C. ASHTON JONSON.

[This genial confession and explanation will be appreciated by many readers in addition to those who remember Mr. Ashton Jonson's addresses on various occasions as a member of the Council of The Poetry Society and one time President of the Kensington Centre. We hope to begin publication in our next issue of abstracts of Mr. Ashton Jonson's series of lectures on great poems, and feel sure these articles will be welcomed as introductions to the masterpieces dealt with and as a memorial to our devoted, versatile colleague.]

POETS' HOMES AND PATHS IN THE HARZ

THE Harz, North Germany's highest intermediate range of mountains, with fir-scented hills and valleys, fresh winds and charming views, has for centuries inspired creative artists. Splendid old buildings attest the inhabitants' appreciation of beauty and their love for fine craftsmanship. From the Romanesque period come the churches in Hildesheim, Gandersheim, Gernrode, Quedlinburg, and other places, the Gothic's legacy is the cathedral in Halberstadt and the Walkenried Cloister, and the Renaissance found its finest flowering in the wonderful old frame-work houses in Hildesheim, Brunswick, Goslar, and many smaller cities and villages.

All these old cities, and the numberless castles dating from the days of the Saxon kaisers, beginning in 919 with Henry I, lend a romantic charm to the Harz. And thus one is not astonished to learn that many famous poets found here or nearby inspiration for great works.

A full thousand years ago there was talk in the cloisters and castles of "the clear voice from Gandersheim." These words of praise were for Germany's first poetess, the nun Hroswitha, who lived from about 930 until 1002 in the noblewomen's cloister of the small city of Gandersheim, in the North Harz. Her poems are of striking simplicity of form and content, with brilliant dialogue and often the finest humour. They deal with biblical legends and the unfailing victory of good over evil. She even wrote a Faust legend, "lapsus et conversio Theophili vicedomini" (the backsliding and conversion of Bishop Theophilus).

Gandersheim is worth visiting not merely as the place where Hroswitha worked, but also for what it further has to offer. The Minster was once—and for a long time—a much visited place of pilgrimage. Many original relics are still there, including a rib of the whale that swallowed Jonah. A particular treasure of the Minster is a splendid late Gothic statue of the Virgin.

A worthwhile goal of pilgrimage is the ancient imperial city of Quedlinburg, near Halberstadt, with crooked streets and sharp-gabled houses, above which rise the towers of the cathedral standing on a mighty rock. On the way up the Schlossberg stands a framework house, the " Vogelherd," apparently on the point of collapsing. But it has stood here many centuries. From its tiny windows one looks down on the field where, according to legend, young King Henry, busy with fowling, was found by the legates who came to tell him that he had been chosen head of the Holy Roman Empire.

Close to the cathedral and the " Vogelherd " stands the house in which Friedrich Gottfried Klopstock, author of the *Messiah* and renewer of classic German literature, was born. It is a simple framework house with projecting oriel, which is in itself a small house and rests on two spindling pillars. In this oriel room Klopstock was born on July 2nd, 1724. Unfortunately little is known of his life in Quedlinburg. The house was occupied by strangers until 1898, when the city bought it and converted it into a Klopstock museum. Here one finds eight pictures of the poet, many manuscripts, three hundred volumes of first editions of his works, illustrations of the *Messiah*, and Klopstock's pen and inkpot, tea set, tobacco box and some locks of his hair.

Not far from the mighty Gothic cathedral in Halberstadt, and near the " Museum Heineanum "—containing, with 14,000 specimens, the most complete collection of birds in Europe—stands a modest house, to which is affixed a tablet reciting that the poet Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim lived there fifty-six years. Gleim, who was born in Ermsleben, near Quedlinburg, in 1719 and died in 1803, left no works of enduring character. His main claim to fame is the manner in which he encouraged and helped other poets. In Halberstadt, where he was cathedral secretary, he made of his house a " Temple of Friendship " (Tempel der Freundschaft). It was open to all men and women of talent, but Gleim devoted himself in particular to making a collection of portraits of German poets. About one hundred and fifty of these, in large part specially painted at his order, hang in the house.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, born in Frankfort, discovered the romance and beauty of the Harz and did much to make it known to his generation. He came there for the first time in May, 1777, as "the painter Weber," and made the foot trip up the Brocken. On December 10th he stood on the 3,690-foot high mountain, which, clad in snow, awakened his fantasy and recalled the ancient legend of the witches coming thither on broomsticks on Walpurgis Night for the Witches' Sabbath. Many decades later these impressions found their expression in the Walpurgis scene of *Faust*. In a letter to Charlotte von Stein he wrote enthusiastically of his visit "in lofty, magnificent moonlight."

On September 22nd, 1783, Goethe again climbed the Brocken, and in 1784 he visited the Harz again, this time to inspect the mines there. He walked from Altenau along the path still known as the "Goethe path" to the top of the Brocken. To-day one rides to the summit with a mountain railway, and finds there a comfortable, modern hotel. In it is a Goethe room, and also a witches' room, with pictures of the Walpurgis Night. Every year on the night of April 30th special celebrations take place here, with participants dressed as witches and demons.

Many other poets and famous men followed in Goethe's footsteps. The register of the hotel on the Brocken contains such names as Ludwig Uhland, Arthur Schopenhauer, Adalbert von Chamisso, the great theologian Schleiermacher, Julius Wolff, Wilhelm Raabe, and, above all, Heinrich Heine. He wrote his *Harzreise* in 1824, when he was a student at the University of Göttingen. He walked through Nordheim, Osterode, Clausthal-Zellerfeld and Goslar to the Brocken. His book is one of the most amusing and finished works of travel ever written, and every visitor to the Harz should carry it with him.

FRANZ F. SCHWARZENSTEIN.

Christina Rossetti is the appropriate subject of the latest addition to Macmillan's famous *English Men of Letters* series.

LIVING VIRGINIA POETS

VIRGINIA is rich in history, romance, magnolia blossoms, mocking-birds and poets. The roster is long—sweet singers of mountain, valley and sea Most of them write in the old tradition but some, like Virginia Moore, are modernistic.

The negro has given definite colour and distinction to Virginia. A few of the race croon their own lullabies, such as: "Mammy's baby loves cracklin' bread," or chant their plaintive spirituals, setting the verse to music, as in the case of Dr. Robert Nathaniel Dett's "Listen to the Lambs." He is the negro director of the Musical Art Society of Hampton Institute. Songs of labour have been developed through generations into endless verses. The Tobacco Rolling Song is typical:

"My ol' Mistis had a dog
An' dis ol' dog was blin'.
He ate de hinges off de gate
An' den he los' min'.

Refrain: I'se gwine down to town
I'se gwine down to town
I'se gwine down to Richmond Town
To carry my 'baccy down dar."

For data in the compilation of this review, I am indebted to Dr. James Southall Wilson of the English Department of the University, authority on Poe, a member of the editorial staff of *The Virginia Quarterly Review* and a writer of occasional verse himself. Most of the *literati* of Virginia aspire to recognition by *The Quarterly*, but it is difficult to pass this fire-breathing guardian at the gate, and Dr. Wilson is not particularly popular among the poets. He has given place, however, to several whom he considers worthy; notably Dr. Francis Claiborne Mason, whose fine and mystical verse is of deep and enduring quality. Dr. Mason was born in Norfolk, educated at the University of Virginia, and author of a volume of poetry, *This Changeing Mask*.

The Quarterly has also honoured Leigh Buckner Hanes in printing his "Lines on Mother Washington" and

" Beneath Apple Blossoms." Mr. Hanes is editor of *The Lyric* (a poetry magazine published in Norfolk) together with Carlton Drewry and John Moreland. Mr. Moreland's verse is delicate and fanciful, " Poems of the Sea," " Red Poppies in the Wheat," " The Sea in April "and " Newry." Also in Norfolk are Mary Sinton Lietch, Josephine Johnson, Julia Johnson Davis, Mrs. Francis Pindar and Virginia McCormick. Mrs. McCormick has produced an interesting work in local colour, " Charcoal and Chalk," poems of the white and black people, illustrated with negro sketches by Mary Baker. She has written two other charming books, *Star Dust and Gardens* and *Voices of the Wind.*

In virtue of his seventy odd years, Mr. Armstead Gordon, of Staunton, may be considered the patriarch of Virginia poets, and by reason of his *Poems of Commemoration*, the revered and unofficial laureate. Is there an historic house to be consecrated as shrine or monument to be dedicated, Mr Gordon is certain to be chosen as speaker because of his fine feeling and silver-tongued oratory. A close friend of Thomas Nelson Page, he collaborated with him in writing a book of negro dialect stories, *Befo' de Wah.* He is a gentleman of the old school, of martial spirit and writes in the conventional manner of Cavalier Days. His two most popular volumes are: *The Gay Ballads of an Ancient Scottish Clan* and *The Ivory Gate.* He has recently published a book of poems about the World War.

In Richmond, Mr. James Branch Cabell, avowed poetry hater, has committed a sin in his own eyes in writing a long poem, " From the Hidden Way." To the distinguished Richmond circle also belong : Ellen Glasgow—*The Freeman and Other Poems* Margaret Prescott Montague—verses published in the higher type of American magazines ; Virginia Lyne Tunstall, an example of whose lovely verse is " A White Sail Set " ; Mary Coles Carrington, member of The Poetry Society, author of *Pilgrim Paths* ; Margaret de Shields—" Spanish Moss and English Myrtle," known as well for her water-colour sketches of Negro Life; Dr Beverly Randolph Tucker—*Verses of Virginia*; and Sherwood Anderson, who has has written " Mid-American Chance " and " The New Testament."

Outside of any particular centre live a number of other poets. Mary Johnson, living in Warm Springs, writer of historical romances, is responsible for " The Goddess of Reason; Winifred Russell, of Gardensville, whose pen-name is Virginia Stait, for State of Virginia, has written " Sanctuary " and other poems; Elkanah East Taylor, editor of a poetry magazine, *Will-o-the-Wisp*, in Suffolk, has published several volumes, *Whispers*, *Dust and Flame*, *Candles on the Sill* and *Pen Points*; Nancy Byrd Turner, of Boydton, now with the *Atlantic Monthly*, has several delightful collections of children's poems. Virginia may rightly appropriate the eminently fine Willa Cather, who was born in Winchester and has written a book of poems, *April Twilights*.

Hovering about the University in Charlottesville is a small group of poets, some of whom are migratory. Amelie Rives, the Princess Troubetskoy, a vice-president of The Poetry Society, lives in partial seclusion in her ancestral and ghost-haunted Castle Hill. One of Virginia's celebrated beauties, she is still a vivid personality. Better known as a novelist, she has written a long dramatic poem, " Augustine the Man," and " Selene." Archdeacon Neve, well known for his successful missions among the mountain people of the Blue Ridge, a striking figure of large heart and brain, is a writer of religious verse; Mrs. Percy Brown has had a number of poems published in magazines; Mr. John Shelton Patton, for many years University librarian, has a volume, *Mistress Annabel* in the library; Grace Gorgas, married to an Englishman, living in a charming house behind brick walls, has written " Bells of Italy," " Galaz Leaves," and " My Little Songs," delicate poems of fine conception. She herself binds many copies of her books in specially designed covers. Virginia Moore, young and widely travelled, has taken an old brick house on a hill beyond

Charlottesville and lives alone with her little son, John Untermyer. Her poems breathe of Virginia clover and caltalpa bloom, are introspective and challenging, as in "Swords for Circumstances" from her latest book, *Not Poppy*:

> "I have no solid horse to share with Joan,
> I have no wit to contradict a duke
> If there were dukes; I dream my dreams alone,
> And cannot in the face of Rome's rebuke,
> Consider them divine. Rather I know
> That nations are not worth the men they break,
> And tardy Joans are destined to forgo
> Danger, and the incentive of the stake.
>
> But I shall ride—most surely I shall ride—
> Across a field more difficult than France,
> Sternly, upon a horse that is my pride,
> And make a sword of each foul circumstance
> To conquer half the world disdainfully
> Before a world prescribed can conquer me."

So stands the list of Living Virginia Poets, with apologies to any who may have been inadvertently omitted. This review is not meant to be exhaustive or critical. All enjoy a certain amount of popularity in Virginia, and some have received recognition far afield. How many are destined to attain immortality it is impossible to tell from a contemporary point of view. So far in history, Virginia may claim only one immortal, and even over his name there has been recent controversy at the University. A student offered protest in the lines:

> "Into the charnel house of fame
> None but the dead may go.
> Then enter not the living name
> Of Edgar Allan Poe."

ELLA SOLLENBERGER

The Rawnsley Gold Medal for the reading of poetry will be awarded for 1930 by Mr. Alfred Noyes following on a special meeting at which competitors will provide an attractive poetry reading, at 44 Bramham Gardens, S.W.5, on Friday, November 21st, at 7 p.m. Tickets of admission—2s. 6d.

POEM FOR LEONARDO

Piglierà il primo volo il grande uccello sopra del dosso del suo magnio cecero e empiendo l'universo di stupore, empiendo di sua ma tutte le scritture e grogria eterna al nido dove nacque.
—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

REASON has glittering machines
To ravel and revise
The canker black of common scenes
Cowering in the skies :

She soars above a steaming world
With angry eye and bill,
Her vision on confusion hurled,
Her talons bright to kill ;

No sorrow holds her wholly bent,
No petals baffle eyes
That see beyond the instrument
A world of wild surmise :

She is her own sufficient cause,
Her solitude unique ;
Untrammelled by extrinsic laws
She bows and bends to seek

Summer triumphant in the field,
Or Humber under storm,
All things in her converge and yield
A function and a form.

Number is all we know of things
And only numbers are
Serene and lonely, number sings
A transitory star,

And cloudy buds in April air
Or women spinning jute,
Her symbols and her songs declare
Eternal, absolute :

Whose wings above confusion fling,
Her crowning vision free,
And from a pure notation wring
Unnumbered ecstasy.

MICHAEL ROBERTS.

CAPTIVE

A HARVEST moon, and sheaves of burning corn;
Hushed singing that the soft-toned breezes bring;
The quiet that forsaken churches hold;
And Peace, like some all-weary spirit, borne
Upon the whiteness of an angel's wing
Into the splendour of the sunset's gold:

Red moon, like one great drop of liquid fire;
Bright corn, like stretches of a sun-dyed sea;
Soft singing, like a distant half-heard lyre;
Still quiet from the vast eternity;
Slow shadows, and a clear pool, fathoms deep,
And Peace:
For these I crave, for these, and then—for Sleep.

K. PEARCE.

IF I WERE A BOUGH

IF I were a bough of a tree
The very topmost bough I'd be
With nothing 'twixt the sky and me.

But then perhaps I'd glance below,
Where grasshoppers leap to and fro
And little insects come and go,

And wish to be a flower so small
Where I might watch the wild things crawl
And none would notice me at all.

HILDA M. SLADE.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE

Judas Iscariot speaks :

I AM an old man now. My thoughts are thick.
My tongue is halting and my words are lame.
My dull bones creak and shamble, and my breath
Spends like a dying wind that cannot die.

I am an old, old man. And all the twelve—
Saving myself alone—are dead long since.
I have desired death with all my soul.
In every perilous and likely place
Where her feet follow pestilence and woe,
Long have I sought, but I have found her not.
Long have I courted every kiss of death
Ever man's hurt and hunger could devise.
She spurns my lips—remembering their crime.

Death is a bride who takes man to her bed
With low soft sighing and with quiet eyes
That smile before they close upon his sleep.
I seek her hand in vain. She casts me forth.
I am the man who cannot hope to die.

The hemlock creeps like winter through my veins
But will not cradle me to frosty dreams.
The adder's sting is honey to my heart.
The rope I twist about my withered throat
Becomes a rotten thread ; my arrows bend
Like blighted grasses in my heavy hand.
My dagger turns when I would drive it home
As though my breast were granite like my tears.

. . . . .

[This excerpt from the middle of the poem.]

And Mary, even she, when every voice
Had cursed me with its pity, calling me
" A madman, daft, demented, out of mind,"
She too, when I besought her, wept and said,
" Yes, you are like him. It is very strange.

But Judas, who betrayed my Lord—is dead.
And He, ascended. I am left alone.
Yet—come within and sit beside my hearth,
And tell me what you will. I'll be your friend
For Judas' sake, who loved me, long ago.
But look not thus upon me! For His sake!
I'll sing a little to you in the dusk,
If I can sing, with nothing left of life
But one great tear that weeps forevermore."

Then I cried out upon her and was wroth,
And said, "I, who have held you in my heart!
I who have laid my kiss upon your eyes,
And on the snowy wonder of your breast—"
Her pale mouth quivered, and her words were edged
Like small sharp knives: "*So many have done this!*
But when I saw Him all the crimson years
Became as white as wool."

Her empty hands,
The hands I knew so well, caught her white throat,
Then reached out blindly toward me, and she said,
"Sit here awhile. I am so much alone!"
There, with two passions raging in my soul,
Remorse that bit my vitals like a saw,
And that extreme and desolate despair
Of being dead to her, while yet I live—
I sat beside a fire that warmed me not.
And in her singing was a sea of pain
That broke upon me, and I cried aloud,
"*I am* that Judas who betrayed your Lord!"
But she sang on, a woe unto herself.
And the night darkened. And I went away.

. . . . .

BARBARA YOUNG.

* * *

Mr. Wilfrid Gibson's new volume, *Hazards* (Macmillan), containing 150 new poems will be reviewed in our next issue, together with other late autumn books received too late for notice in this number.

DISTINGUISHED INDO-ANGLIAN VERSE

AN important contribution to Indo-Anglian verse is the recently published Anthology compiled by Mr. A. R. Chida of Hyderabad, Deccan, containing selections from the works of certain Hyderabad poets who write English with such remarkable fluency, that it is hard to realize that this language is not their mother tongue.

Chief amongst the poets represented is Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur, C.I.E., LL.B., President of the Hyderabad Open Centre of the Poetry Society. He is known chiefly to English readers through his small volume of exquisite sonnets, published in 1918 by Messrs. Erskine Macdonald Ltd. Although in a letter to the present writer Sir Nizamat modestly terms these poems " an experiment intended to convey a suggestion, if no more, of the peculiar mystical spirit of Persian poetry in purely western form," each one is a polished art work and, as Mr. R. C. Fraser stated in his preface to the collection, the sonnets " form a consistent whole, and in their spirit and sentiment they are akin to some of the most noble utterances of the great minds and hearts whose words have been like torches to show what heights a strong aspiring soul can climb."

Unfortunately Mr. Chida, the compiler of the Anthology, is frequently a victim of his youthful impulsiveness which leads him to jump at conclusions, and to pass hasty judgment on work which he but imperfectly understands. Despite the meretriciousness of much of his criticism, however, his Anthology is bound to serve a useful purpose, for it will surely attract the attention of readers hitherto but slightly acquainted with the work of Sir Nizamat Jung and the other members of the Hyderabad group. Sir Nizamat's philosophy, wisdom and spiritual intensity are revealed in all his poems, but in none more impressively than in the following lines on " Wealth "

" Gaze on this earth, see Nature's boundless store ;
God gives it all to thee !
Gaze on the heavens, and let thy spirit soar
Into Infinity !

Such wealth is thine, O vainly longing heart
Is there aught more to gain ?
Desire and hope and fear—let all depart,
For all their strife is vain.

One priceless boon does man's free soul require :
The god-like power to give
The best it has of love, and love's desire
In other souls to live.

What gifts are thine, by the Great Giver given,
All those love bids thee share

With all thy fellow-souls on earth, in heaven,
That claim the Maker's care.

Who gives, shall have; the souls' pure gifts are won
Back in Eternity.
Love's gift is life below; beyond the Sun
It shall abide with thee!"

This poem, like several others of the Nawab's latest works, appeared originally in *Islamic Culture* that high-class quarterly review edited by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall.

Sir Nizamat is as great a Persian as he is an English scholar, and Mr. Chida would have done well to reproduce some of the Nawab's lines on Hafiz that have featured in *Islamic Culture*:—

"He bowed his head before the veil of Doom
When in lone vigils did around him close,
Like clouds, the shadowy wings of voiceless woes;
And all was dark till, through the glow and gloom
Of Suns that set to rise beyond the tomb,
Unto his longing eyes did Heav'n disclose
Life's mystic symbol—Beauty's perfect Rose,
Blooming on earth with Eden's primal bloom!

Then Darkness fled from out the heart of Night,
And, trailing glory, blissful visions came,
Floating on golden pinions, swift and strong;
Then in new worlds of rapture and of light
All nameless yearnings found in Love a name,
All voiceless passions found a voice in Song."

"HAFIZ" (Extract)

"Love sighs for bliss, but sighs in vain;
Yearns for the Heaven it cannot gain;
Its ectasy is agony;
Hopes fade while yearnings still remain.

With eyes on Heaven's mystic veil,
Faith bows where sight and reason fail,
When hopes and fears, 'mid smiles and tears,
The lone, world-wearied heart assail.

Faith finds, when sorrow's night is done,
A fairer world from chaos won;
Each atom, rife with glowing life,
Aspiring toward a brighter sun.

Such love and faith were his whose soul
In each fair fragment saw the whole,
Eternal grace in Beauty's face,
Love where eternal æons roll."

A few extracts from Sir Nizamat's mediæval romance "Rudel of Blaye" are included in the Anthology, and one can only regret that they are not more numerous, for although the author styles this fine narrative poem "an exercise," it is in truth a finished creation, bearing the stamp of that refinement which is the Nawab's literary crest. Mr. Chida has struck the right note, however when he emphasises the religious beauty of Sir Nizamat's philosophy as revealed in many stanzas of "Rudel," of which a few specimens are given below, stanzas that will certainly awaken a desire in all poetry lovers to peruse the whole of this poem, based on an incident in the "Provençal Lives of the Poets."

"Immortal Beauty! Be thou still the theme
Of the heart's worship and its fervent song.
Still let the soul, by Faith and Love made strong,
See in God's works, though as a transient gleam,
The mystic light that veils thy form supreme!
Still let thy fleeting images that throng
Before the mind their magic spell prolong
Until man's life on earth becomes a heavenly dream!

The Hand that traced in characters divine
Upon Life's scroll the mystery of Doom,
Shot light through Chaos and primeval gloom
And bade its beams o'er rolling worlds to shine—
That Hand doth lead him to the hallowed shrine
Where Beauty reigneth in eternal bloom.
Lo! even now upon Fate's mystic loom
The sombre shades of Death with Love's bright beams entwine!

In Death we waken to Reality,
And Error's myriad phantoms fly before
Truth which the veil of thought can hide no more.
Desires and passions too like shadows flee;
Time, space and circumstance all cease to be.
Life's dreams thus past, and all its travails o'er,
The pure-eyed soul regains the destined shore
And stands, O Power benign, before Love's throne and Thee."

Ever since his student days at Cambridge, Sir Nizamat has evinced a discriminating interest in European history as well as literature, and his enthusiasm for Napoleon has not flagged with the advance of time. His sonnet written on the birthday anniversary of Napoleon has a music and majesty befitting the subject :—

> " Chained to his rock the dying hero lies,
> A martyr's bliss and agony in his heart,
> All darkness till the spirit's lightnings dart
> A radiance through the mist. Before his eyes
> The conqueror's triumphs fade, and glory flies.
> Peace crowns the crownless brow whose inmost part
> Throbs with expiring might. New visions start,
> Of new, peace-guarded worlds 'neath calmer skies !
>
> Around, the bleak crags moan, as moans the wind
> Shot through by forked flames ; the thunder roars.
> Earth shudders as though conquering legions trod
> Her bruised breast again. Then, unconfined,
> Above the tempest's flight his spirit soars,
> And the Earthshaker stands before his God ! "

In the Anthology, the selection of Sir Nizamat's poems opens with " India to England " which appeared originally in the London *Times* during the War, on the day the Indian troops landed in Marseilles. As Mr. Chida observes : " Sir Nizamat says to England on behalf of his countrymen, that while the many millions of India would have clasped the sword of justice but, for want of training, could not, yet their hearts—the hearts of millions—were with England. . . . It was this passionate loyalty, proclaimed to the world in unexaggerated but appealing poetry, which made ' India to England ' famous."

> " O England ! in thine hour of need,
> When Faith's reward and valour's meed
> Is death or glory.
>
> When Faith indites with biting brand,
> Clasped in each warrior's stiff'ning hand,
> A Nation's story.
>
> Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
> The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp
> On Victory's field,
>
> Yet turn, O mighty Mother ! turn
> Unto the million hearts that burn
> To be thy shield !
>
> Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
> Have made a distant, alien race
> A part of thee !

'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty!

Unmindful of their ancient name,
Their fathers' honour, glory, fame,
And sunk in strife,

Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life!

They, whom thy love hath guarded long,
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith,

Their heart-strings round thy heart entwine;
They are, they ever will be thine,
In life—in death!"

From Sir Nizamat's picturesque home in Hyderabad, beautiful views are obtainable of the grand fort of Golconda one of the most poetic piles in the Deccan. Sir Nizamat's description denotes his skill as a word painter:—

"A shadow of the wings of Night
Creeps westward o'er the horizon's bar
Where through the greying mist of light
Now faintly gleams the evening star.

There brooding Fame its vigil keeps
O'er grim Golconda's castled height;
O'er domes in whose dark silence sleeps
The glory of its men of might;

O'er scenes where with expiring breath
Faith hallowed the unnatural strife,
And wrestled from the hands of Death
Its guerdon of immortal life.

The setting sun before he sets
Long lingering casts his flickering ray
On towers and mosques and minarets
Robed in Time's holy garb of grey.

Bereft of power though not of fame,
Custodians of the Past, they stand
In mournful grandeur yet to claim
Dominion o'er the subject land.

Yon fortress rears its dragon head
To triumph o'er its foes—in vain;
In vain its ceils of ramparts breast
The circling hills and swelling plain."

The Anthology includes selections from the poems of the late Nawab Imadul Mulk, "Hyderabad's Grand Old Man" as he was affectionately called by his admirers. The late Nawab was a man of wide and profound culture in the best sense of that oft-abused word, and after the death of Sir Ahmed Khan became one of the most venerated Muslim leaders in India. As Director of Public Instruction in Hyderabad State, he furthered the cause of education in a manner truly wonderful, considering the obstacles he had to encounter, and he was one of the earliest pioneers of the movement in favour of the Higher Education of Indian women. His sonnets on "Woman" included in the Anthology are amongst his finest poems:—

"Of powers on earth, that make or mar man's life
Is chiefest woman. Conscience, honour, truth,
Ambition, love of peace or love of strife,
Religion, chance that comes when life is smooth
And turns its course awry, or fear of death,
Are all most potent arms of destiny;
But woman crowns them all. From her a breath,
A tone or token, touch, or glance of eye
O'ermasters all. O! Woman! thou art Fate
Without Fate's blindness. Not divine art thou,
Yet surely nearest God in form and state
Of all His works. And when He carved thy brow,
Sweet friend, and lit thine eyes with light of day
He shed on thee his most divinest ray."

Nawab Imadul Mulk's longest poem is an elegy entitled "In Memoriam," in honour of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, and recalls Tennyson's famous poem of the same name on which it is modelled. It is a pity that Mr. Chida's extracts from this work are skimpy, and treated by the critic with a superficiality that detracts from the value of his comments. The following stanzas, included by Mr. Chida in the Anthology, might be termed a self-portrait of the Nawab for they are as eminently applicable to him as to Sir Syed Ahmed:—

"With daring hand he touched the loom
Of life that haply he might leave
Some brighter threads for Fate to weave
With sombre warp of human doom.

A glorious future for his race—
The lengthened shadow of their past

Transfigured on the landscape vast
Of Western culture, Western grace.

A wise acceptance of *what is*
Divorced from faineant discontent,
And girdle gist for each event
That in the future might arise.

And faithful service toward his Queen
Rendered with free-born love and pride,
Not with the show of those that hide
Their mocking hate behind a screen."

A regrettable omission from the specimens of Nawab Imadul Mulk's poems is his "Beata Victoria," a composition as instinct with loyalty as "India to England."

"Mother of men! nay by what sweeter name
Can we invoke thee in our prayer? For Fame
Is but a giftless almoner of thine,
Until thou fill his hand with gifts divine,
Great Mother—Empress—Queen!

Supreme of woman-kind, supreme in all
The sex's highest sanctities! No call
Of queenly duty light or heavy-laid
Might find thy dauntless woman's heart afraid
Great Mother—Empress—Queen!

Once stood I in thy presence, even I
Thy bondman, and beheld thy majesty;
Bent my knee in service; heard thee speak
Kindly accents, and spoke back in rev'rence meek,
Great Mother—Empress—Queen!"

The youngest of the poets whose work features in the Anthology is Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, who, possibly, is better known in America than in Europe. Years ago, Rabindranath Tagore wrote to Harindranath Chattopadhyaya as follows:—"I feel sure you have all the resources of a poet in lavish measure," and time has proved the truth of this statement. Amongst the most striking of Harindranath's poems comprised in the Anthology is the sonnet in which he voices a Ruskinian dislike of the inventions of modernity:—

"Old earth is sick at heart. . . . All is not well!
Huge monstrous shapes of iron, fire and lead
Now pace the wide world with their heavy tread.
Hark, the loud gruesome clanging of the bell
Of giant vendors on Life's way who sell
The artist's dreams, the holy virgin's head,

And the sweet soul of babes for bitter bread
To feed their hunger in the depths of Hell.

Bound to the wheel of doubt our hearts are whirled,
Whirled round and round without a moment's pause.
Into a grey oblivion we have hurled
In atheist-conceit the primal Cause,
But soon a voice shall ring throughout the world
And re-establish God's eternal laws."

The symbolism of " Paper Boats " is very charming, and proves the daintiness as well as the sureness of his touch :—

" On a dim stream I set afloat
A paper boat long, long ago,
And said, ' My little paper boat
We'll see how far you go ! '

On a lone stream long, long ago
God set me joyously afloat
And said, ' We'll see how far you go
My little paper boat ! ' "

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu is the fourth of the quartet of poets selected by Mr. Chida, all of whom, as he himself says, have never " written verse for the sake of a living " and who " by their culture and their compositions have added lustre to the fame of the ancient city of Hyderabad."

ETHEL ROSENTHAL.

* * *

VICTORIAN RE-VALUATIONS

Mr. C. H. O. Scaife, winner of the Newdigate Prize in 1923, and now Lecturer in English Literature at the Royal University of Egypt, gives us a stimulating and suggestive study of *The Poetry of Alfred Tennyson: An Essay in Appreciation* (Cobden-Sanderson, 5s.). It is delightful to find yet another writer of Mr. Scaife's standing and erudition rediscovering Tennyson for us. If we can make a criticism of this wholly admirable monograph, it is that Mr. Scaife approaches the subject from too defensive a standpoint. He calls it " a propagandist " essay, but the impression it leaves upon our mind is more that of an apologia. Mr. Scaife deals extensively with the varied qualities of Tennyson's poetry, its colour, vigour, word music, power and concentration, and so on. But too often, we think, he is at pains to apologise for what he calls the " monumentally dull lines," " maudlin bathos," " eye-striking contrasts of good and bad " and " pedestrian poems." His analysis and defence of " In Memoriam " is interesting, though here again surely no defence is necessary. " In Memoriam " ranks indubitably as one of the great poems in the English language. Interesting, too, is his exposition of the relation of poetry to the mechanised modern world, of " pure " poetry and " applied " poetry, and his view of Tennyson as a transitional poet with a " premonitory echo " of A. E. Housman. Mr. Scaife also deals effectively with two other recent iconoclastic critics of Tennyson, Mr. I' Anson Fausset and Mr. Harold Nicholson.

Following Mr. Scaife's appreciation comes Humbert Wolfe with a brilliant monograph on Tennyson in Faber and Faber's *The Poets on the Poets* Series. Mr. Wolfe is, as one might have expected, more assured than Mr. Scaife. For him there is no need to defend Tennyson, and he penetrates the artificiality of the pretence that the Tennysonian era was one of smug self-satisfaction. Instead there was a moral typhoon blowing, with Tennyson at the heart of it, suffering, and revealing in his own person the bewildering experiences of a generation faced by spiritual, political, and industrial disorder. With this attitude Mr. Wolfe concentrates attention on " Maud," as the " microcosm " of Tennyson, believing that if it can be shown that this poem, written by Tennyson in his middle years, was " more passionate than Swinburne, more various in execution than ' Lollingdon Downs,' and as great an innovation as ' The Ancient Mariner,' " it is then easy to support his general contention that " so far from being the muffled poet of domestic horizons, Tennyson was as lonely and as wild as his own eagle." We wish that this little volume could be published at a lower price than 3s. 6d. and so obtain the general circulation it deserves. But why drag in "*poor*" Stephen Phillips—an expression in itself a flatulent echo.

And now comes Mr. F. L. Lucas with *Eight Victorian Poets* (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d.). Most of these sketches were originally given as B.B.C. lectures, and they succeed admirably in carrying out the purpose outlined in their Introduction, of encouraging more reading of poetry by a wider public. He has been an excellent missionary and exponent of the Poetry Society. Poetry, says Mr. Lucas, is a necessity, " not a luxury, it is something without which life remains one-eyed. Nor is it a preserve of the cultured. The greatest verse, from Sophocles to Shakespeare, from Homer to Hardy, has appealed to common humanity. It is like a hardening of the arteries in an ageing society that poetry should to-day have so lost touch with the ordinary man, and the ordinary man with poetry." Mr. Lucas then exerts himself, and exerts himself one can but think, with every success, to give to the ordinary man, a taste of the poets and poetry of the later Victorian era, which will make them desire for more, and may even send them, as he hopes, to the feast of poetry itself. Mr. Lucas, in his treatment of these eight poets, has of course left far behind him the reverential, and sentimental hero-worshipping attitude; but also he has passed beyond the iconoclastic, tear-the-veils-off, smash-their-haloes reaction of Mr. Lytton Strachey and his imitators. He feels himself under no obligation to defend them—excuses himself not a whit for his appreciation of them. He seems to have arrived further than this—to a calmer, more unbiased atmosphere, and presents to his readers a series of pen-pictures, clear, vivid and sometimes witty, with entertaining comments on the Victorians, and on us their descendants, that are not without interest also for those who already know and count these poets among their friends.

Any "ordinary man" who fails to appreciate his gallery of neat little pictures, illuminated by hints as to how to approach them, must be dull indeed. Tennyson, the great landscape painter, the "poet of the perfect phrase," who could "make moments immortal," and yet who allowed "the Maiden Aunt" a "regrettably large share in his work": Browning, the "sociable, frisking little gentleman" caught up into one of the great love romances of the world: Swinburne, exuberantly young to the end, yet tamed by Victorianism: Rossetti, so terribly unhappy: Morris, the happy craftsman: Clough, the conscientious doubter; and last of the Giants, Hardy, architect-novelist—with his poetry of ruthless truth, Hardy whose farewell finely serves for them all: "Nay, rush not: time serves: we are going, Gentlemen"!

In a *Victorian Potpourri of Verses* (The Bodley Head, 6s.) Georgina Abdy has carried out very pleasantly her avowed intention of collecting verses of last century "known, unknown, and forgotten." Many of the names are unfamiliar. Some names we know better in another connection, Sir H. Rider-Haggard, for instance, who is represented by "Lines from 'Tess,'" Theophilus Marzials, and Emily Brontë. The poems themselves are even less familiar. Only one or two in the whole book can be said to be now remembered—Ernest Dowson's "They are not long, the weeping and the laughter"; Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times Seven," and also Henry Kingsley's "The Blackbird." John Davidson and Robert Buchanan are well represented by several little-known lyrics, and William Cory, not by "Ionica," but by the lesser-known "Mimnermus." So that this anthology may be said to justify itself, in fact we could do with more salvage of the flotsam and jetsam of Victorian poetry and fewer lazy compilations based on Palgrave.

Another unhackneyed anthology is *The Wind on the Heath* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d.) chosen by John Sampson. No criticism can be passed on the variety and choice of this selection. It goes without saying that Dr. Sampson has represented the glamour of the gypsy race in a way that cannot be questioned. It is an attractive and companionable book for all lovers of the open-air and of the Romany people.

New Poets and Publishers.

Mr. Moult has again presumed to select the " best " poems, English and American, of the year (*Best Poems of* 1930, Jonathan Cape, 6s.). He possesses sound commercial judgment and there is something in this volume for all tastes. Mr. Cape is a publisher to whom bibliophiles have cause to be grateful, and perhaps he has offered the best comment on this volume by producing it in the new soft-tinted spare-bedside binding. The serious reader of poetry does not buy anthologies, but obviously the publisher who produces such a collection makes more profit than the one who publishes half-a-dozen independent volumes. In recent years there has been a marked tendency for publishers to bludgeon the potential buyer into purchasing one of a few selected books : publishers boom their successes (by dint of " Crime Clubs " and cheap " Miscellanies ") and cut their apparent failures. It seems likely that in the near future the distinction between the small presses producing literature with no prospect of gigantic gains, and the big publishing houses aiming solely at commercial success will become more and more marked. Mr. Cape justly claims (in his house magazine) the same status for the serious publisher as for the artist : he has published novels, critical essays, and one or two books of verse of the first importance and that is why, although " a man must live " he and three or four other publishers who seriously consider literary merit must lose by offering to the public books which, like the so-called " omnibus " volumes, encourage that public to stop thinking and buy whatever may be labelled " Best." Reviewers who unhesitatingly damn and slander authors seldom comment on the policy of specific publishers, but the subject is so important that we must here and now, in defiance of any possible rules of journalistic etiquette, assert that Messrs. Cape, Secker, Chatto & Windus, Faber & Faber all stand to gain by encouraging and educating the discriminating buyer.

Heaven by Frank Townshend (Knopf, 6s.) is a curious production. Mr. Townshend himself has obviously experienced a state of joyful understanding beyond disillusion, but his book does not communicate that vision because it does not take the reader through the " Dark night of the Soul." The book will appeal to those who want to believe that they are fashionably disillusioned without suffering that agony which finds expression in Ecclesiastes and in *Hamlet*. Mr. Townshend simply makes a statement of disillusion in plain logical signs, he does not evoke feeling by the use of emotive symbols. Thus he writes :

I thought to myself:
If God should act with the intelligence of our modern scientists,
He would inject some antitoxin into the life stream of this planet,
Which would clear up these sore places,
Killing off the human bacteria which cause them;
And so, no doubt, destroy His own image.
Evidently His understanding
Is of a different order.

If a poet could communicate the terrifying emotion which accompanies a " realization " of that thought the result would be a poem as great as anything in Dante: and *Heaven*, despite the vigorous satiric *Hymn*, is full of such thoughts ingeniously but unemotionally expressed.

Mr. H. E. Palmer has the Irish skill in flyting and flaying. His new volume (*The Armed Muse*, Hogarth Press, 3s. 6d.) reveals more than bitterness; he quotes the words of Socrates: " *He who without the madness of the Muses approaches the gates of poetry under the persuasion that by means of art he can become an efficient poet, fails in his purpose, for his poetry being that of a sane man, is thrown into the shade by the poetry of such as are mad,*" but his madness, like that of all poets who contribute to that process we vaguely call civilization, is radically sane. His satires and his lyrics are not expressions of passing moods but spring from a central attitude. His frenzy is that of the soldier who attacks one enemy after another, not that of the madman lashing out at random. His curses are as blasting and deliberate as Blake's and are directed at things which can and should be altered. That " should be " is a tribute to his power as an artist: he has thought clearly and deeply before giving rein to indignation, and understands the things he castigates. To complain that he reveals his hatreds more frequently than his loves is useless: he writes as he must, and perhaps the poetry of Mr. R. N. D. Wilson shows the other side of the medal. Unlike the late D. H. Lawrence he does not curse industrial civilization root and branch, he sees the necessity for a balance between man's organic nature and these products which the intellect has been compelled to devise, and he understands how instinctive terrors arise from imperfect adaption to a mode of life which is perhaps not permanently possible without some modification. Therefore his *Elfin Lover* is more significant than the ranting of Lawrence or the phantastic bogey-bogeys of the school of horror-for-horror's sake:

Someone is stealing up the stair.
Unloose me, William! Beware! Beware!
No, it's only a London sparrow, darling,
Flown in by the window, or else a mad starling;
There's nobody there.

Listen ! a hand is striking a match.
Close the door, quickly, drop the latch.
No, it's only the Whitechapel wind, my pretty,
Laden with darkness, and pleading for pity.
There's nobody there.

Shoo-oo !—Near the rail where the twilight lingers,
I can see his long arms and spidery fingers.
And there's grass in his beard, and gorse in his hair.
I fear for you, William. Beware ! Beware !
There's somebody there.

Others have written poetry more directly concerned with the problems of this generation than is the work of Mr. J. G. Fletcher, and though he has travelled far from the patterns of sound and colour of his *Preludes and Symphonies* (republished by Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), he and Mr. F. S. Flint are most likely to be remembered for their development of English verse fifteen or twenty years ago—a development comparable with that accomplished by Laforgue and Verhaeren in France. Mr. Fletcher has always been the detached, accurate observer, even in the philosophical poetry of *The Black Rock* he is a painter of mental landscapes rather than the tormented and ecstatic poet writing from overpowering emotion. His most memorable passages are transcriptions of things seen and heard, whether he writes of *Sailboats*:

Light as thin-winged swallows pirouetting and gyrating,
The sails dance in the estuary :
Now heeling to the gust, now entering,
Bobbing as shuttles back and forth from each other,

or of city lights in *Evening Rain* :

Tangled between the factory-chimneys,
I have seen the golden lamps wake this evening :
Spinning and whirling, darting and dancing,
Tangled with the glittering rain.

Even in his recent poem in memory of Amy Lowell (*Imagist Anthology*, 1930) he writes :

Whenever I think of you, I seem to hear bell-notes calling
From the fretted tracery of a great proud Gothic tower ;
Music jangled, frozen and brazen, falling
Downwards through a busy city, hour on hour.

But Mr. Fletcher's main contribution to English poetry has been, not the precision with which he caught and held a wavering movement in his lyrics, but his clear recognition of the conditions to which a long poem must conform. Though his early " Symphonies " sometimes suffered from a conscious imitation of musical technique they did succeed, and may still succeed, in helping other poets to " follow the rules without knowing them," which is the condition Schopenhauer laid down for success in art and life.

Messrs. Faber & Faber are publishing a number of volumes to new verse in an attractive format at a reasonable price. The poems are well printed on a large page (8 inches by 6 inches) and good quality paper, but some people will wonder whether the increasing use of paper wrappers in lieu of relatively expensive cloth binding will really increase the sale of books, or whether it represents part of the general lowering of standards consequent on trade depression. The first of the new volumes, *The Pursuit*, by P. P. Graves (31 pp., 2s. net) contains a vivid narrative poem describing the fate of three stragglers behind the Turkish forces in Arabia. The scene is the pitless desert in which " El Aurums " fought his war ; Mr. Graves is more interested in his men than in the landscape, but that landscape appears through the actions of the men whose character it has moulded and tested.

Poems by W. H. Auden (79 pp., 2s 6d. net) is another of these volumes. Mr. Auden's work recalls that of Mr. Day-Lewis, to whom he dedicates his charade, *Paid on Both Sides*. He refuses to take shelter ; his style (syntactically reminiscent of Miss Riding) has a Pennine bleakness : often the bones of thought project nakedly through his verses. But there is anger too, and impatience with those who are " lecturing on navigation while the ship is going down," and sometimes he pauses (as at the end of Poem II) to indicate that which he finds valuable in life, not tallness, strangeness, for their own sake as elegances, but for endurance, for livelihood. This is the final chorus to " Charade " :

Though he believe it, no man is strong.
He thinks to be called the fortunate,
To bring home a wife, to live long.

But he is defeated ; let the son
Sell the farm lest the mountain fall ;
His mother and her mother won.

His fields are used up where the moles visit,
The contours worn flat ; if there show
Passage for water he will miss it :

Give up his breath, his woman, his team ;
No life to touch, though later there be
Big fruit, eagles about the stream.

Mr. J. G. Maclead (*The Ecliptic*, 77 pp., 2s. 6d. net) is another young poet who refuses to attach any value to institutions and attitudes which (in his opinion) no longer serve any useful purpose. His poem traces one aspect of the development of a single consciousness: his thought and sensibility are not very remarkable but, as he wisely says in a short preface, "my purpose . . . was neither moral nor argumentative, but simply poetic." "Aries," "Gemini," "Virgo" show a masterly use of birds and flowers: Mr. Maclead is instinctively a rural lyric poet, but lacking a definite creed he is compelled, like all our more intelligent younger poets, to rack his brains over the whole field of ethics, cosmogony and metaphysics. He professes to distrust even the fragmentary beauty which he sees, but this profession of a radical sceptism is dangerous if not absolutely genuine: Mr. Maclead, after dodging conventional sentimentality, is (in "Capricornus") sucked under by conventional cynicism. Only a strong head can attain the detachment of the scientist: Mr. Maclead avoids sympathizing with the hearts and brains which he dissects, he does not avoid disgust. It is in records of subjective thought and feeling (as in "Leo," where all is fluxion) that Mr. Maclead is at his best:

> But now the dynamite explodes.
> The glass sky cracks, lead cargo-loads
> Collapse in fragments on the scena:
> The heat rips like cloth.

Ecliptic as a whole lacks unity because the early sections are composed of valid records of personal experience, whereas the later, representing the probable continuation of the process, are based on guesses about the characters of other people.

Mr. Rowland Thirlmere's volume of verse, *Panorama*, is worthy of the beautiful Shakespeare Head Press production (6s.). His work is strong in diction and in outlook. Science and philosophy are not neglected among his many themes, and both these thewy steeds are driven at victorious pace, richly caparisoned. Their mettle can be tried in "Blue Beetles at Luchon":

> There, two by two, they mated on
> Some tall and swaying blade,
> Jocund and perfect—snatching at their bliss,
> Netted in sunlit jade:—
> They were more lovely than the speedwell flowers
> In their vestiture,
> These creatures with a glad, brief life
> Doomed to an end obscure.
>
> He whose Omnipotent Will decrees
> Dead stars to meet and wake
> Again alight—and, in far nobler form,
> Find pathways they must take—

Shapes puny beetles perfect as the stars,
Bestowing finer fire
Upon their hearts, in life's chief boon
Of love's intense desire.

Were it not well if our dull souls
Thus every day were stirred
By living marvels, in symmetric shape
Of insect, flower, or bird?
Nor poem nor picture may outrival such
Inimitable art
As earth's, which gemmed that meadow grass
With heaven, and brimmed your heart.

Eric Linklater, author of *A Dragon Laughed* and other poems (110 pp., Cape, 5s. net), is already known as a novelist, and the charming piece beginning:

With nice observance of the rules
And precepts of the pastoral schools,
A shepherdess, as fair as pure,
Beneath a hedgerow sat demure.

has already been anthologized. Mr. Linklater can write whimsically, lightening his healthy, youthful cynicism with a touch of unreality and he can write, as he shows in "The Queen of Scots" straight forward poetry, but in one quatrain, "Soldiers and Guns," he employs all his gifts, and the rhythm and the play of vowel sounds produce something as unforgettable as nursery rhyme:

Soldiers and guns, soldiers and guns,
These for your daughters and those for your sons.
What if your children be lovely and tall?
When soldiers and guns come, down they will fall.

During his sojourn in the United States, Mr. Charles Norman has been reading the work of E. E. Cummings, T. S. Eliot, Archibald Macleish and, perhaps, Alfred Kreymbourg. Thus he writes:

Along with men in alley-ways at night
Standing in doorways smoking cigarettes,
And soldiers singing on the road to war;
Along with sleeping men upon dark wharves,
And lonely men in cafés reading papers;

recalling:

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

Unfortunately, although Mr. Norman borrows from contemporary poets, he adopts an attitude more naïve than theirs, and therefore does not understand his borrowings. Even after reading the poetry of disillusion he does not doubt the brightness of *The Bright World* (Dent, 4s. 6d.). Intellectually, he may perceive what these poets are driving at, emotionally he is nearer Professor Housman, another of the poets whom he echoes. In the passage quoted he has missed the subtle rhythm of the words in " Prurfock." At his best he can stand alone, as in " This Is Not Yet Disaster," and express his own attitude; he can write honest praise of Elinor Wylie, whose work he understands, and in " Trilogy," despite reminiscences of Walter Lowenfels, there are phrases, rhythms, images which, unless he is borrowing from some source unknown to the present reviewer, proclaim him poet in his own right.

New poems by Roy Campbell, G. K. Chesterton, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Walter de la Mare, Harold Monro and Siegfried Sassoon have been published as numbers 25 to 31 of the *Ariel Poems* (Faber & Faber, 1s. net). Each pamphlet is illustrated by drawings or wood-engravings and might well replace a Christmas-card. Roy Campbell's architectural study of *The Gum Trees* is notable but Siegfried Sassoon's advance and T. S. Eliot's retreat from action are the only unexpected developments among the poets. Mr. McKnight Kauffer has, in his illustrations to Mr. Eliot's poem, forsaken geometry for a shakiness of line which the present reviewer has not yet studied long enough to understand, but Eric Ravilous has produced wood-engravings which emphasize immediately the ominous question lurking behind Mr. Monro's *Elm Angel.*

Members of the Kensington Centre were recently privileged to hear Mr. Horace Shipp read some of the poems from his volume *Palimpsest* (Sampson Low, 5s.). The unprivileged will have to read them for themselves, with large but hardly equal enjoyment. The title-poem—" Palimpsest " signifies a written scroll crossed by new writing—is the best introduction to Mr. Shipp's admirable work:

> Life scrawled in twisted lives, and dead men taking
> the blotted scroll made marvel and romance,
> writing across the hieroglyphs of chance
> the ancient beauty of a poet's shaping.
>
> So much of wonderment they made that after
> life's very self seemed shrunken, women less
> beautiful because of Helen's loveliness,
> and men less strong because of Samson's laughter.

But love and passion and death write the old fables,
the proud, recurring tales, the ancient themes,
and faint beneath the new inscription gleams
the gold and crimson of forgotten sagas.

So I have seen Christ dead and Mary weeping;
the Grail shine clear from the pure eyes of a boy;
have trodden the streets of London knowing Troy;
and heard Conchubar give Deidre greeting.

Till I have taken the scroll anew, and tracing
where life has scrawled in twisted lives, again
have written over its passion, laughter and pain,
hoping some gold will shine from earlier graving.

The *Silhouettes* by William Turner Hunter (Old Royalty Book Publishers) are mostly sonnet sketches of public people and private friends of the author. These, while being admiring or affectionate tributes, yet share the limitations of their prototype outlines by often missing the salient points, which are not visible in a mere profile. There is nothing very distinctive about *Wayside Shrines* by Evelyn Couchman (Studies Publication, 3s. 6d.) but they are pleasant little poems of many places and people.

Collected Works and Anthologies.

Lovers of Katharine Tynan's writings will welcome this edition of her *Collected Poems* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), with a gracious foreword by "A. E." Of all the Irish singers she has been the happiest and most gentle. She takes the simple everyday themes, and well-worn similes, and weaves verses of a tenderness and shapeliness rare indeed, in these days of rough-hewn, careless and untidy work. Her poems are lit by the radiance of a simple faith: faith in mankind, in God, faith in life itself. She is one of life's favoured children, "born under a kind star," singing with a natural melody of all the lovely things of life—saints and angels, children, birds and flowers. Even in war and death, she sees beyond the bitterness, looks further than the pain:

> "Now Heaven is by the young invaded,
> Their laughter's in the House of God."

Re-reading thus the poems of Katharine Tynan, one can but feel that it has been "good for us to be there." The mellow kindliness of her thought, the musical perfection of her style, fall gratefully on the ear all too used to the tortured questionings, crude experimentings, and only too frequently, the limping metres, of our modernists.

Alfred Knopf presents us with *The Collected Poems of Stephen Crane* (7s. 6d.) who shot into sudden fame some thirty years ago through his novel, *The Red Badge of Courage.* These verses might have been written to-day, though, presumably, they were done quite a number of years ago. Many of them in subject and treatment are similar to to-day's large free output of American verse, and in consequence, we may look upon Crane as the pioneer of modern American poetry —historically interesting, as Amy Lowell suggests, though not altogether the neglected genius of her description.

Selected Poems of Maurice Baring (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) include the impressive threnodies which set the standard of war-time elegies, beginning with the unforgettable "In Memoriam A. H." followed by more general sonnets and lyrics which are the cream of this distinguished writer's verse, all instinct with a fine humanity and a wise reticence, and the pointed brevity of the Greek anthologists whom Mr. Baring emulates in our day.

Though the *Collected Songs and Lyrics* of the Honourable Stephen Coleridge (Lane, 5s.) miss the mark of great or even excellent poetry, they are so unaffectedly sincere that the reader immediately looks beyond the rather stereotyped phrasing of the verse to the personality of the writer and there finds nobility, courage, and refinement.

Perhaps the very unevenness of the poems in the *Collected Poems* of Muriel Elsie Graham (Williams and Norgate, 5s.) serve to enhance the strength and beauty of many of them. The vivid delineation of "The Winged Victory at the Louvre," the tenderness of poems like "The Festival of the Cherry" and "The First Snow" and the steady touch of restraint upon most of the war poems, stand out in relief against an indifferent handling of some of the other verses. There is one poem, "The Airship," written in 1913, that is particularly suited for quoting just now :—

I heard her coming, and my heart
   Throbbed like the throbbing engine's beat,
The listening woodlands dreamed apart,
   The shadows lengthened at my feet,
As high above the dwarfèd trees,
   Poised in the golden evening sky,
A swimmer of aerial seas,
   The soul of science floated by.

Mr. Alfred Gordon Bennett is one of the few poets whose work has appeared in such diverse publications as *The Scillonian*, *The Leys Fortnightly*, *The Cape Argus*, *The Prism* (U.S.A.), *The Mombasa Times* and *The Western Morning News.* "The publication of this book"

(*Collected Poems*, 1920-1930, Duckworth, 8s. 6d.) says his publisher, on the dust-wrapper, " should be regarded as something of an event. . . . Mr. Bennett may be accused of occasionally being ' high-brow ' . . . in point of fact he stands uniquely alone . . . etc., etc." Since Mr. Duckworth published Miss Sitwell's work without a single drop of blurb we expect something really Big, but we are disappointed. Mr. Bennett has been too thorough, and there are enough genuine poems in his volume to show that he ought to be able to separate them from the sentimentalities and platitudes which he has collected from the four quarters of the globe. He need have no fear of being called high-brow : there is very little evidence of serious thought in this work : he uses his dictionary well, that is all, and sometimes he uses capitals thus :

So, if this life IS all, and we MUST die,
And there IS nothing ELSE beyond the sky,
Tell me, Great Sákí, my Beloved's face—
Must IT TOO with the worms and maggots lie ?

A true " high-brow " would write :

A bracelet of bright hair about the bone

or

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.

For the rest, Mr. Bennett, as his publishers claim " curiously contrives to blend the fantastic and bizarre with the purely colourful and romantic." His work appeals to the eye rather than the ear :

Diapers the daisies the dew
as the night draws on ;
burns the sky amber and blue
as sets the sun.

The patient reader will find some vigorous, straight-forward evocations of patterns of bright colour in this volume. He will also find material for thought : why is " Jew," which ends :

She darned his socks a while, and then :
" Lord, Jem, what's up wiv you ? "
She smiled : " 'Ave you forgotten, Jem,
As Jesus was a Jew ? "

merely sickening sentimentality, while Humbert Wolfe's " Here lies Mr. Chesterton " is active poetry and satire ? Mr. Bennett's thought is sound enough, but his emotion, far from being straight and strong, merely flops all over the place.

In his anthology, *Jewels of Song* (J. Cape, 6s.), Mr. W. H. Davies does not allow the inclusion of any poem of more than twenty-four lines, a method of compilation that he claims to be unique. He also claims, within this limitation, to have avoided the serious omissions of other compilers. No one will quite agree with him on this point, however much they appreciate his taste and choice, for every reader of every anthology quarrels with the compiler in respect of certain poems, both of omission and inclusion. It is an excellent principle, however, when there is no hope of pleasing everybody, to please oneself—which Mr. Davies engagingly does, though he appears to have sometimes used other anthologies rather than " collected works " for his prospecting. On the other hand most of the lovely Shakespeare songs are here and with the play of their origin added to the heading, a kindly indulgence to one's unreliable memory. Arrangement counts for something, also. An alphabetical sequence of authors places modern and old pieces cheek by jowl, and the result is sometimes startling. Richard Aldington in his " After Two Years " does not seem far removed from the anonymous writers of the seventeenth century :

She is all so light
And tender and white
   As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
   To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
   As He loves Mary,
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
   That she love me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.
   Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
   God has done well to me.

Here are three very different collections of localized verse. The Epworth Press has a volume from South Africa, *The Voice of the Veldt* (3s. 6d.) by Owen Thompson—simple verses, sincere little Nature poems, describing birds, trees and flowers, and the life of the settlers —practical and unambitious. Of a higher order are the *Trave Songs and Ballads* (Poetry Publishing Company) of Margaret Ormiston, several of which have appeared in the pages of THE POETRY REVIEW and *Poetry of To-day*. Miss Ormiston writes of various countries and places ; of Spain and France and Norway, in her usual melodious, vivid style. *A Wessex Miscellany* by Alys Serrell (The Mitre Press, 3s. 6d.) is not to be compared with the two foregoing in quality. Miss Serrell's verses have little to do with Wessex, and are monotonously weak and ordinary—of the Christmas-card variety.

It is of some significance that there is a large impressive volume devoted to *Queensland Poets* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). We would not have suspected that this one State of this very new continent could furnish sufficient material. Yet it is gratifying that poets and poetry in Queensland are regarded with sufficient importance to justify such a volume, and that this volume is by no means the hasty, superficial thing that one has come to associate with volumes dealing with an English county. The Editor, Mr. Henry Arthur Kellow, headmaster of a Grammar School in Queensland, is apparently not only competent, but has done his work thoroughly, and it is refreshing to find that Queensland can put on record this spiritual output as well as its material productions. The early poets seem to have been mostly well-educated men of Scottish or Irish birth, and there are, as one would expect, many poems of longing for the home-country. England is their main source of inspiration, as English poetry is the foundation of their style. One hears echoes of Noyes, Kipling and Swinburne. As elsewhere, the output of verse by Queensland was stimulated by the War, and contributes worthily to that remarkable efflorescence, through men such as Peter Austen and Vance Palmer. Among the early poets James Brunton Stephens has gained an English reputation, and Lance Fallow has not been unknown for years.

The University of London Press has published a representative selection of seven *Modern Short Plays*—most of them not only readable but actable. With subjects drawn from sources as varied as English legendary history, Greek mythology, intrigues in the Balkans, and up-to-date cat-burglars, there is something here to suit every taste! Some could be acted effectively by children, or by amateurs—several comedies, a couple of tragedies, and a whimsical Irish fantasy, the authors being poets or dramatists of unquestioned position: John Drinkwater, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lady Gregory, Laurence Binyon, "Saki," Eden Phillpotts, and Lord Dunsany.

The Original " Venus and Adonis " by H. T. S. Forrest (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is an attempt to show, from internal evidence, that 72 stanzas of Shakespeare's narrative poem are the work of some patron or friend of Shakespeare (possibly Southampton) who inserted in the manuscript imitations of those stanzas he most admired. The idolators of our great poets invariably believe that their hero could not have written anything unworthy: Mr. Forrest has no external evidence at all and we may prefer to believe, with Mr. J. M. Robertson, that " in order to pen a poem long enough to make a book he (Shakespeare) had to ' vamp '; and anything that served for some not too irrelevant stanzas was grist for the mill. Some of the excrescent matter, such as the description of the horse and the hare-coursing, is of the best texture in the poem." The real value of Mr. Forrest's book is critical: it helps the reader to examine more closely and appreciate more fully the exquisite workmanship of each stanza of the poem, even though Mr. Forrest, once having decided to reject a stanza, tries to prejudice the reader by ridiculing every metaphor. This is unfair: all metaphors become ludicrous by suitable restatement, and as *Observator* recently remarked, the face of Helen was not, in point of fact, a naval dockyard.

Professor Saurat has already attracted attention by his discussions of the influence of the Hermetic tradition on the work of Milton, Blake and Victor Hugo. In his new book (*Literature and Occult Tradition*, G. Bell & Sons, 12s. 6d. net) he gives a general discussion of his method and applies it, in particular, to Spenser. While admitting Professor Saurat's contention that the doctrines of the Cabala have provided post-Renaissance poets with ideas and imagery, we must point out that there is, and always has been, another tradition opposed to this. The philosophical poetry of Donne, Dryden and Pope (none of whom Professor Saurat mentions) derives from Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante. Long before the Renaissance the Aristotelianism of the schools stood out in sharp contrast to the debased Plotinism of the Alchemists through whom the occult tradition was transmitted. The elaborate philosophies of the Zohar, of Hermes Trismegistus and Zosimus the Panopolitan, and the fantastic mythologies of the Gnostics have always attracted those who wished to play with "forbidden" ideas. But one does not need to be a Christian in order to abjure these heresies, Occam's razor is sharp enough to cut the throat of all esoteric theosophists and diabolists. If Blake and Spenser are indebted to the tangled speculations of Blavatskys, ancient and mediæval, they are indebted, not for doctrine, but for themes and imagery just as they are to classical mythology. Nevertheless there have always been these two traditions, the Dionysiac mystery and the Apollinian science: they represent two tendencies of the human mind and are closely related (as Professor Saurat unconsciously shows) to the romantic and the classic traditions respectively. The "philosophy" of poets, reduced to logical terms is often shoddy, and for that reason *Literature and the Occult Tradition* does little to increase our appreciation of poetry, but it is extremely interesting on other grounds, and the translation (by Dorothy Bolton) is quite satisfactory.

Professor R. H. Case is following up his edition of the Arden Shakespeare with a similar edition of *The Life and Works of Christopher Marlowe*. The present volume, the first of the series, has been entrusted to the care of Professor C. F. Tucker Brooke. It contains a scholarly Life of Marlowe and a well-annotated text of *Dido, Queen of Carthage* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). Marlowe's life, and particularly his death, have been sufficiently obscure to allow of such imaginative surmises as have become popular through the romantic pens of Alfred Noyes and Clemence Dane, but recent research has brought a good many new points to light, and Professor Tucker Brooke lays out all the information and its sources in a masterly manner that there is no gainsaying. The text of the play is modernized in spelling as a special concession to students and the less expert reader. The remaining five volumes, each in charge of a different editor but all sponsored by the general editor, Professor Case, are anticipated with very real pleasure.

Mr. R. T. Bateson has edited *Works of Congreve* (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.) and has included in it the Comedies, Incognita, and a selection of poems, adding, of course, a discriminating introductory chapter, explanatory notes to contemporary allusions and slang, and a bibliographical appendix. In this edition, too, there is modern punctuation and spelling.

Sir Walter: A Four-part Study in Biography (Murray, 15s.) by Donald Carswell, contains little that is of special interest to readers of THE POETRY REVIEW, being concerned rather with a clear statement of his business affairs than with his poetry. There are several amusing stories of "The Ettrick Shepherd," and that part of the book which deals with Joanna Baillie may particularly appeal to members of the Hampstead Centre of the Poetry Society. Joanna lived for years in Hampstead, where many of the most famous writers of the day came to visit her. Her tomb is to be found in the old churchyard of Hampstead Parish Church, and an attractive portrait of her in the Church itself.

Few English poets have written good novels. Meredith was one of the few—Thomas Hardy another, and *The Pandevils* by Gerald Bullet (Heinemann, 6s.) strangely enough, reminds one both of *Tess* and of *Richard Feverel.* Mr. Bullet can describe the countryside, and the joy of young love, with tenderness and beauty of phrase. The love scene in the apple orchard between "Egg" and Monica ranks not far behind the early morning scenes in *Tess*, and *Richard Feverel.* "The orchard received them in a silence made magical, and left unbroken by the trickle of the brook, and the occasional movement of the wakeful sheep. The young apples clustering above their heads were silvered by moonlight . . ." But apart from this, the semblance is not great. Mr. Bullet has neither the subtlety of Meredith, nor the ruthless clarity of Thomas Hardy. The second half of the book hardly sustains the quality of the first, though the return to the old farm and the ultimate tragedy, round off the story with the fitness of inevitability. Decidedly a poet's novel.

Miss K. M. Wilson has written an extremely interesting, though somewhat discursive, essay on *Sound and Meaning in English Poetry* (Cape, 10s. 6d.). To Southrons it may seem that her accounts of the inflections of speech describe the Scottish practice rather than the English : in particular she almost ignores the music of quarter tones and therefore fails to appreciate a poem by W. B. Yeats. Many of Miss Wilson's assertions are controversial—" Speech is an adaption of music to serve utilitarian ends "—" harmony starts contrasting strains of emotion which take away from the single effect "—some of her generalizations on *Meaning in General* are too sweeping, Had Miss Wilson studied semeotic as accurately as she has studied music this book would have been invaluable. She seems unaware of the work of Messrs. Ogden and Richards : nevertheless her book is a mine of suggestions and cannot fail to deepen the reader's appreciation of that kind of poetry which is nearest to song.

The cliché, " This is a delightful little book " can be applied sincerely and aptly to *This England* (Watts & Co., 5s.) in which Mr. F. J. Gould gossips most pleasantly about many of the things—villages, gardens, water-magic, trees—which have gone to make England a most pleasant and desirable land. It is a book of echoes of old memories and fine poems, discerning beauty in common things.

Mr. M. R. Ridley's *Poetry and the Ordinary Reader* (Bell, 3s. 6d.)—an expansion of a series of B.B.C. talks—might have been written by or on behalf of The Poetry Society. He elaborates the thesis we have insisted and acted upon—that poetry is written for sound rather than sight reading, and shows that an exquisite pleasure can or should be obtained therefrom with a little reasonable cultivation and intelligence. Like the Poetry Society, Mr. Ridley addresses " the ordinary reader," believing that poetry is or should be a common, every-day interest and concern and need not be hedged about by abstruse theories or disquisitions on æsthetics. Yet some technical knowledge and study, which it should be an agreeable duty to acquire, are necessary, and Mr. Ridley provides an admirable text-book which we hope all who profess a personal interest in poetry, and especially those who attempt its vocal interpretation, will make use of. Many of our verse-speaking candidates would be more satisfactory exponents of their art if they would graft this simple exposition of poetic technique upon their carefully cultivated practice of elocution.

"The enjoyment of poetry is something worth attaining," Mr. Ridley asserts for us. "It is, I suppose, along with the enjoyment of music (with which indeed it has many affinities) one of the truest, profoundest, and also most inexhaustible of human pleasures, and a pleasure which no one should deny himself without at least the attempt to secure it. Many people miss it, either because they consider they have not the capacity (just as many people say, usually quite erroneously, that they have no ear for music) or because they have no idea how to set to work to use their capacity."

Mr. Ridley proceeds to show how the appreciation and enjoyment of poetry can be developed and strengthened and deepened by some attention being given to poetic technique—to the sound of poetry, rhythm and assonance, and some acquaintance with poetic form and ornament—not very formidable studies but essential to any deep, serious, permanent, satisfactory enjoyment of " the first of the arts " and the one nearest to all of us. This excellent treatise suggests we may soon have classes and schools for the sensible, serious study of poetry and the cultivation of poetic taste, just as we have music lessons not for the training of professional musicians and composers but for the development of the intelligent appreciation and enjoyment of music. Then the speaking and reading of poetry will be better, more widely understood and enjoyed, and we shall have more capable verse-speakers and readers, whose art, pace Mr. Masefield, is distinct from that of verse writing. The B.B.C. did a far, far better service to poetry by broadcasting Mr. Ridley's talks, which were the basis of this excellent manual, than by their throaty or painfully deliberate readings or the still more dull, tired, monotous broadcastings of a few selected poets whose voices are not as skilful and melodious as their poems.

* * *

A Distinguished Poem

(*To the Editor of the* Poetry Review)

Among the verse in recent issues of The Poetry Review there is one poem that, as it appears to me, stands out distinct and unrivalled. I speak of Mr. Arthur Hood's " Francis Thompson," A Vision," wherein Heaven's light is turned swift and radiant, upon that incident in the life of Thompson which remained clinging about his memory to the end of his days. The story is told, with delicate artistry,—not to say admirable skill—within the space of the four brief lines of the fifth stanza. The tone is the tone of Francis. So too, at the Vision's opening, the reflection is pictorially perfect—there is Francis, " walking to and fro the fields of Heaven," as once in his lone sweet strangeness, he was wont to do the cloudier fields of earth. The whole poem—notwithstanding tiresome mixed tenses and (to me) some vexing faults—is wrought with tender beauty. I, for one, love it and have wanted to say so.

Newton Abbot. J. MARION SOPER.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI was born on the 5th December, 1830. The centenary, therefore, makes particularly appropriate the new *Life of Christina Rossetti* by Mary F. Sandars (Hutchinson, 18s.). Of all the biographies of this remarkable woman none so balanced has yet been published. It does not, as is customary on a centenary occasion, belittle the centenarian—nor does it exaggerate her genius. It is free from the ecstasies indulged in by some of her friends, and is a detailed and painstaking work, a careful chronicle of a brilliant family. Christina, of course, is remarkable not only for her own unquestioned genius, and as a member of a famous family, but also because she was closely associated with that strange offspring of Victorianism—the Pre-Raphaelite Movement.

The popular success that attended the publication of her poems, *The Goblin Market,* was indeed the first blast of the trumpets that laid low the strongholds of the enemy, or, to take a scriptural metaphor from Swinburne, Christina was "the Jael" who led their hosts to victory. The book attained an instant success, and the unanimous praise of all the critics. Dr. Garnet compared her to Coleridge and Shakespeare, and Sir Walter Raleigh, later, thinks that "three or four of her poems . . . make a cheap fool of Browning and leave E. B. B. barely human!"

But although Christina was by nature a true Romantic, although like her brother Dante Gabriel, she had a sensuous love of beauty, yet it was "repressed by a strict and narrow sense of religious duty." She stands out in the history of English poetry, not for the *tour de force* which gained her first fame, but as one of the greatest religious poets in the English language. Critics as eminent as Edmund Gosse and Professor Saintsbury have described her as having "no rival but Cardinal Newman," and the poem, "Sleep at Sea" as being "among the half-dozen greatest devotional poems in England." Christina's life, indeed, as presented here by Miss Sandars, is an interesting comment on the now "fashionable school of thought which ascribes maladies and lapses from sanity to lack of satisfaction of our desires and impulses." Her life was one of inhibitions, of renunciation. Twice she turned her back on love from religious scruples. Much of her life was spent in nursing the old and the sick, and in fighting poverty and her own ill-health. The Rossetti's, though so gifted, and so united a family, were neither fortunate nor happy. Christina was closely associated with her brilliant brother, Dante Gabriel, and Miss Sandars gives a detailed account of his continued interest in, and careful, though not always happy, criticism of her poems, despite the accumulating tragedy of his own shadowed life.

In her position as "Queen of the Pre-Raphaelites" Christina came into touch with many eminent Victorians. Swinburne admired her, and took some of her novel metres for his own poetic use, though she herself would read but little of his reputedly immoral verse!

Miss Sandars tells an amusing story of her meeting with Watts Dunton and his comment that she was " a very saint, no doubt, but a playful one ! "

Christina Rossetti's versatility, too, may well be remembered by a generation too likely to leave unread her purely religious poems. Many of her song lyrics and carols are still sung, and are unsurpassed for spontaneous melody. Her love poems, although unlike *Sonnets from the Portuguese*—poems of renunciation, not of possession—are " passionate bursts of emotion." Her prose has been praised by Professor Saintsbury in no unmeasured terms, and in her choice of words she has been compared with De Maupassant.

Not less interesting is Miss Sandar's account of the Italian element in Christina's make-up, her Italian forebears, her own affinity with Italy, and her one brief visit there. There is great pathos in this song of the exile, when we remember that her exile was life-long, that all her life she lived in that " bleak North," where she was spiritually a stranger—" Italia Io Ti Saluto "—

" To come back from the sweet South to the North
Where I was born, bred, look to die ;
Come back to do my day's work in its day
Play out my play
Amen, Amen, say I.

To see no more the country half my own,
Nor hear the half-familiar speech,
Amen I say ; I turn to that bleak North
Whence I came forth—
The South lies out of reach.

But when our swallows fly back to the South
To the sweet South, to the sweet South,
The tears may come again into my eyes
On the old wise,
And the sweet name to my mouth.

THE DEVOTIONAL POEMS OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

(*To the Editor of* The Poetry Review.)

The exceedingly interesting article by Evan Morgan, " Mysticism in Verse," in the January number of the Review, prompts me to ask whether the devotional poems of Christina Rossetti could not be ranked in beauty, power, depth of feeling, and striking originality of technique, with those of George Herbert and Donne. They possess simplicity and directness, coupled with a profound grasp of the spiritual significance of life, the growth of the soul, and its overwhelming importance.

They were the fruit of self denial, sorrow, and the suffering that a soul so exquisitely attuned to the joy and beauty of life as hers, could only know. My little volume bears the imprint on the title page, "Fourth Thousand," and I am wondering whether these poems are still read and loved in England?

I cannot refrain from quoting the following lovely lines:

"My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.
"Lord, thou art life tho' I be dead,
Love's fire Thou art however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee."

"Is any grieved or tired? Yea, by God's will:
Surely God's will alone is good and best:
O weary man, in weariness take rest,
O hungry man, by hunger feast thy fill.
Discern thy good beneath a mask of ill,
Or build of loneliness thy secret nest:
At noon take heart, being mindful of the west,
At night wake hope, for dawn advances still.
At night wake hope. Poor soul in such sore need
Of wakening and of girding up anew,
Hast thou that hope which, fainting, doth pursue?
No saint but hath pursued and hath been faint;
Bid love wake hope, for both thy steps shall speed,
Still faint yet still pursuing, O thou saint."

"How great is little man!
Sun, moon, and stars respond to him,
Shine or grow dim
Harmonious with his span.

"How little is great man!
More changeable than changeful moon,
Nor half in tune
With Heaven's harmonious plan.

"Ah, rich man! ah, poor man!
Make ready for the testing day
When wastes away
What bears not fire or fan.

"Thou heir of all things, man,
Pursue the saints by heavenward track:
They looked not back;
Run thou, as erst they ran.

"Little and great is man:
Great if he will, or if he will
A pigmy still;
For what he will he can."

"If not with hope of life
Begin with fear of death:
Strive the tremendous life-long strife
Breath after breath.

"Bleed on beneath the rod;
Weep on until thou see;
Turn fear and hope to love of God
Who loveth thee.

"Turn all to love, poor soul;
Be love thy watch and ward;
Be love thy starting-point, thy goal,
And thy reward."

"It seems an easy thing
Mayhap one day to sing;
Yet the next day
We cannot sing or say.

"Keep silence with good heart,
While silence fits our part:
Another day
We shall both sing and say.

"Keep silence, counting time
To strike in at the chime:
Prepare to sound—
Our part is coming round.

"Can we not sing or say?
In silence let us pray,
And meditate
Our love song while we wait."

MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

Portland, Oregon

DYNAMICS OF AMERICAN POETRY: XXIX

"THE RED HARVEST" (MacMillan), a collection of war poems assembled and edited by Vincent Godfrey Burns, bearing as a sub-title *A Cry For Peace*, reminds us of the dictum of the Duke of Wellington: "Nothing except a battle lost can be half as melancholy as a battle won." To the reviewer, who as chairman of a committee in charge of aiding and equipping airmen in the World War, it brings back the scenes of millions of young men eager to enroll, tens of thousands already enrolled, eager to go overseas—and about to go—looking only to the hour of departure, oblivious of the lack of even sufficient clothing; and an endless throng of mothers, wives, children and sweethearts, bidding them go, heroically, knowing in so many cases that the foundation of their lives was departing. Then the aftermath: a mixture of gladness and tragedy in the return, and badges of mourning for the many who did not return, and heart sympathy for those who returned unfitted for the tasks of life.

This book contains the songs that were sung before and after they departed, on the field, in the trenches, in the battle, and on their return. The book opens with Richard Le Gallienne's "Illusion of War,"

War
I abhor;
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery, without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright treat
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street,
For yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet it is embannered lies,
A dream those drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous, grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe;
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

In another mood, the great Irish poet, A. E., presents the disregard of Christian teaching as expressed in the war in " Gods of War " :

Fate wafts us from the pygmies' shore :
We swim beneath the epic skies :
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize ;
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas !

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath :
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated Armies of the Lord ?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour ;
His victory, whoever fail ;
His prophets have not lost their power :
Cæsar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands !

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
Could overthrow the pride of kings ?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,

O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

The scene changes: the heroic fighters inspire noted names to sing of heroic deeds. Thus Brent Dow Allinson writes of "The Hero of Vimy":

We charged at Vimy—zero was at four;
Sore-eyed we rose and cursed the bleeding war,
And sick at heart, half paralyzed with fear,
Waited in mud and mist—it seemed a year—
Talking in whispers while we gulped the gin;
And John, our sergeant, looked scared-white and thin,
(This was his first trip over) as he said:
"I wish we'd go; one might as well be dead
As in this slaughter-pen. What fools we are!
What poor, damned fools!"

Then comes the note of victory: from a number of Edwin Markham's poems we take "A Song of Victory":

But now above the thunder of the drums—
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory comes—
Hark to a mighty sound,
A cry out of the ground:
"Let there be no more battles: field and flood
Are weary of battle blood;
Even the patient stones
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.
Lay the sad swords asleep:

They have their fearful memories to keep.
And fold the flags: they weary of battle days,

Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.
Quiet the restless flags,
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags.

Look where they startle and leap—
Look where they hollow and heap—
Now greatening into glory and now thinned,
Living and dying momently on the wind.
And bugles that have cried on sea and land
The silver blazon of their high command—
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;
For they are weary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—
Let the shrewd spider lock them one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun!
And let the blue-bird in their iron throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.

" Let there be no more battles, men of earth:
The new age rises singing into birth!"

The meditative note is sounded in the immortal lines of John McCrea's " In Flanders Fields."

The warrior-poets are well represented. Foremost is Rupert Brooke's " The Soldier." The confusion of the aftermath of war, with its shocking disregard of propriety and the fundamentals of civilization, is told forcefully by Alfred Noyes in " A Victory Dance." Altogether it is a valuable reference book. It is " Dedicated With the Deepest Affection and Gratitude to My Good Friend and Wise Teacher, Harry Emerson Fosdick."

The Secret Bird (Houghton Mifflin) is the eighth poetic work of Mrs. Clinton Scollard, better known in the poetry world as Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In a letter to the writer Mrs. Scollard conveys the delightful background of this volume:

> " Nearly all of the poems were written last summer at our old house in the Berkshire Hills, in a new lyric mood that came to me, after a long silence, as it was eight years since the publication of my last book of verse, *The Lifted Cup*. I thought that poetry had left me, when it came rushing back with a new joy.

The book is dedicated to her husband, the poet, Clinton Scollard:

"To Clinton, Comrade on the Road of Song." "Santa Clara Valley" is a pastel the poet caught in passing :

Mile on mile the blossoming plum,
  Exquisitely white,
Like a new elysium
  Spread for our delight;

Mile on mile the turquoise hills,
  A jewelled carcanet,
Slipped round our world of blossoming white
  The fairest cincture yet.

You and I tranced in it all
  Found not a word to say,
We had been caught to Beauty's heart—
  It was our wedding day.

Random Thoughts of a Man at Fifty (Knickerbocker Press) by John Harsen Rhoades, opens with this delightful acknowledgment to his young daughter Joan :

> "I was fifty years old when you were born, Joan, a goodly age to be a father for the first time ; and your advent set me to thinking. Of course I had been thinking more or less all my life, but for the first time I began to think seriously and to jot down my thoughts for further cogitation.
>
> "Only yesterday I was telling you something of the important business of learning. After many words I inquired, 'Joan, do you understand?' And you replied in your baby way, 'Yes, daddy, but I'm not interested.'
>
> "And so, Joan, I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to you, for you have worded parts of this book and inspired it all."

The hatred of Judas has been in many times and ways expressed through the years. From Barbara Young's lines, forceful and unhalting, Judas emerges tragically paying and paying for his wrongdoing. The presence of Jesus the Christ pervades and illuminates the drama with a re-stated glory. The figure of the Magdalene falls across the mind with renewed and pathetic reality.

Barbara Young has done an important piece of work ; a work recently finished and as yet not shown to any editor or publisher until she read it to me. It is a good hour for an editor when so fine a thing as Miss Young's "Judas" comes to hand—first-hand. The poem is some six hundred and fifty lines long, and the lines secured for THE POETRY REVIEW give evidence of the gripping interest of the whole poem :—see page 453.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

THE BEAST'S CAROL

A STAR hung low o'er Bethlehem,
Where Baby Jesus lay
In manger cradle, fast asleep
Upon sweet-smelling hay.

The ox and ass before Him knelt,
And gave Him of their best—
—To warm Him, their own nostril's breath,
Their manger for His rest.

Wise Men were guided by the star
Their gifts of love to bring,
Shepherds were by an angel told
Of Christ the newborn king ;

But, first among His worshippers
On that glad Christmas morn,
When angel choirs hailed Mary's Son,
Were patient beasts, outworn.

DORIS MAJOR.

POWER

WITHIN us and without a power resides,
Unseen yet felt, which throughout life controls
The passage of our days, and is our soul's
Inheritance ; to our free will confides
The charting of our way ; for us provides
The pilotage which guides across the shoals
Of Time, and speeds us onward to the goals
We strive to reach, ere Death our span decides.

This power through us as through a channel flows ;
To us, it comes from Life's unfailing source ;
By us, is dissipated as it goes,
Or, at our hands conserved, still gathers force,
Like some great river which but stronger grows
As it sweeps seaward from its earth-bound course.

G. W. EUSTACE.

THE PREMIUM EDITOR'S REPORT

To be merely competent cannot satisfy an artist, but many of our contributors deserve no higher praise; yet to deserve this amount of approval implies considerable merit minus the ultimate touch of artistry or poetic insight. A few would have perhaps passed into the glamourous category but for their failure to sustain a fine beginning, with a weak line or a feeble ending, actually failing to be really competent. We wish that this particular class of uneven writers who are both better and worse than many of their colleagues, would revise more and subject themselves to more self-criticism, and thereby do more justice to the qualities they undoubtedly possess. They seem to forget that the first sketch is not the finished picture, that genius consists very largely in taking pains, and that the fine poem is not to be dashed off in either hot or cold blood.

A pleasant feature of many of the poems is their vivid imagery and restrained word-painting, showing considerable achievement in the use of the precise and apt word and phrase. We have also on this occasion a number of more weighty poems of which the poem " Thou shalt not kill " by Francis S. Larkin (Washington, D. C.) is the best example—stark, dramatic, and associated with a subject of current argument, and Kenneth F. Solloway (Bedford) provides the best examples of the visionary and atmospheric lyric.

The most successful contributors in the second category are Noel Allport (Tamworth) for " A Railway Journey " in which is captured the rhythm of the subject, Albert E. Dewey (Wandsworth) for a slight but colourful little lyric, Doris Major (Hendon) for a more individual carol than any of the others included in this present collection of manuscripts, and May A. Rowland, Hilda M. Slade, I. M. Mills, Dulcie E. Greville and K. Pearse, for the touch of artistry and glamour in their lyrics.

Frederick Kemp's " The Poplars " is of immediate interest as it is based on one of the sonnet forms discussed and advocated by Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant in the last issue of THE POETRY REVIEW and we commend this experiment in the 11.3 formula to the consideration of the Poets' Fellowship.

I too have leant before the tyrant wind;
Danced in the gentler breezes that unbind
  And brush the spring bloom lightly from the bough;
  I too, bereft conceit, been made to cow
Under the icicles that pierce and blind
  When winter gasps. But, wonderingly, now
I watch your straining limbs, leaf-intertwined,
  Against the storm-gale's lash. You do not bow
  When the dire master bids, or speeds his blow:
You bend only to dare again, keen spined,
Yielding but to aspire, true to your kind.

Turning, I see you changed, your spirit gone :
  You quake ; at last you fall. And I do know
Your doom is but the mirror of my own.

Esther Samms contributes an addition to the several poems we have printed lately on the poet and his craft. She is not as complimentary as some of her associates have been and we do not think that her conclusion is justified. We would like to have opinions on "Garden Wisdom" as well as Mr. Kemp's sonnet :

A poet in his study toiled with words
Like sounding gongs in lovely warmth of tone,
As moon rays faint, and light as wind's far moan ;
His sparkling wit, like sunlight on bright swords,
Made radiance on his finely marshalled words.
Exalted with the pride creators own,
In almost God-like mood, he then stepped down
Into his garden, filled with songs of birds.
  All round, its mingling colours flamed and glowed ;
  He saw the quiet gardener working, bowed
  Beneath the benediction of the skies ;
  And knew, with shame, no agony of thought
  Could frame such poems as the bowed man wrought.

On our highly commended list we place the following—E. Alcock (Hounslow), L. Bird (Kettering), T. E. Casson (Newton-le-Willows), S. Dobson (S.E. 24), I. Doxford (Bickley), E. M. Fison (Felixstowe), N. Pollok, (Rutherglen), P. Garell (Chelsea), W. M. Goodman (N.W. 11), D. E. Greville (Wakefield), M. Head (Concord, U.S.A.), E. Howell (New York), D. M. Hill (Wolverhampton), I. M. Mills (N.20), R. M. McKie (Brighton), L. D. Mills (Northampton), M. Newton (Purley), N. Newenham-Travers (Deepcut), P. O'Donnell (Burnham-on-Sea), K. O'Neill-Bailey (Harpenden), I. Ormsby (Addiscombe), I. Oldenshaw (W.C.1), A. Paul (N.W.3), C. Pindar, (Lincoln), N. T. Riddell (Victoria, B.C.), E. M. Walker (Bournemouth), E. E. Warner (Leicester), A. D. Wilson (Bedford).

Poems that deserve to be commended have been received from—

E. F. Alden (Haddenham), V. Arlett (Worthing), E. A. Cullabine (Worksop), A. E. Collinge (Bolton), N. K. Cruickshank (Bury), E. Couchman (Mentone), M. Davis (Bath), J. B. Green (Los Angeles, U.S.A.), M. Greenwood (W.11), D. Hill (Wolverhampton), H. Holl (W.C.1), B. H. Lones (Broadstairs), G. M. Kaye (Harrogate), G. E. Merrick (Warminster), V. McCormick (Singapore), C. McBain (S. Farnborough), E. Nolan (Rome), J. Purdie (Paisley), E. Samms (Luton), M. K. Toovey (Amersham), L. C. Thomas (Croyde), A. G. Williams (Linthorpe). We miss many of our American and other overseas contributors.

JONQUILS

WHAT are these flowers
But a name
For a gold cup
And a white flame,
For a green stalk
And a thin leaf
Wrapped in the frail shell
Of a brown sheath ?

And yet they stir in me
A strange desire
To look and look again
On the white fire
That shakes above the green
And smell the scent
In sweet intoxication
And bewilderment.

But see, the sunlight creeps
Across the bowl,
Shrouding the white fire
In a gold aureole,
Turning the thin leaves
To shining spears
That wake in me the dread
Of ancient fears.

And is Love thus :
The white flames
Of a fire
Filling the air
With strange desire,
A drifting scent that breathes
A sweet intoxication,
And at the last
A hundred spears
To wound the heart
And end
Its desolation ?

BEATRICE EVE.

COMPANIONED

OUT on the hills, alone,
In calm or high wind,
Whose foot touches a stone
Companionship will find ;

Whose foot brushes a weed
And the root underneath,
He will have earth for his need
Unto the last breath.

Out on the hills, alone,
When stars are near,
Who lifts his eyes to one
Will scale the bounds of fear ;
Who lifts his arms to touch
The sky's dark rim
He will have much
When earth leaves him.

FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

EMILY DICKINSON

(*Born December* 11*th*, 1830.)

A WING of flame against the frigid sky
Like tropic bird exiled to winter snow,
Timid and fearless, unafraid to try
The sheerest height or the abyss below.
So close she drew the curtain of her shrine,
Unguessed the treasure hidden by the years :
The purple hills gave fellowship divine
Her inexpressible defence from fears.

Carelessly gay she met a childish heart
Sharing her secrets of the flowers and birds ;
Then turned to probe with a relentless art
The universe in stabbing, vibrant words,—
The sackcloth from her heart she tore in twain,
Exulting in the passion of her pain.

ALICE M. BROOKS.

Howard Gordon-Page, whose Byronic novel, *The Shattered Harp* (reviewed at some length in The Poetry Review last year) has now been issued in a cheaper edition, will contribute an article to the next issue of The Poetry Review on Stephen Phillips, its one-time Editor. Messrs. Alston Rivers have just published another novel by Howard Gordon-Page with a poet as hero.

Offers of lectures and recitals for special Centre meetings and other open meetings as a service to The Poetry Society will be welcomed by the Director.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY

A HERD of small deer grazing underneath an elm tree,
Startled eyes uplifted at the rushing of the train;
Shining wires of telegraph, burnished in the noonlight,
Dancing up and down outside the carriage window pane.

Clumps of palish primroses upon the high embankment,
Patches of bright dandelions basking in the heat;
Water dripping tunnels and the whistle's hectic screeching,
The kindly sense of movement and the engine's rhythmic beat.

Rows of sordid houses, each a replica of hundreds,
Groping to the city's heart in countless radii,
Sullen factory chimneys pouring forth a cloud of blackness
That never can entirely hide the beauty of the sky.

A sail—white as a snowflake, a gull in graceful motion
Above the sun-steeped waters with their wind be-rippled blue,
All relighting in the soul of man the lamp of age-old Beauty
The old undying Beauty that will ever spring anew.

NOEL ALLPORT.

* * *

The Board of Adjudication of the Literary Section of the third Aonach Tailteann will make four awards at the Aonach of 1931 in the following classes:—(1) Imaginative Prose; (2) Poetry; (3) Scholarship—History and Criticism; (4) Scholarship—Science and Philosophy. These awards, which are not subject to competition, will be made from amongst the works of authors, eligible under Rule 2 (persons of Irish descent), which have been printed and published since April 1st, 1928.

The competitions open, in Irish or any other language, for the third Aonach Tailteann to be held in August, 1931, are:—(1) Poetry; (2) Drama; (3) Novel; (4) Short Story; (5) Other Prose literature; (6) Special Medal: A work on the Patrician Period.

The Tailteann Medal is offered for the best entry in each of the foregoing classes. A second or third medal may be awarded in any class at the discretion of the Board of Adjudication. All persons of Irish descent are eligible to compete. All entries must reach the Literature Committee on or before April 1st, 1931. Entry forms may be obtained from Mrs. C. Gifford Wilson, 1 Lower Ormond Quay, Dublin.

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At the first of the literary luncheons promoted by Messrs. Foyle with the object of bringing together book-lovers and the various personalities which make up the active book-world, the wise and witty Lord Darling, who on several notable occasions has contributed to Poetry Society meetings, and whose elegy on the R.101, published in *The Times* alongside the report of the disaster, was a very distinguished achievement, spoke genially—and occasionally severely—on "Inelegant Literature," in a manner of peculiar interest to all Poetry

Reviewers because of his indictment of the mangling of English and his insistence on the use of the exact word and precise phrase. The next luncheon apparently will be of direct poetic interest, as Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Humbert Wolfe are to be the speakers.

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In reply to inquiries respecting houses in the Lake District connected with Wordsworth, Mr. Edmund Lee, junior, one time Secretary of The Poetry Society, whose father was the owner of Dove Cottage before it became public property, sends us the following concise information.

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE. Wordsworth lived here from 1800 to 1808, and it is associated with much of his best work. It became public property in 1890 on the initiative of the late Rev. Stopford Brooke. Some of the rooms are preserved as they were in Wordsworth's time, and others contain many relics of the poet. Dove Cottage attracts many visitors, especially Americans, the number in 1929 being about 23,000.

ALAN BANK, GRASMERE. In 1808 Wordsworth, finding Dove Cottage too small for his growing family, moved to Alan Bank, a good-sized and finely-situated house beyond the head of the lake. It was here that he wrote most of *The Excursion*. Alan Bank was purchased a few years ago by Canon Rawnsley, and on the death of his widow, now residing there, it and a considerable extent of surrounding land will pass to the National Trust. At present Alan Bank is not open to visitors.

THE RECTORY, GRASMERE. Wordsworth lived here for about two years, 1811–1813, before moving to

RYDAL MOUNT, RYDAL. This was the poet's home from 1813 until his death in 1850. It is in private hands, and visitors are not allowed.

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TEST PIECES FOR VERSE-SPEAKING EXAMINATIONS

The following test pieces have been adopted by the Council of The Poetry Society (Incorporated) for use in the Verse-Speaking Examinations in 1931. All the poems will be found in the *Golden Treasury* (Macmillan) :—

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE—*Where the Bee Sucks*, II (Shakespeare). BRONZE MEDAL—*The Green Linnet*, cclxxxviii (Wordsworth). SILVER MEDAL—*An Evening Scene*, cxiv (2nd Series) (Coventry Patmore).

SENIOR CERTIFICATE—*She Walks in Beauty Like the Night*, ccxvi (Byron). BRONZE MEDAL—*Coronach*, cclxxviii (Sir W. Scott). SILVER MEDAL—*Once Did She Hold the Gorgeous East in Fee*, cclv (Wordsworth).

ADULT CERTIFICATE—*Up-Hill*, lxxxvii (2nd Series) (Christina Rossetti). BRONZE MEDAL—*Frater Ave*, cxxix (2nd Series) (Tennyson). SILVER MEDAL—*A Toccata of Galluppi*, cxliv (2nd Series) (Browning).

[END OF VOLUME XXI]